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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XX.

Old Chester liked Roger Carey and approved of him; although, indeed, one involved the other, for Old Chester never did anything so ill judged as to like where it could not approve. But even though Roger had won regard, his departure had not been entirely a regret. After all, a love affair is a pretty thing to watch; but there are other matters in the world, and those who are not lovers, only commonplace folk, must keep their feet upon the earth.

Miss Susan Carr said she should be glad when Lyssie could put her mind on her choir-practicing again; Dr. Lavendar felt that one or two families in the upper village needed visiting; and as for Mrs. Drayton — but Mrs. Drayton's opinion can easily be taken for granted. She did, however, confide to her stepdaughter that things had been very much upset by the engagement.

"I have been much shaken by it, much shaken," she said. "Of course, I have not had, have not expected, my usual comforts; but then I've been glad to contribute my discomfort to Lyssie's happiness. It is a little bitter to think that a poor, miserable, useless invalid like me has nothing to give except discomfort."

"At least, your contribution has been unstinted," Cecil said sweetly; but her face was dull, and she turned away from her stepmother, feeling for once no desire to torment her.

It was the morning after Roger had gone. Cecil was very restless; she came down to see Lyssie for the mere occupation of moving about.

"Oh, how glad I am to get rid of him!" she thought once or twice. To have company at such a crisis as had come into her life might well seem intolerable. It was no wonder that she drew a deep breath and said, "Thank Heaven, he's gone!" and braced herself for the struggle which was at hand. Yet she was restless. "One is always restless when one's company goes," she explained to herself. Perhaps it was because with the departure of her guest departed also those commonplaces which pad the sharpnesses of life to us all. The necessary smile, the formal gayety, the mere requisites of eating and drinking, cover decently many things, among the rest that naked and primal passion which underlies existence; a passion which, smouldering long, had sprung into flame in that talk between the husband and wife, — the passion of self-preservation, with its terror and bitterness and horrible intensity! Cecil may have missed the comfort of the commonplace, or she may have missed the man, with his daily impetuous revolt of indifference, followed by the flattery of his daily subjugation. But she did not stop to analyze her state of mind; in fact, in those next few terrible days — days of discussion, of incrimination, of violent disagreement about Molly on the part of the husband and wife — she forgot everything except the lust of strife. Yet she

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had felt the vague and restless discomfort of missing Roger Carey, — of missing a man whom she had known but a little while, a man who was her sister's lover!

There was, however, nothing apparent in the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Shore which could start a ripple of excitement in Old Chester. They met once a day at the dinner table, with Molly sitting chattering between them; themselves quite silent to each other. This gave no particular ground for comment; the maids only said, "She 's got the sulks again," and Philip's man remarked that he was "a fool not to settle her."

Of course, alone, they did talk, these two. Neither spared any truth to the other. It is only when they are husband and wife that two human souls can achieve absolute cruelty.

Until they were able to agree upon something, it was obviously best to keep up appearances; and so Philip and Cecil saw each other at dinner every night, and listened to Molly, and talked to her, and despised each other. For, oddly enough, now that Philip had put his desire into words, his feeling for his wife dropped to a lower plane. He recognized this, but said to himself that it was because of what she revealed of herself in these terrible interviews; the subtilty of his meeting her upon the lower ground of self-interest escaped him.

Each was fighting for the possession of the child. Philip stood by his first opinion, that Molly should spend half of the year with each of them; Cecil violently refused to listen to such a proposition: and there the matter stood, while the long, still August days gave place to the yellow haze of September.

Meantime, the excitement about Lyssie having subsided, life in Old Chester slipped back into its ordinary channels of sleepy self-satisfaction. Even at the rectory the tension had relaxed a little. Mr. Joseph was still uncertain about Mr. Pendleton's will; to be sure, he might have found out, but the idea of going to the probate court to make the necessary examination offended him. Dr. Lavendar, aware that at least the momentous question had not been asked, was very conciliatory, and full of conversation about Miss Susan Carr. Mr. Joseph accepted the friendliness, and, when he came home on Saturdays, walked in the garden at sunset and looked at the hollyhocks, just as usual; but his kind heart knew its own bitterness. Yet with the bitterness was a strange, new happiness, for with opposition his mild regard for Mrs. Pendleton had begun to glow and deepen; and faintly, like the thrill of spring in November sunshine, the ardors of youth and love began to stir in his blood. He thought of his weekly visit to Old Chester with a perceptible heart-beat; and when he walked home with her from the choir-practicing, there was a haze before his eyes that hid the wrinkles about her temples, the sharp lines around her tight little mouth, the shrewdness of her light eyes; he saw again the plump girl, silly and silent, who, twenty years before, blushing and giggling, slid into an engagement and out of it without a quicker heart-beat or falling tear.

"Old Chester," said Mr. Joseph, upon one of these occasions, as they paced along together in the pleasant September dusk, "is very fortunate to have such an addition to its social circle this winter as you will be, ma'am. We are somewhat narrow, I fear, and need widening."

"Exactly!" Mrs. Pendleton agreed.

"I assure you, I feel it a privilege to return to Old Chester from the less agreeable, if more worldly life of Mercer," Mr. Lavendar continued.

"But I suppose the stage journey tries you a good deal as you grow older?" Mrs. Pendleton said sympathetically.

Mr. Joseph looked dashed, though only for a moment. "I am older," he said, "in one way, but not, my dear — Mrs. Pendleton — in every way. My heart, as the

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poet says, is ever young, ever young; and I think he adds, fresh. Of that, however, I am not certain."

But Mrs. Pendleton preferred to talk about Mercer rather than about Mr. Lavendar's heart. "I suppose (not that I am inquisitive; I have no curiosity, but I 'm so impulsive that I speak just what comes into my mind), — I suppose your income must be quite large, for you to live in Mercer?"

Her interest in him touched him very much. "No, ma'am, no; not large, but sufficient; and we expect it to be greatly augmented when my brother's book is published."

Mr. Lavendar's heart was beating tumultuously; a declaration trembled upon his lips, but the curb of honor held it back. He must know about that will first. With admirable self-restraint he tried to talk of less personal things, — the choir, the weather, the difference of the seasons now and in his youth; and that led Mrs. Pendleton to remark that she and Susy Carr were soon coming to Mercer to do some autumn shopping. "Wednesday a week we are coming," she said; and Mr. Joseph asked eagerly if he might have the honor of waiting upon them in town, and escorting them to the shops. Mrs. Pendleton consented, with a neat smile, and he left her, determined to learn at once whether he were "free" to address her "For I may have a chance in Mercer," he thought, palpitating.

This visit to Mercer had been arranged nearly a month before, when Susan Carr, in one of those moments of rash good nature common to us all, had promised to "shop" with Mrs. Pendleton. When the day of fulfillment came, Miss Susan was as miserable as we all are when our amiable weaknesses come home to roost. The night before the fatal Wednesday she looked hopefully at a threatening sky; but the morning was full of placid sunshine, and she sighed, and said to herself, "Well, Susan Carr, it 's your own fault!" which comforted her as much as such statements do. She thought of all the things to be done upon the farm; all the things she might do about the house; nay, even the books she would read, the letters she would write, if only she could stay at home. For there is perhaps no moment when we so much appreciate our homes as the moment of departure from them upon some rashly accepted invitation.

Miss Susan put on a short, stout skirt, for she could not endure the thought of any clothing of hers touching those nasty streets; and her oldest bonnet, because the stage ride was dusty; and her waterproof cloak, for fear it might rain. Then she took down from the top shelf in the spare-room wardrobe a large bag with "Susy" worked on one side in brown and yellow worsteds: this was to be filled with the commissions with which she had taken kindly pains to burden herself. "Can I do any shopping for you in Mercer?" she had asked everybody; and the result was that when she climbed into the coach with Mrs. Pendleton, she was naming over on her fingers a dozen errands for other people.

"Lilac ribbons for Fanny Drayton's wrapper; patterns of red flannel for the Sewing Society; six silk handkerchiefs for Jane Temple's Mr. Dove — I think I must write the others down," said Miss Susan, "or else I 'll forget 'em."

"Exactly," Mrs. Pendleton agreed.

Mrs. Pendleton looked very pretty: her bonnet had fine hemstitched lawn strings that looked like a clergyman's bands; her hair, with its sleek waves, came down in loops upon her pink cheeks; her round, fresh face was rounder and fresher for the spreading black veil that seemed to take up a great deal of room; a stiff fold even touched Miss Susan's cheek now and then, or fell forward in a wiry shade across the little window of the coach. Mrs. Pendleton took very good care of her crape; she had been heard to say that she had never let a tear fall

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on that veil, for fear of spotting it; she said that spotted crape was pure carelessness, and a disrespect to the dead. She plaited the hem gently between her fingers as she answered Miss Susan: —

"Yes, it 's a very good plan to write things down; I always do, and especially to-day. I 've so many things to think of." She sighed as she spoke. "You see, my dear Miss Carr, I 'm going to lighten."

"Lighten?"

"Exactly, — my grief. And there is so much to see to, for everything must be consistent. You must n't have a black-bordered handkerchief when you take off your veil; and it 's the same with gloves, — they must be stitched with white. I think, in such a matter, one should strive to be consistent, but it 's very puzzling."

Miss Susan said she supposed so.

"Oh, dear me, yes; and I 've had so much experience in it! I was in lilacs for my dear mother when my dear father died, and of course I went at once into crape; and I 'd hardly gotten into half again when aunt Betty went, and that set me back with jets, — no crape. I was married when I 'd just begun to wear black and white, and had put my note paper into a narrow edge, — just for an aunt, you know, — and then my dear, dear husband!"

Miss Carr looked sympathetic.

"Of course," Mrs. Pendleton ended, drying her eyes on a handkerchief still in grief, "then I was in black all through; I did n't wear a white collar for three months; even my petticoats were black lawn, I do assure you."

Miss Susan murmured something appropriate, and sighed. Susan Carr had lived too long and had too many griefs not to know that grief, that most precious possession, subsides; not to know that there is a pathetic instant when the mourner recognizes that life still holds some interest for him; that the world is still beautiful, though but a year ago — nay, a month ago — he had thought it but the blackness of darkness! It is an instant of terror, of remorse, and of fearful joy. Susan Carr knew this; and she looked at the widow with that pity for the little creature's littleness which only large and tender souls can feel, — for this strange moment had come very soon to Mrs. Pendleton.

It was a pleasant September day: there was a scent of wood smoke in the still air; in the fields along the turnpike road the corn had been cut, and stood upon the yellowing stubble in great tufted shocks which rustled if a rabbit went springing past, or a faint wind stirred the dry, sword-like leaves; the brook, which kept in friendly fashion close to the road, had dwindled in its shallow bed, and left bare the flat, worn stones which a month before had been covered with the dash and foam of hurrying water; the woods were yellowing a little, and a soft haze hung all across the smiling valley.

The stage jogged along in a cloud of dust, or rumbled under covered bridges, where, from between the dry, creaking planks, lines of dust sifted down upon the sunny water below, and from the openings in the roofs streaks of powdery sunshine fell like bars across the gloom, making the horses swerve a little to avoid them. As they pulled up the hills, Jonas pounded with the butt end of his whip on the wide tire, to keep time to a monotonous, jolting song: —

"'So there, now, Sally,
I kiss ye once again;
So there, now, Sally,
Don't kiss no other men!'"

Mrs. Pendleton chattered steadily. Miss Susan, her color deepening and her eyes downcast, thought of her last ride in the coach with her impatient and ardent lover. At least, she thought of it until she fell asleep. Occasionally her head nodded forward; but Mrs. Pendleton's remarks rarely needed more elaborate answers.

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Did Miss Susan know if Dr. Lavendar were dependent upon his salary, or did he have an independent income? How old was he? How much did she suppose Joseph Lavendar was worth?

"I 'm sure I don't know!" said Miss Susan loudly.

After that Mrs. Pendleton was silent, and sighed once or twice; then, with an effort to change the subject, she began to talk about her works.

"I mean to give a copy of the Thoughts to Philip Shore's little girl."

Miss Susan opened her eyes at the sound of Philip's name.

"Oh, is it a child's book?"

"No, — oh, dear me, no; it is for grown persons; but there are lessons in it for all. Though it is very delicate, — nothing which a child might not read;" and to show the character of Thoughts Mrs. Pendleton took the trouble to recite a poem about a little girl who went to the spring with

"A long-lipped pitcher of lovely shape."

The moral, she told Miss Susan, was detached, to impress it upon the mind, thus:

MORAL.

"So if you chance to make a sad mistake
On any lovely summer morn,
And pretty dish or long-lipped pitcher break,
Be sure, my dear, and tell mamma 't is done."

"You see, a book like that will be good for that poor little Shore child," Mrs. Pendleton ended, waving her veil back. "She is sadly neglected."

"Neglected? Molly?" said Miss Susan hotly. "She has the best father in the world, and — and her mother is very fond of her, and" —

"Exactly," Mrs. Pendleton broke in, nodding her head; "but it 's hard on a child to be brought up by a father and mother who are not united."

"Oh, indeed, I think you must allow that I know them best," Susan Carr said stiffly. "Mr. and Mrs. Shore are both very reserved people, but — but they are devoted to Molly," she ended lamely. She felt as though she wanted to shake Mrs. Pendleton. "It serves me right for promising to go to Mercer with her!" she thought, and looked at the floor so forbiddingly that conversation flagged. She would not look up until they entered Mercer; and when she did, as the stage stopped, it was to see Joseph Lavendar, his face beaming with a friendly smile that turned the corners of his blue eyes into a network of wrinkles.

"My dear Miss Susan, pray take my hand!" he begged, pulling open the stage door, and letting the hinged steps drop with a clatter. His happiness was apparent in his very voice.

Susan Carr had not a word to say. She got out, and watched him offer Mrs. Pendleton the same courtesy; she felt rigid, and when she tried to smile she had that consciousness of the stiffness of the muscles about her lips that most of us know in those moments when we try to assume enjoyment when we have it not. She flashed a stern and suspicious glance at the little widow cowering by her side, who whispered, "Oh, I hope it was all right? I knew it would give the poor man pleasure; though nothing can come of it, I 'm afraid."

"Of course nothing can come of it," Miss Susan replied, so loudly that Mrs. Pendleton shrank, and said, "Sh-h-h!" "But it makes no difference to me. I 'm going to make a call. You can go to the shops with Mr. Lavendar."

"Oh, won't that be too marked?" remonstrated Mrs. Pendleton, under her breath. "And consider my errand, too! Oh, that is quite marked."

"I wish it to be marked," said Susan Carr dryly. "I 'll leave Mrs. Pendleton to you, Joseph," she said maliciously, turning to the nervous and happy escort. "You can take her to White's and Eaton's, — they are the best shops; and I 'll meet you at one or the other of them before we go to the hotel for dinner. We 'd better have dinner at half past two, I think."

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And then she tramped off, with the heavy, swinging step that comes only from having walked between the furrows of new-ploughed fields.

"Of course she told him I was coming!" she said to herself, angry at Mrs. Pendleton's meddling and Joseph's persistence; but with her anger was a certain pride in being so ardently sought.

When she had made her call, she tried to find some interest and pleasure in her shopping; but her heart was hot at the memory of Mrs. Pendleton's perfidy, and heavy with the thought of Joseph Lavendar's disappointment. Nor did she feel more cheerful when, across the street, she caught sight of the two culprits talking so earnestly that they did not see her. Indeed, she even experienced that unreasonable resentment which comes to the best of women when they see a rejected lover consoling himself.

Yet that did not prevent her, when they met at dinner at the hotel, from putting Mrs. Pendleton between herself and Joseph; and when, later, grudgingly enough, she went with them to make some further purchases, from using Mrs. Pendleton as a protector, and placing her in the middle as they walked down the street.

But her conscience reproached her for her severity to them both, and when the stage started she tried to apologize to Mrs. Pendleton for her neglect. "I 'm afraid I seemed a little ungracious, but I really had to go and see some people; and I knew Mr. Lavendar would be as good a guide as I."

Mrs. Pendleton shook her head hopelessly. "Oh, I never supposed you were not going to be with me, or I should n't have let him meet me," she said.

But Miss Carr would not pursue the subject; she did not want to talk about Mr. Joseph. She said she must put down her accounts. Yet even while she was adding up her columns of figures, and counting out everybody's change, she was wretched at the thought of her unkindness to her too devoted lover. Indeed, when she got home, and sat down to her solitary supper table, and heard Ellen scolding her for looking tired, she was almost ready to cry, to think how she had hurt his feelings.

She did not follow Ellen's report of the day's happenings very closely: Miss Lyssie Drayton had gone to the upper village on an errand; Ellen believed that the child would work herself to death over those shiftless people in the upper village. Mrs. Dove had had a whole hind quarter of lamb cooked for Mr. Tommy's dinner; Ellen did n't see how ever cold meat was used up in that house, they had so many joints. "We don't cook no whole hind quarters," Ellen said; "but *we* believe willful waste is woeful want." Mr. Philip went away on the afternoon stage; did Miss Susan know he was going? And then Ellen stopped, and coughed a little, and said there was a tablecloth in last week's wash that needed darning. "He ain't looking real good, Miss Susan?"

Miss Carr came out of her remorse with a start. "Oh, I think he 's pretty well," she said.

"Well, Mr. Philip was never what you 'd call pious," Ellen commented, shaking her head, "so I 'm sure I 'd like to see him comfortable in *this* world; but Mrs. Shore's Rosa was in to-day, and — well, I don't know! — she says *they had words* last night. Poor Mr. Philip! Well, he 's gone; and Rosa says that he won't be in no hurry to come back. Dear me, I don't know how it will end."

Miss Susan's heart was in her throat, yet she waited for Ellen to finish before telling her, sharply, that she did not know what she was talking about, and that Mr. Philip was very well; and why should n't he go away on business? Miss Carr had thought that Ellen had more sense; she thought she was crazy! and she might go and get some hot tea. "This is cold

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as a stone," said Miss Susan; "and you are very foolish, Ellen."

"So people are beginning to see it!" she said to herself, with a groan, as Ellen disappeared with the teapot. But Miss Carr did not realize that this was not the "beginning" of the seeing which she deplored. If she had only known it, Ellen had "seen it" long before she had; and so had Esther and Betsey, and half a dozen other Esthers and Betseys. It was only the little thrill of excitement caused by Mr. Shore's abrupt departure which made their knowledge come to the surface.

"He did n't know he was going last night," John had declared.

"Well, they had an awful row after dinner," said Rosa.

And then the cook bet John a larded sweetbread against a handkerchief ("A good hemstitched one; none o' yer cotton ones, now, mind!") that Mr. Shore would sulk for a week before he would come back. And it was this speculation, shared with Old Chester domestics, which caused Ellen's overflow of gossip, and made Miss Susan say that people were "beginning to see it."

We rarely realize how astoundingly complete is our servants' knowledge of us and of our friends. Our weaknesses belong to them, our errors and our misfortunes; we are to them what the theatre and the latest novel, nay, what other people's scandals are to us.

And though poor Susan Carr shrank from believing it, it was just about this time that all Old Chester, through the lowly medium of the Shores' servants, began to know how bad, how very bad things were up in the big house on the hill.

XXI.

There had, indeed, as Miss Susan's Ellen hinted, been "words" between Mr. and Mrs. Shore; and the result, which had so surprised and interested his kitchen, was that Philip had taken the stage the next afternoon and gone to town.

"When are you going away?" Cecil had said to her husband, suddenly, at dinner, after John had left the room. "Or shall we leave you here? I am going abroad next month with Molly, and I want to close the house."

"Mamma, is Eric going?" Molly clamored.

"Polly, run upstairs and bring me a box of cigars that is on the table in my room," Philip said, his face pale, his fingers tightening upon the stem of his wineglass. When she had gone, he muttered between his teeth, without looking at his wife, "I will answer you when we are alone."

Cecil cut a peach, smiling. "I 'm not sure that it is proper for us to be alone. Do you think Mrs. Drayton would chaperon me, if I asked her? Oh, arrange, of course, about the money you will want; you must n't deprive your art student of his income."

"This is not decent, before the child!" he said passionately.

"Father," Molly called from the first landing, running her hand back and forth across the balusters to make believe that she was playing on a harp, "there is n't any box of cigars here. Father, may I take some cologne out of your green bottle?"

"Yes. Look in my dressing-room for the cigars," Philip called back.

Cecil put her peach down; she leaned forward, her eyes narrowing like a tiger's. "Very well, then, you understand: *I take Molly with me.* Listen! If you try to 'divide her time,' I 'll carry it through every court in the land, and I 'll tell — everything! I don't care! I 'm going to leave America, so I don't mind the scandal. Besides, people will think you are mad; 'not a fit guardian,' you know."

"Father," Molly said cheerfully, coming downstairs one foot at a time, with

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the box of cigars in her arms, "I put some cologne on your cigars to make them smell sweet."

It was like a keen edge laid against some tense chord. Philip's face, set with anger, suddenly quivered; then his eyes blurred. But Cecil rose, with a passionate exclamation.

Molly, leaning against her father, was pulling out the cologne-soaked cigars with all the pride of the benefactor.

"Just smell 'em! Oh, father, may Eric go on the ship?"

"Do you want Eric to go, darling?" Cecil said. "Then come here to mamma, and she 'll tell you all about it."

And Molly joyously deserted her father, and ran to hang on her mother's hand and chatter about her dog.

Later, when the child had gone to bed, Philip came into the parlor, where his wife was reading. "I am going to town to-morrow" — he began.

"To see your lawyer?" Cecil interrupted sardonically.

"Yes. I want you to give me your word of honor not to go away in my absence."

Cecil laughed. "Oh, Philip, how melodramatic!"

"Give me your word."

"I had n't thought of abducting her," she assured him; "that sort of thing is n't my style. I much prefer you to find out from your lawyer how absurd you are to suppose that you have any claim." And then she took up Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé, and he went away.

"How silly in him to make all this fuss!" she thought, looking absently over the top of the book; "but I suppose I must consult somebody."

And later in the evening, half reluctantly, half eagerly, she wrote to Mr. Roger Carey, saying that she wished to consult him on a matter of business. As she sealed the letter, she remembered, with some annoyance, that she did not know his address. She could find out from Lyssie; and yet, oddly enough, she did not want to ask Lyssie. So the letter stood on her writing-desk for a day or two; stood there, in fact, after Philip had consulted his lawyer, and had learned that, as he had supposed, if the question of the disposition of Molly were pressed to a legal decision, she would undoubtedly be given to her mother.

"The court does not recognize your subtilties, Shore," his lawyer told him, and looked as though he would like to add his own opinion on the subject. But his client's face did not encourage him.

Philip Shore did not go back at once to Old Chester. He must, he told himself, be alone to meet the question of giving up Molly to her mother or giving up his convictions. Nor did he communicate with his wife; and, her letter to Roger still unsent, Cecil was ignorant of the legal probabilities. She was not exactly anxious about them, but she was irritated at the delay. If there were going to be any complication, she wanted to know it. Roger Carey could tell her; and yet some strange instinct made her still delay to ask Lyssie for his address; perhaps an unconscious application of the Mosaic command that at least one shall not seethe a kid in its mother's milk.

She explained this reluctance to herself by saying that Lyssie would wonder why she was writing to him. "And there 's no use in telling her until the last moment," she thought, softening. "Poor Lys! she 'll be so distressed." The grief of it all to Lyssie was in her mind, as, in the small jewel of a room which she used as a morning-room, she sat, after dinner, idly looking at a pile of unanswered letters on her writing-desk. A little fire was burning on the hearth, repeating itself in faint gleams on the dark furniture, in the sconces high up between the windows, and in the long mirror that, divided by gilded pilasters, hung lengthwise above the mantel.

To Lyssie, pushing the door open, and coming smiling into the room, it had never looked more peaceful: the flicker-

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ing fire; Eric on the white rug before the hearth, his great nose between his paws; Molly asleep on a sofa in a dusky corner; and Cecil sitting at her desk, writing, — perhaps to Philip. Lyssie, poor child, hoped it was to Philip; she had been greatly troubled of late by Cecil's manner to her husband.

"Am I interrupting you, Ceci?" she said gayly. "Mother seemed so bright this evening that I thought I 'd run up for a little while. Esther escorted me."

"No, kitty; it 's very nice to have you," Cecil said, in a preoccupied way, getting up from her desk, and letting Lyssie kiss her before sinking down into a chair before the fire. "Oh, shut the door, will you, dear? There is a draught on Molly."

"I thought Molly went to bed at eight?" Lyssie commented, as she closed the door.

"She did n't want to, to-night."

"But she 'd be so much more comfortable in bed than lying here with her clothes on," Alicia urged; for Molly's face was flushed and troubled, and she moved uneasily in her sleep.

"I like her near me," Cecil said calmly.

Lyssie opened her lips to protest, but apparently thought better of it, and began to talk of other things. She told Cecil that Eliza Todd's baby had died that afternoon. "I never saw death before," she said, her voice a little awed, "but it was n't dreadful. The poor little thing was so sick and so tired, and it just stopped breathing, — that was all. I was holding it on my lap, and I did n't know until poor Eliza said, 'Oh, she 's gone!' Poor Eliza!"

"It 's really the best thing that could have happened, though," Cecil returned gravely. "Poor little Eliza! I suppose she cries just as much as though she had not six other empty stomachs to think about. When is it to be buried? Do you think she would be pleased if I sent her some flowers?"

Alicia looked at her lovingly. "How sweet in you to think of it! Yes, indeed she would. The funeral is to be to-morrow." And then they were silent a little while, until Lyssie asked her sister if she had been out. "It 's been a perfect day. You lazy thing, I believe you 've just poked over the fire all day!"

"I 've read a very bad French novel," Cecil assured her; "that is exercise enough. I feel it my duty to keep up my French when I 'm in the country."

"I suppose a bad book is better exercise than a good one?" Lyssie retorted. "I don't see any use in reading bad books, Ceci."

"That 's because you 've never done it, my dear."

"Well," Alicia returned, hesitating, "Roger said once that he thought" —

"Now, Lyssie, for Heaven's sake, don't be the kind of woman who is forever quoting what 'he' says! Your own opinions are good enough."

"They are not as good as Roger's, and I don't know anybody else's that are, either!"

"Oh well," Cecil declared, "you must n't talk so much about him! If you are forever talking of his superhuman virtues, you 'll make people hate him. I hate him now, a little."

"Then you are a very narrow-minded person," Lyssie said placidly, sitting down on the rug in front of the fire, and dragging Eric's head over into her lap. "Wake up, old fellow!" she commanded, squeezing his black nose with her two pretty hands. Eric flopped his tail heavily, and opened one eye, and then dozed again. "To prevent your hating Roger, I 'll change the subject. When does Philip come home?"

"I don't know," Cecil replied; and then added, yawning, "and I 'm sure I don't care."

Lyssie's face sobered. She was so happy herself — for she had Roger — that the pity of it all made the tears spring to her eyes. She came and knelt down at Cecil's side, putting her arms

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around her sister's waist and kissing her shoulder softly.

"Ceci darling, you know you ought n't to say those things. Even if they were true, they ought not to be said."

Cecil, clasping her hands behind her head, and smiling with a dubious droop of the corner of her mouth, looked down at the sensitive, quivering face before her.

"Lys dear, Philip and I are going to separate. So, naturally, I don't concern myself as to his movements."

"Separate?" Lyssie repeated vaguely, "separate? Why — why, what do you mean?"

"To separate means to live apart, ordinarily."

"What! I — I don't understand," Alicia said faintly. "Cecil, what do you mean? Cecil, you don't mean — separate?" She grew white to her lips.

"Why, Lys, you surely have n't thought us such a united pair?" Cecil said, surprised. Alicia's speechless pallor troubled her; she put her arm about the girl's waist. "Come, now, you must n't be so upset. I did n't mean to tell you just yet, but there is really no reason why you should n't know; only you must n't be so upset about it. And don't speak of it, please." She paused, and patted Alicia's head. "Why, you poor little thing!"

"Oh, Cecil, it is n't true? You are not telling me the truth?"

"My dear," Cecil answered impatiently, "of course it 's true; it is n't a subject on which I should romance. Now, please don't cry, Lys; it always makes me cross to have people cry."

Alicia lifted her face, and caught at Cecil's wrists with trembling hands, leaning heavily against her. "You can't be in earnest? It 's wicked! Leave Philip? It 's wicked. *Cecil!*"

Cecil frowned. "If you are going to be so silly, I 'm sorry I told you. But I thought perhaps you could help me about Molly. Philip has an idea that he wants her part of the time, — a sort of King Solomon arrangement, you know. Of course I sha'n't allow it. But he will probably make a dreadful fuss. I thought you might advise him to have more sense; but you just sit there and cry! I tell you, I 'll be much happier when it 's all settled. I 'm going to take Molly abroad, and I 'll be very happy."

"Cecil," said Alicia faintly, "do you mean that you and Philip are going to be" —

"Divorced?" Cecil ended dryly. "No, that 's horrid and public. Besides, we neither of us want to marry anybody el— "

"Don't!" Alicia put her hands over her ears. "You must n't speak, you must n't think — such things! Oh, I" — She stopped; she had no protests, no arguments, nothing but horror.

"We don't want to marry again," Cecil went on calmly, — "at least, I 'm sure I don't; I 've had enough of it! But I simply cannot endure Philip any longer. And I suppose that is exactly the way he feels about me. Which really, Lys — I don't want to be egotistical, but really, that is very odd in Philip. So we are going to separate. I shall go abroad with Molly. Oh, don't sit there and weep, Lyssie!"

Cecil got up angrily, pushing past Alicia's crouching figure, and going over to Molly, who, asleep, was looking, in spite of the cushions, very uncomfortable, cramped by her clothing and the straight lines of the sofa.

Cecil Shore knelt down beside the child, the anger in her eyes melting into the passion, not of motherhood, but of the mother, — the dam. Her voice trembled with caresses: "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Open your little eyes, my own, open your eyes!" She pushed her arm under the pillow and drew Molly towards her, gathering her two small hot hands in one of hers, pressing them against her lips, her throat, her bosom, in a fierce caress. "Molly, kiss mamma! kiss mamma!" Molly stirred, and sighed, and burrowed

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her head in her mother's breast. Cecil, panting, and with passionate, inarticulate murmurs, devoured the little neck with kisses; she strained the soft body against her, so that Molly struggled and gasped, and then opened her eyes, and said with the heavy tongue of slumber, "Don't!" and pushed out her arms, fretting to be asleep again.

"I 'm *so* discomfortable," she said.

Alicia looked at her sister, then turned away her eyes; why, she could not have said. It was not because this outburst of maternal love was sacred; on the contrary, it was not even human; it frightened her, it almost shocked her.

"Mamma, you squeeze me so tight," Molly complained.

"Cecil!" Alicia burst out sharply, "don't!"

Cecil, rocking back and forth, looked over her shoulder and smiled, with a tightening of her lips. "Well, do you think I would give her up?" Then, as if fatigued, with a smiling sigh, her arms relaxed; and Molly, with a catch at her mother's dress to save herself, slipped to the floor, and stood on her unsteady little legs, blinking with bewildered, sleepy eyes at her mother and aunt. Then she turned as though to climb on the sofa again, but Cecil restrained her gently. "No, darling; you must go to bed now, kitty. I 'll call Rosa."

Molly whimpered, and broke into a fretful wail.

"Don't, Precious; mamma does n't like little girls who cry!" and, half impatiently, she pushed the child towards the door. "Take her, Rosa! Molly, if you don't stop, I 'll punish you."

She put her fingers in her ears, and came back to her chair before the fire. "Does n't a shriek like that go through you? Now, Lys, I want to say just one thing about — what we were speaking of. There is no use making yourself miserable over it. I shall be much more comfortable. I have our beloved father's example, you know, and" —

"You must n't say those things to me!" Alicia interrupted, with indignant grief. "It reflects upon my mother as well as papa, and I won't hear it."

"Well, then I have n't his example, if that pleases you better. It is original sin. But what I wanted to say is, don't say anything about it, please, until I 've made my final arrangements. It may be a week or two yet," she ended, frowning.

Lyssie did not answer; the child was too heartsick for any more words. Cecil began to walk restlessly about the room; once she stopped as though about to speak, but checked herself, and went over to her desk, and seemed to arrange some letters; then, suddenly, as though the words had broken free from her will, she said, standing with her back to Alicia, "Oh — where is your Mr. Carey, Lys? What is his address? I 've got to write to him on business."

For once Roger's name woke no happy consciousness in Alicia Drayton's face; she gave the address, and then, with a quivering lip, stammered, brokenly, something of duty, of Molly, of Philip's goodness. "Oh, Cecil, say you won't leave him!"

But Cecil drew back impatiently. "Ach! your face is all wet," she cried, rubbing her cheek.

"Good-night, Cecil," Lyssie said, in a low voice, and kissed her, and went away.

XXII.

As she walked home through the darkness, the sense of her own helplessness in this dreadful matter fell upon Alicia Drayton like some tangible despair. Her most agonized efforts beat against her sister's flippancy like wind against some crystal barrier.

"Oh, if Cecil would only listen to me!" she said to herself. "But she won't; she never has!" Alicia did not cry; she was too terrified for tears.

When she reached home, she was so

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absorbed that she did not notice the traces of tears upon her mother's cheek, although Mrs. Drayton's elaborate concealment of them might well have called her attention to them. She went silently about her task of arranging things for the night: she rolled Mrs. Drayton's thin hair into a thicket of curl papers, and put the shade before the night lamp, and said, gently, "yes" or "no" to this or that sighing question; then she kissed her mother good-night, and turned to go away. But a smothered sound arrested her, and she came back.

"What is it, dear? Did you call me?"

"Oh no, no; it does n't matter; it 's nothing. Go to bed. Don't mind me," and Mrs. Drayton sobbed faintly.

But Alicia's grave patience did not relax into any girlish burst of tenderness.

"What 's the matter, mother darling? Your head does n't ache, does it?"

"You are so absorbed now, Lyssie, in your own happiness, of course I don't expect you to think about me. I 've been crying here alone all the evening, while you 've been enjoying yourself at Cecil's. Not that it matters; I 'm glad to have you enjoy yourself."

"I know you are, dear," Lyssie said simply. "But I 'm so sorry anything troubles you. Won't you tell me what it is?" She knelt down by the bedside, and, lifting Mrs. Drayton's hand to her lips, kissed the finger tips once or twice, gently. "What troubles you, mother dear? Were you lonely?"

It was the first time in her life that Alicia had felt that sense of effort in showing affection which is such pain to a tender heart.

"I 'm always lonely," Mrs. Drayton reminded her severely.

"I know," Alicia said sympathetically. "But maybe papa will be home soon. I really think, from his last letter, that he is stronger, and perhaps he will soon be able to come back."

Mrs. Drayton caught her breath, and sat up in bed excitedly. "I don't know why you say so! I don't think so at all!" she cried shrilly. "What makes you say such things?"

"Why, I only thought perhaps he might," Lyssie began to explain, wearily; "that was all."

"Then why do you startle me so?" demanded Mrs. Drayton, sinking back on her pillows, and panting, the tears of anger and relief glittering suddenly in her eyes. "You speak of his coming home, and then you — you just disappoint me! As if I did n't suffer enough from his absence, without having my nerves shattered in this way!"

"I 'm sorry, dear; I did n't mean to."

"And I 'm sure I 'm unhappy enough without your making me more so. I 'm very unhappy; I 'm a great sinner."

At this Alicia at once resigned herself to an hour's battle with hysteria; she knew too well the various phases through which her mother must pass in struggling with a sense of sin, before finding comfort "in the bosom of her Heavenly Father."

She was never impatient with or suspicious about these struggles; she was only tender, with a tenderness which kept her reverent even of those peculiar phrases with which Mrs. Drayton was apt to clothe her religious emotions. We sometimes grow impatient of such phrases unless we have love like little Lyssie's; yet, after all, there is not one of them but once was body to a living thought. A human heart must have beat its way through a terrible or uplifting experience in those words, a soul found them the portal to eternal things. Long since the life has gone out of the phrase, though its dead body still goes about among the churches, and thrusts itself into formal prayers, and comes at last to be what one might call spiritual slang upon the lips of persons like Mrs. Drayton. Yet for its beginnings of truth let us be reverent of it, as Lyssie was.

"I 've lost my sense of intimacy with God," said Mrs. Drayton.

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"Do you feel sick, mother?" Alicia asked anxiously.

"Sick!" said Mrs. Drayton, with a reproachful look. "Do you think a sense of sin is a matter of digestion? No; of course I 'm not sick any more than I always am. I 've done wrong; and my Heavenly Father is showing me that He is offended with me."

"I don't believe you have done anything very bad, dear," Alicia comforted her; "but — but you know, mother, if you are sorry, why — it 's all right."

Lyssie had never been able to speak her mother's religious language; she could not talk of God's forgiveness; she could only say it would be "all right."

"Not at all!" Mrs. Drayton retorted. "You don't understand, Lyssie, what a high ideal I have. When one has walked with God daily, and then — then does something which makes Him hide the light of his countenance, why, it 's — it 's trying," said Mrs. Drayton, weeping. "And I *have* sinned, — I acknowledge that. And now I suffer from the withdrawal of his favor."

Alicia murmured some appropriate word; she wondered how soon she might, without offense, suggest a sleeping-powder. The knowledge of Cecil's intention hung over her as such an appalling reality that it was an effort to speak or think of anything else. Mrs. Drayton still wept. She said she must get up, and kneel and pray again. "He will be displeased with me unless I kneel down," she sighed.

Alicia combated this gently. "You 'd take cold, dear; please don't. And — and God understands."

"Well, I shall just tell Him you would n't let me! I tell Him everything, you know; and I ask Him for everything I want, too. I wish you 'd do that, Lyssie. I just say, 'Now, Lord, I leave this in your hands; I want it, and I know you 'll attend to it.' And He always does. I said that when I wanted the parlor sofa covered, and you remember how you found the covering in the garret? Yet, kind as He is, I 've — I 've displeased Him! Oh, I 'm very unhappy!"

Lyssie consoled and comforted; but all the while she was searching, passionately, for some help for Cecil and Philip. She did not hear the meaning in Mrs. Drayton's moans and sighs of repentance, until, suddenly, the sin which kept the poor lady from an intimacy with God was put in half a dozen clear words. It was not that she had been impatient with Esther last Tuesday; it was not that she had left Lyssie's dear papa's letter unanswered for three days (and there was not a single word in it to lead anybody to think he was coming home, — Lyssie would please remember that); it was not even that she had seemed to criticise Dr. Lavendar to Susy Carr. Alicia knew all these sins well. It was something which, as the whimpering woman told it, made a look come into Lyssie's face that turned her mother sober, and brought a note of reality into her voice.

"You said you would n't get married while I was very ill, Lyssie. You promised, — do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," Lyssie answered patiently. "Roger would n't have wanted me to. You need n't have asked me to promise, mother."

But Mrs. Drayton could not hear so delicate a reproach. "Well," she faltered, her heart beating hard with excitement and interest, "well, I — oh, of course I know it was a dreadful sin, but I was *so* unhappy. I had made up my mind, before I asked you, that if you would n't promise, I — oh! I should — commit suicide."

Alicia was silent.

"Take — take my own life," Mrs. Drayton explained tremulously. "I had Esther get me a little bottle of laudanum from Mr. Tommy's. I said it was for a toothache. Well, so it was. You remember I had a toothache? But I did n't use it all, and so I meant, if you would n't promise, to — to — Oh, I suppose it was a great sin?"

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Alicia put her hand across her eyes. "Oh, mother!" she said faintly.

It was really too bad that poor little Lyssie did not know how meaningless is this vain and silly threat from the lips of an hysterical woman. Yet perhaps, if she had known, she could have found no wise answer. To receive such statements with the laugh they justly provoke is seldom beneficial; to take them seriously is an outrage upon truth; to point out their selfishness and silliness results, generally, in an outcry against the hardness of the listener. Alicia Drayton, covering her face with her hands, only said, half whispering, "Oh, mother, mother! if you loved me, you could n't think such thoughts."

"Why, it 's just because I love you!" cried Mrs. Drayton, growing shrill and frightened. "I don't see how I can live when you get married and go away. I thought I 'd much better die; and so, if the Lord did n't think it wise to remove me, I thought I 'd just do it myself. I thought" —

And thus and thus she babbled on; Alicia listening silently. It was a long time before things were peaceful enough for the tired girl to creep away to her room. She forgot to light her candle; she sat down in the dark, her hands folded listlessly in her lap; once her breath caught in a long sigh. After a while she took Roger's last letter out of her pocket and held it tightly, as though it were the strong clasp of his hand, full of comfort and assurance. She could not understand all this misery, and pain, and puzzle; but — Roger loved her! She held on to that, while she felt the shock and surge of human passion all about her sweet young life; while she saw Hate hidden by a shallow wash of flippancy, like a scum of foam and froth over treacherous sands; and Selfishness lying like a dreadful rock below the currents of daily living, ready to make shipwreck of the hopes and happiness of young souls like hers. It was as though the bad world suddenly lifted the veil from its face and laughed.

Alicia Drayton hid her eyes, and kissed her lover's letter, and had no prayer but his name repeated over and over.

At last, when the night was far gone, she got up and lit her candle, and wrote to him. It was only a cry that something dreadful had happened, something dreadful for Cecil. She would not tell him what, but would he not come? Now! He could help things, she thought, if there were any help. "But oh, come, — come and help Cecil. She will tell you all about it, and I know you will help her."

Margaret Deland.

LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

I.

PERENNIALLY interesting, and too often tragic, is the record of the world with its poets. For the Poet is an embodied Ideal, sent into the world to rebuke its commonplace aims and to leaven its dull, brute mass. He feels its griefs, he sees its needs, he publishes the everlasting Truth and Beauty which alone can bring it peace; yet the world does not at first listen to him, or listens only to mock. The truth he utters, though it be from everlasting, seems new and strange and difficult; it shatters the old comfortable traditions; it compels to thought and action; it rouses souls long coffined in indolent conventions. But from change which involves effort the world instinctively shrinks: purblind, though it know well that it can see but dimly till its cataract be couched, yet it

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dreads the operation, and puts it off from day to day. Sloth is so pleasant, though it take the guise of modern commercial restlessness, which keeps only the lower activities in nervous agitation, and leaves all the higher to drowse unused! To them the Poet speaks; them the Ideal will permeate at last; the new truth, the added beauty, will be acknowledged, and the tardily grateful world will build monuments or dedicate shrines to its ethereal benefactor.

Meanwhile, the Poet must live, at least long enough to deliver his message. His wares are indeed without price, but he must exchange them for food and raiment, or die. Yet how many measures of corn will the world give for a sheaf of his sonnets, how many yards of cloth for his odes? It has not yet learned that it needs them; it does not set on them even the value that it sets on quaintnesses and curiosities. So it usually happens that the Poet's gifts are free gifts, which the great, practical, dollar-jingling world can no more pay for than for rainbows or starbeams or the inexhaustible benefits of sunshine. Milton came to it with his Paradise Lost, and it gave him the price of a yearling heifer in return; Dante it paid nothing. The Poet must drudge, therefore, in the world's way, his winged feet must blister in the common treadmill, ere he can earn his scant supply of bread and apparel. Hampered by poverty, burdened by neglect, he may be; but these are not all the obstacles Fate bids a man overcome before he proves himself worthy of the hallowed title of Poet: ill health, too, may weigh him down, — ill health, which means the constant struggle of the physical to bind and silence the spiritual.

The record of our American poets is remarkably free from these tragic elements. Of the New England band, — Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Bryant, — whatever their early conflict with poverty and a slighting world, and whatever their transient infirmities, all lived to a ripe and honored age, and heard the grandchildren of the contemporaries of their youth call them *master*. Of the others, Poe died, the victim of his wayward passions, before he had done his work, but not before his talents had been recognized; Whitman, though ill requited in money, enjoyed for a quarter of a century a revenue of notoriety which compensated him, so peculiarly greedy of applause, for what else he lacked; but Sidney Lanier, the youngest in the brotherhood of our poets, suffered the accumulated ills of poverty, neglect, disease, and premature death. His experience proved that in our time, as in the past, the world is slow to appreciate its best.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of Corn, the poem which revealed to a few the presence of a new poet; it is more than a dozen years since Sidney Lanier died, under the pines of North Carolina: yet, because he was a true poet, we are coming to pay heed to him; acquaintance with his works makes us wish to know more about his life, and the stray fragments which have hitherto been given lead us back to find new meanings in his works. I foresee that erelong his right to rank among the few genuine poets of America will not be questioned; that he is the most significant figure in our literature since the Civil War is a conclusion likely to be accepted when his work and his personality are fairly understood. My purpose is not, however, to write a eulogy nor a critical estimate: it is my privilege to introduce a series of letters in which Lanier tells his own story, and which furnishes the public, for the first time, with intimate glimpses of him during the most important years of his life. To whatever rank in literature critics may finally assign him matters little to us; the weighty fact now is that his worth, both as poet and man, is undeniable, and that therefore it behooves us to learn more about him, in whom we shall behold again the rare spectacle of an embodied Ideal in its passage through an unresponsive world.

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Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. The Laniers were French Huguenots, who took refuge in England in Elizabeth's time, and attained, at her court and that of the Stuarts, to distinction in music and painting. The founder of the American branch came to Richmond, Va., in 1716. Lanier's mother, Mary Anderson, was of Scotch descent. So far as heredity counted, therefore, he had behind him, on both sides, pious ancestors, and it may not be too fanciful to suppose that he drew from those far-off, art-loving Huguenot forerunners the beginnings of his own exquisite sensibility to art. Of this sensibility he early showed signs, music especially having a wonderful power over him. At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College, where he got such education as was to be obtained at a small Southern seminary before the Rebellion. Graduating with highest honors in 1860, he accepted a tutorship, but in the following year, at the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the first regiment of Georgia Volunteers, and served till 1864, when, being in command of a blockade runner, he was taken prisoner and confined at Point Lookout. In February, 1865, he was exchanged, and made his way on foot back to Macon, where he broke down with the first serious premonitions of consumption. The exposures in the army, the rigor of his imprisonment, — he had passed the winter months at Point Lookout with only summer clothes to wear, — had weakened his constitution, and a tendency to consumption, inherited from his mother, warned him thus early that to live he must struggle.

Upon his recovery he was employed as a clerk at Montgomery, Ala., and in 1867 he published, in New York, Tiger Lilies, a novel into which he wove some of his war experiences, and which better deserves to be unearthed than do many of the firstfruits of genius. That same year he married Miss Mary Day, of Macon. Thenceforth, through all his wanderings he was blessed with the companionship of one who firmly believed in his powers, and who cheered alike his years of disappointment and of illness. Doubly precarious was his existence: his ill health prevented him from pursuing any occupation long, and his straitened means forced him to accept uncongenial employments, if only he might thereby earn bread. We find him teaching school at Prattville, Ala., and then for several years, at his father's urgent request, practicing law at Macon, till in 1872 the condition of his lungs drove him to San Antonio, Texas, in search of a climate in which he might safely live. In the following spring, however, he returned to Georgia, and in December, 1873, he went to Baltimore, where he was engaged to play the first flute in the Peabody Orchestra.

These are but the externals of his early life: to know how, amid such vicissitudes, his genius had developed we should need to have recourse to his diary and letters to his family, and to other material that will some day be the basis of an adequate biography. But we know already enough to say that his flowering as a poet was neither sudden nor casual. From his youth up, Music and Poetry had been equally his mistresses, and for a long time there was doubt as to which would predominate. As a boy, he could play almost any instrument, and he has recorded how, after improvising on the violin, he would be rapt into an ecstasy which left his whole frame trembling with the exhaustion of too tense delight. In the army, his flute had been his constant companion, and it had endeared him to his captors at Point Lookout. Yet all this while he had felt the growing compulsion of poetry within him; he had planned a drama, and occasionally written verses. Neither sickness nor drudgery could long turn him from the deepest craving of his spirit. Conscious of his powers, he yet had, what is perhaps the rarest talent in men

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of his temperament, the talent of waiting. The mission of poet, as he conceived it, transcends all others; he knew that the innate poetic faculty would not suffice for its fulfillment unless it were reinforced by character and by knowledge. So he refrained from miniature utterance. "Day by day," he wrote to his wife in February, 1870, "from my snow and my sunshine, a thousand vital elements rill through my soul. Day by day, the secret deep forces gather, which will presently display themselves in bending leaf and waxy petal, and in useful fruit and grain." Again, from Texas, he wrote: "All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs, and body-songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

Conscious of his powers, therefore, he had nevertheless patience to await their ripening. Feeling that the highest mission had been entrusted to him, he seems to have said to himself, like Milton: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

To break away from the law against his father's advice, and to seek support from his art among strangers, required resolution which only his loyalty to art could justify. In Baltimore his flute brought him a bare maintenance, and left him leisure for study and for poetry. He felt that the time had come when he might open his lips. A long poem, Corn, took shape, and he hoped to find in New York an editor who would publish it; but a visit to that city only served to teach him the "wooden-headedness" of many persons who were leaders there in literary matters. Yet he was not discouraged, nor did the rebuff sour him. "I remember," he writes, "that it has always been so; that the new man has always to work his way over these Alps of stupidity, much as that ancient general crossed the actual Alps, splitting the rocks with vinegar and fire, — that is, by bitterness and suffering. D. V., I will split them. . . . The more I am thrown against these people here, and the more reverses I suffer at their hands, the more confident I am of beating them finally. I do not mean, by 'beating,' that I am in opposition to them, or that I hate them, or feel aggrieved with them; no, they know no better, and they act up to their light with wonderful energy and consistency. I only mean that I am sure of being able, some day, to teach them better things and nobler modes of thought and conduct."

A few months later, in Lippincott's Magazine for February, 1875, Corn was published. Read after twenty years have proved its staying powers, we do not wonder that here and there a discerning reader at once recognized the merits of that poem; for in it we plainly see Lanier's credentials from the Muse. Nevertheless, recognition came slowly, but it came from persons whose opinion confirmed his unflinching yet unpresumptuous belief in his poetic mission. First among these was Mr. Gibson Peacock, the friend to whom the following series of letters was written. Mr. Peacock was the editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, a newspaper in which, under his direction, literary and artistic matters were treated seriously at a time when it was rare for Philadelphia journals so to treat them. In these days he would be called an editor of the old

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school, since he had had a college education, had read widely the best English literature, was familiar with the modern languages, had traveled far in this country and in Europe, and had cultivated himself not less in music and in dramatic criticism than in books. Having read Corn in Lippincott's, he wrote an enthusiastic notice of it in the Evening Bulletin; and this notice speedily brought him a letter from Lanier, the first in this collection, and ere many weeks they met. From their meeting ripened a friendship strong and honorable on both sides, as these letters will show. Though Mr. Peacock was a man of extreme reserve, and the elder by twenty years, yet neither age nor reserve hindered his affectionate interest from manifesting itself to Lanier, who, in turn, rejoiced at finding a friend who was also competent to criticise and to suggest.

Through Mr. Peacock, Lanier became acquainted with Charlotte Cushman, with Bayard Taylor, and with many another of the appreciators of art and literature who in those days frequented the little parlors in Walnut Street. How inspiring and helpful this intercourse was to Lanier we may guess when we remember that until now, though past thirty, he had been seeking health and a livelihood in places which, stricken by the havoc of conquest, had little time or means for culture. Amid hostile conditions he had cherished his Ideal, and now he found, what every genuine soul craves, friendship and appreciation. There was no danger of his becoming spoiled; the sympathy he received was far removed from flattery. To Miss Cushman he was especially drawn, — as were all who had the privilege of knowing well that generous and brave spirit, — and to Mrs. Peacock, whose voice of wonderful range and beauty, and whose sympathetic nature, made her doubly attractive to him. He could now feel that though fame still lingered, and though the daily struggle for existence must be met, there was a little circle of friends whose commendation he could trust, and upon whose affection, liberal and sincere, he could at all times rely. At the Peacocks' he more than once found shelter in distress. There, during the Centennial year, he was tenderly nursed through an illness which brought him very near the grave; there, his visits were always welcome.

Lanier's letters to Mr. Peacock tell so fully his plans and wanderings between 1875 and 1880 that it is unnecessary to add biographic details here. During those years there was no other correspondent to whom he so freely wrote out of his heart. These letters not only admit us into the fellowship of a poet, but they also disclose to us a man whose life was, in Milton's phrase, "a true poem." Here is nothing to extenuate, nothing to blot: the poet and the man are one. My purpose in editing has, accordingly, been to retain whatever reveals aught, however slight, of the man, in order that the portrait of Lanier's personality, unconsciously drawn by himself, should be as complete as possible; and whatever does not refer to this will at least illustrate the conditions by which an embodied Ideal, a Poet, so recently found himself beset in this world of ours. I know not where to look for a series of letters which, in bulk equally small, relate so humanly and beautifully the story of so precious a life.

64 Centre Street, Baltimore, Md.,
January 26th, 1875.

My dear Sir: A very lovely friend of mine — Mrs. F. W. — has been so gracious as to transmit to me, through my wife, your first comments on my poem Corn, in Lippincott's, which I had not seen before. The slip appears to be cut from the Bulletin of 16th or 17th.

I cannot resist the impulse which urges me to send you my grateful acknowledgments of the poetic insight, the heartiness and the boldness which

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display themselves in this *critique.* I thank you for it, as for a poet's criticism upon a poet.

Permit me to say that I am particularly touched by the courageous independence of your review. In the very short time that I have been in the hands of the critics, nothing has amazed me more than the timid solicitudes with which they rarefy in one line any enthusiasm they may have condensed in another, — a process curiously analogous to those irregular condensations and rarefactions of aim which physicists have shown to be the conditions for producing an indeterminate sound. Many of my critics have seemed — if I may change the figure — to be forever conciliating the yet-unrisen ghosts of possible mistakes. From these you separate yourself *toto cœlo:* and I am thoroughly sure that your method is not only far more worthy the dignity of the critical office, but also far more helpful to the young artist, by its bold sweeping-away of those sorrowful uncertain mists that arise at times out of the waste bitterness of poverty and obscurity.

— Perhaps here is more feeling than is quite delicate in a communication to one not an old personal friend: but I do not hesitate upon propriety; if only I may convey to you some idea of the admiration with which I regard your manly position in my behalf, and of the earnestness with which I shall always consider myself

Your obliged and faithful friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

March 2nd, 1875.

DEAR MR. PEACOCK: I write a line to say that business will probably call me to Philadelphia in a day or two, and that I particularly desire to go with you and Mrs. Peacock to Theodore Thomas' Symphony Concert on Friday night. If you have no other engagement for that evening, pray set it apart graciously for me: who am already tingling with the anticipated double delight of *your*selves and of music.

Many thanks for the Bulletin containing the Sonnet. I am gratified that you should have thought the little poem worth republishing. I have not now time to say more than that I am always

Your friend, SIDNEY LANIER.

March 24th, 1875.

A thousand thanks for your kind and very thoughtful letter. I should have gone to Philadelphia in acceptance of your invitation to meet Miss Cushman, — although much tied by engagements here, and in ill condition of health to go anywhere, — had I not expected to meet her here in April. Your announcement of her illness gives me sincere concern, and I will be thankful to you if you will keep me posted as to her progress in recovery. I wrote her a short time ago, to care of her bankers in New York: but fear she has been too ill to read my letter.

I have the delightful anticipation of seeing you again, for a day or two, erelong: but cannot tell whether it will be in two or three weeks. My plans depend on the movements of others; and as soon as they become more definite you shall know them.

Pray tell your good Mrs. Peacock that I am much better, and, though in daily fight against severe pain, am hard at work. About four days ago, a certain poem which I had vaguely ruminated for a week before took hold of me like a real James River ague, and I have been in a mortal shake with the same, day and night, ever since. I call it The Symphony: I personify each instrument in the orchestra, and make them discuss various deep social questions of the times, in the progress of the music. It is now nearly finished; and I shall be rejoiced thereat, for it verily racks all the bones of my spirit.

Did you see Mr. [Bayard] Taylor? Tell me about him. I cannot tell you

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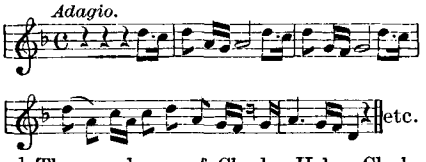
with what eagerness I devoured Felix Holt. For perfect force-in-repose, Miss Evans (or, I should have said, Mrs. Lewes) is not excelled by any writer.

Pray convey my warm regards to Mrs. Peacock, and keep that big, heartsome "Max Adeler" [1] in remembrance of his and

Your friend, SIDNEY LANIER.

BRUNSWICK, GA., *April* 18*th*, 1875.

MY DEAR MRS. PEACOCK: Such a three days' *dolce far niente* as I 'm having! With a plenty of love, — wife's, bairns', and brother's, — and no end of trees and vines, what more should a work-battered man desire, in this divine atmosphere which seems like a great sigh of pleasure from some immense Lotos in the vague South? The little house, by one of whose windows I am writing, stands in one corner of an open square which is surrounded by an unbroken forest of oaks, of all manner of clambering and twining things, and of pines, — not the dark, gloomy pines of the Pennsylvania mountains, but tall masses of vivid emerald all in a glitter with the more brilliant green of the young buds and cones; the sun is shining with a hazy and absent-minded face, as if he were thinking of some quite other star than this poor earth; occasionally a little wind comes along, not warm, but unspeakably bland, bringing strange scents rather of leaves than of flowers; the mocking-birds are all singing, but singing *sotto voce*, and a distant cock crows as if he did n't *mean* to crow, but only to yawn luxuriously; an old mauma over in the neighborhood is singing, as she sets about washing in her deliberate way, something like this:



persistently rejecting all the semitones of the D minor in which she is singing (as I have observed all the barbaric music does, as far as it can), and substituting the stronger C♮ for the C♯; and now my little four-year-old comes in from feeding the pony and the goat, and writhes into my lap, and inquires with great interest, "Papa, can you whistle *backwards?*" by which I find, after a puzzled inquiry, that he means to ask if I can whistle by drawing my breath *in*, instead of forcing it *out*, — an art in which he proceeds to instruct me with a great show of superiority; and now he leaves, and the whole world is still again, except the bird's lazy song and old mauma's monotonous crooning.

I am convinced that God meant this land for people to rest in, — not to work in. If we were so constituted that life *could* be an idyll, then this were the place of places for it; but being, as it is, the hottest of all battles, a man might as well expect to plan a campaign in a dream as to make anything like his best fight here. . . .

Pray write me how Miss Cushman seemed on the morning after the reading. She was so exhausted when I helped her from the carriage that I fear her strength must have been severely taxed. My address for a month hence will be at Jacksonville, Fla.: I leave for that place on Wednesday (day after to-morrow), and shall make it headquarters during all my ramblings around the flowery State.

These lonesome journeys — which are the necessities of my unsettled existence — make me doubly grateful for the delightful recollections which form my companions along the tiresome miles, and for which I am indebted to you. Believe, my dear Mrs. Peacock, that they are always with me, and that I am always your, and Mr. Peacock's,

Sincere friend, SIDNEY LANIER.

[1] The pseudonym of Charles Heber Clark, at that time an editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, and the author of Out of the Hurly-Burly, Elbow Room, and other humorous works.

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BRUNSWICK, GA., *June 16th*, 1875.

I am just stopping here a day, after the woods of Florida. I have all your letters. Out of what a liberal sky do you rain your gracious encouragements upon me! In truth, dear friend, there is such large sweep and swing in this shower-after-shower of your friendliness, it comes in such big rhythms of generosities, it is such a poem of inner rains, that I cannot at all get myself satisfied to meet it with anything less than that perfect rose of a song which should be the product of such watering. I think I hear one of these growing now down in my soul yonder, somewhere: presently the green calyx of silence shall split, . . . and you shall see your flower.

Your notice of The Symphony[1] has given a great deal of pleasure to my family as well as to me. It has been extensively copied in the Southern papers, and adopted by editors as expressing their views of the poem.

Mr. [Bayard] Taylor's letter brings me a noble prospect of realizing an old dream. I had always a longing after him, but I have never dared indulge it more than one indulges what one considers only a pet possibility; so that now when I behold this mere shadow of a meeting assume the shape of an actual hand-shaking in the near future, it is as when a man wakes in the morning and finds his Dream standing by his bed.

After August, when my present engagement will terminate, my motions will entirely depend on whatever income-bringing work I may succeed in finding. Within three weeks from this time, I will however be *en route* to New York: and you must write me as soon as you receive this — addressing me at Macon, Ga. — your programme for that time, if you 're going to be out of Philadelphia. I shall look you up *ubicunque in Angliâ*, wherever you may be.

[1] The Symphony was published in Lippincott's Magazine, June, 1875.

May I beg that you will cause Mr. Taylor to address me to your own care, or, if you are to leave town before I get there, to care of the Bulletin? I will write my own plans more definitely in a few days.

Pray accept this photograph.[2] Of course you will see that, instead of being an *average* of my phiz, it is the best possible single view thereof, and is for that reason much better looking than I am, but it will serve to remind you and my dear Mrs. Peacock of

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *July 31st*, 1875.

If you have ever watched a shuttle, my dear friend, being violently knocked backward and forward in a loom, never settled for an instant at this end before it is rudely smacked back to the other, you will possess a very fair idea of the nature of my recent travels. I do not know how many times I have been from North to South in the last six weeks; the negotiations about the Florida book and the collection of additional material for it have required my presence at widely-separated points often; and as my employer is himself always on the wing, I have sometimes had to make a long chase in order to come up with him. I believe my wanderings are now ended, however, for a time, and as the very first of the many blessings which this cessation of travel will bring to a tired soul, I count the opportunity to send a line which will carry my love to you and to your *other* you.

Lippincott has made what seems to be a very fair proposition to print the Florida book, taking an interest in it which I think practically amounts to about one half. I am going to add to it, by way of appendix, a complete Guide-book to Florida; and as this feature ought of itself to secure some sale among the fif-

[2] The photograph is reproduced in the volume of Lanier's poems published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1884.

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teen or twenty thousand annual visitors, I am induced to hope that my employer may be reimbursed for his entire outlay, — though I keep in mind, what they all tell me, that the publication of any book is a mere lottery, and baffles all prophecy as to its success. Two chapters of the book, one on St. Augustine in April, and one on The Oclawaha River, are to appear in the Magazine, October and November numbers.

I will probably leave here to-day, and my address for a month hence will be 195 Dean St., Brooklyn. Your package of letters was handed me duly at the Bulletin office. I was ready to murder somebody, for pure vexation, when I learned there that I had just missed you by about two hours; it would have been *such* a comfort to have seen your two faces before you left.

Many thanks for Mr. Taylor's letter. I do hope I may be able to see him during the next month. Do you think a letter from me would reach him at Mattapoisett? For his estimate of my Symphony seems to me so full and generous that I think I will not resist the temptation to anticipate his letter to me. I will write also to Mr. Calvert to-morrow; his insight into a poet's internal working, as developed in his kind notice of me in the Golden Age, is at once wonderful and delightful.

The next number of Lippincott's will contain four sonnets of mine in the Shakespearian metre. I sincerely hope they are going to please you. You will be glad to know that The Symphony meets with continuing favor in various parts of the land.

My month in Brooklyn will be full of the very hardest work. I will be employed in finishing and revising the Florida book, many of the points in which demand very careful examination. In August my railroad employment terminates.

My friend Miss Stebbins has sent me a letter of introduction to her brother, who is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the new College of Music in New York. I am going to see if they will found a chair of the Physics of Music and give it me. I can scarcely describe to you how lovely my life would seem if I could devote the balance of it to such lectures as would properly belong to a professorship of this nature, and to my poetry.

— So, now, you know all about me: tell me how you and Mrs. Peacock fare through the summer. What is Cushing's Island?[1] A small one, broken, with water dashing up all around you, and a clean, sweet wind airing your very souls? I wish it might be, for your sakes, and I hope you are both getting strong and elastic. Write me straightway all about yourselves. I beg that each of you will deliver a loving message for me to the other: and that you will both hold me always as

Your faithful friend,
SIDNEY LANIER.

195 DEAN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
August 10th, 1875.

Your letter of the 8th, enclosing McClellan's, reached me a few moments ago. Accept my thanks for both.

Your syren-song of the beauties of your Island is at once tempting and tantalizing. When you say you "think I would be tempted to come, if I could imagine the enchanting views from this house," you make me think of that French empress who *wondered how the stupid canaille could be so obstinate as to starve when such delicious pâtés could be bought for only five francs apiece.* Cushing's Island, my dear friend, is as impossible to me, in the present state of the poetry-market, as a dinner at Very's was to a *chiffonnier:* all of which I would n't tell you, both because it is personal and because poverty is not a pleasant thing to think about at Cushing's Island, except for the single controlling reason

[1] A resort in the harbor of Portland, Me.

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that I cannot bear your thinking that I *could* come to you, if I would.

— And all of which you are to forget as soon as you have taken in the whole prodigious conclusiveness of it, and only remember so far as to consider yourselves charged to breathe enough sea-air (heavens, how I long for it!) for all three of us; as Arsène Houssaye's friend with the big appetite said, on sitting down and finding that the gentleman who had been invited to dine with him was unavoidably absent, "Well, I will eat for us both," and then proceeded actually to do it, helping himself twice at each course.

I will probably see you, though, in Philadelphia, when you come: and that is some consolation.

BROOKLYN, *September 9th*, 1875.

Will you be in Ph^{a} about the 13th or 14th next? Business calls me there at that time; and I wish to know if I 'm going to have the pleasure of seeing you. I can only scrawl a line. My work has been rudely interrupted by a series of troublesome hæmorrhages, which have for some time prevented me from reading or speaking, as well as from writing. I 'm crawling back into life, however, and hope to be at work in a few days.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *September 24th*, 1875.

How bright you made my little visit to Philadelphia, — a sort of asteroid to circle round my dark. But I haven't more than just time now to thank you for the letter and papers which you forwarded, and to tell you to address me henceforth at the Westminster Hotel, New York City, where I go presently, being now in the bitter agonies of moving, packing and the like dreadful bores. A letter from Miss Stebbins informs me that they are all safely at Lennox and our dear Miss Cushman improving. One can entrust one's message to a blue sky like this morning's; consider this lovely day to be the salutation of

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS., *November 4th*, 1875.

On arriving here at six o'clock in the morning, half frozen and very sleepy, I found a pleasant room with a glowing fire ready for me, and so tumbled into bed for another snooze before the world should rise. About nine I rose again; and while I was *in puris naturalibus* — 'midst of the very crisis and perilous climax of ablution — came a vivacious tap at my door; I opened the same, with many precautions: and behold, my eyes — which were all in lather, what time my beard was in strings that shed streams around my path, and, as it were, "writ my name in water" wherever I walked — rested on the bright face of my good Charlotte Cushman shining with sweetness and welcome.

I had expected to find her all propped up in pillows; and was therefore amazed to see how elastic was her step, and how strong and bright she is in all particulars. She sleeps "beautifully" (she says), and as we meet at the breakfast table each morning she is fairly overflowing with all manner of bright and witty and tender sayings, although in the midst of them she rubs the poor swollen arm that gives so much trouble.

Altogether, there can be no question as to her temporary benefit, nor as to the permanent gain resulting from the good digestion, the healthy appetite, the sound sleep, and the control of pain which her physician has secured for her. I believe that she is at least half-convinced that he is going to cure her; he tells her so, continually, and does not seem to entertain the shadow of a doubt of it. I have seen him twice for a few moments: and can say that he interests me very much, because his theory — which he makes no concealment of whatever — is, as far as he has been able in our very short talks to expound it to me, at least new, bold, and radical, while I do not perceive that he gives any sign of being a *mere* charlatan. I heard last night, at the Wednes-

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day Night Club (where Mr. Coolidge was kind enough to invite me), all sorts of stories about him, many of which I do not doubt to be true. So that, on the whole, I am still waiting a little for the drawing-out which I intend to bring to bear on him, before I allow myself to make a final judgment about him. Meantime there can be no question of Miss Cushman's genuine improvement; and her intercourse with the young physician seems to have been very satisfactory to her.

I have not yet written a line of my India papers: and am going at it this morning, tooth and nail. Will you take the trouble to ask the Librarian of the Ph^a Library if I may keep the two books I have, for a couple of days longer? If he refuses, I will ask you to telegraph me, so that I may get them back in time.

Mr. Taylor, whom I saw for a few moments in New York, asked after you both very particularly: Miss Cushman is now secluded with the physician, else I am sure she would send messages to you. As for me, dear friend, my thoughts go to you as thickly as these snowflakes which are now falling outside my window, and — alas, as silently, for lack of expression. But I feel sure that you know I am always

Your friend, S. L.

BOSTON, *November* 10*th*, 1875.

I scrawl a hasty note, just as I am leaving, to beg that you will hand the two books which I have to-day sent you *by express* to the Librarian, with my thanks for his kind permission to keep them over the time. They were very useful to me.

Our friend Miss Cushman is suffering a good deal of pain every day, but appears to keep up her general health steadily. I've had several talks with her doctor; — and I would not be surprised if he really cured her. I find him not at all a quack, at least not an ignorant one; he is quite up to the most advanced ideas in his profession.

But I have not time now to say more. I go directly to Macon, except one day in New York, and will be at home for two weeks, then to Baltimore for the winter, to resume my old place as first flute in the Orchestra.

God bless you both, says your friend,

S. L.

66 CENTRE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.,
December 16*th*, 1875.

Yours enclosing three dollars came to me safely; and I should have immediately acknowledged it, had I not been over head (literally) and ears in a second instalment of my India papers for which the magazine was agonizedly waiting. Possibly you may have seen the January number by this time; and it just occurs to me that if you should read the India article, you will be wondering at my talking coolly of strolling about Bombay with a Hindu friend. But Bhima Gandharra (*Bhima* was the name of the ancient Sanscrit hero *The Son of the Air*, and *Gandharra* means *A Heavenly Musician*) is only another name for *Imagination* — which is certainly the only Hindu friend I have; and the propriety of the term, as well as the true character of Bhima Gandharra and the insubstantial nature of all adventures recorded as happening to him and myself, is to be fully explained in the end of the last article. I hit upon this expedient, after much tribulation and meditation, in order at once to be able to make something like a narrative that should avoid an arid encyclopedic treatment, and to be perfectly truthful. The only plan was to make it a pure *jeu d'esprit;* and in writing the second paper I have found it of great advantage.

I have n't heard a word of the Florida book beyond what you sent me; — God have mercy upon its soul, — I suppose it will be (as the judge says when the black cap is on) hanged by the neck until it is dead, dead, dead.

I have with me my Charley, *ætat.*

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seven, the sweetest, openest, honestest little man was ever built. I find him splendid company; and I wish you might see him at this moment, with his long lashes fringing the full oval eyes, profoundly slumbering in bed where I have but ten minutes ago tucked him in and kissed him good-night.

I have a charming letter from C. C. [Charlotte Cushman], but through all the fair things she says to me I can detect the note of physical pain, and the poor sweet soul is evidently suffering greatly.

It does not now look like I shall be able to see you, as I had hoped at Xmas. I wish I had some method of telling you with what deep satisfaction I reflect upon you both, and with what delight I would find myself able to be to you, in some fair act as well as in all fair words,

Your faithful friend, S. L.

66 Centre Street, Baltimore, Md.,
January 18*th*, 1876.

For several weeks past all my minutes have been the property of others, and I have in vain tried to appropriate a little one to you.

The enclosed [1] will show you partly what I have been doing. I am not at liberty to mention the matter; but you will keep it until the interdict against publicity is removed. The Centennial Commission has invited me to write a poem which shall serve as the text for a Cantata (the music to be by Dudley Buck, of New York) to be sung at the opening of the Exhibition, under Thomas' direction. All this is to be kept secret.

I've written the enclosed. Necessarily I had to think out the musical conceptions as well as the poem, and I have briefly indicated these along the margin of each movement. I have tried to make the whole as simple and as candid as a melody of Beethoven's; at the same time expressing the largest ideas possible, and expressing them in such a way as could not be offensive to any modern soul. I particularly hope you 'll like the Angel's Song, where I have endeavored to convey, in one line each, the philosophies of Art, of Science, of Power, of Government, of Faith, and of Social Life. Of course, I shall not expect that this will instantly appeal to tastes peppered and salted by Swinburne and that ilk; but one cannot forget Beethoven, and somehow all my inspirations came in these large and artless forms, in simple Saxon words, in unpretentious and purely intellectual conceptions; while nevertheless I felt, all through, the necessity of making a genuine song — and not a rhymed set of good adages — out of it. I adopted the trochees of the first movement because they *compel* a measured, sober, and meditative movement of the mind; and because, too, they are not the genius of our language. When the trochees cease, and the land emerges as a distinct unity, then I fall into our native iambics.

I am very anxious you should think it worthy. If your Maria shall like it, I shall not feel any fear about it.

Baltimore, *January* 25*th*, 1876.

Your praise, and your wife's, give me a world of comfort. I really do not believe anything was ever written under an equal number of limitations; and when I first came to know all the conditions of the poem, I was for a moment inclined to think that no genuine work could be produced under them. As for the friend who was the cause of the compliment, it was, directly, Mr. Taylor.[2] I knew nothing of it whatever until Mr. T. wrote me that it had been

[1] First draught of the Cantata, to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Portions of this and the following letter were printed as an appendix to the Poems, 1884.

[2] In answer to inquiries, Senator Hawley, president of the Centennial Commission, writes: "The Centennial Commission, with the assent of the Board of Finance, made me a committee of one on all matters of ceremony, the most im-

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settled to invite me. *Indirectly*, I fancy *you* are largely concerned in it; for it seems from Mr. Taylor's account that General Hawley was very glad to have me do the work, and I fancy this must have been owing much to the reputation which you set a-rolling so recently.

If you should see anything about the India papers, I particularly desire to get it; for I fancy that Mr. Kirk was not quite as pleased with them as with other works of mine, and I would therefore hail any sign of their popularity. I do not have time to read any papers; life is getting so full to me that I scarcely know how I am going to win through the next two months' work.

After that, though, there is a charming *possibility* ahead of me, which holds the frequent sight of *you* among its delights. (None of this to be mentioned yet.) When Theodore Thomas passed through here a few days ago, to my great surprise he told me that his orchestra would probably be increased during the summer, and that he would like me to take the additional flute in it. I had played several duos with his first flute, — Wehner, — and it is to his voluntary recommendation that I owe the offer. It would be very charming for me; and is such a compliment to a player wholly untaught as I am, and but recently out of the country, that I 'm indulging myself in considerable gratification over it.

portant of which were the exercises on Opening Day and the great celebration on the Fourth of July. Of course I did not presume to act without the best advice I could get. My warm, patriotic, and eminently unselfish adviser and friend in the matter was Bayard Taylor. I easily selected Theodore Thomas to take charge of the music, and a great orchestra and a great chorus were secured. I wanted a hymn from Lowell, who 'begged off,' as the phrase is, or Whittier. I visited both, and finally secured Mr. Whittier, who wrote the charming hymn you may recollect. We then selected the musical composers, Mr. Paine and Mr. Dudley Buck, and decided, very likely upon the suggestion of Thomas, that we should have a cantata, or some sort of a composition of that description. It was Mr. Taylor who first brought Mr. Lanier to my attention. I believe I knew as much as this, that there was a promising writer of that name. We were anxious to secure participation from the Southern States. Mr. Taylor and I talked the matter over very carefully, and he showed me, I think, some writings of Mr. Lanier's, but I relied very largely upon his judgment, and decided to invite Mr. Lanier. We were all of us always glad that we had done so. The Cantata was somewhat unusual in style and character; that is to say, it was original, but it was charmingly so, and both Buck and Thomas thought it very remarkably adapted to our needs. I saw something of Mr. Lanier, but not much. What I did see impressed me very favorably, and I have a very kind and tender recollection of that gentleman."

Mr. Buck writes me that he has now completed his sketches for the Cantata, and is going at once to the work of scoring it for orchestra and voices. He seems immensely pleased with the text, and we have gotten on together with perfect harmony during the process of fitting together the words and the music, which has been wholly accomplished by letter.

By the way, there are two alterations which I think I have made since your copy was sent you. They are: —

> Now praise to God's *oft-granted* grace,
> Now praise to man's *undaunted* face;

the two underscored words having been added; and the last four lines — which did not roll with enough majesty to suit me — have been entirely remodelled, to read thus: —

> Then, Music, from this height of time my Word unfold:
> In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold:
> Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
> And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

Pray make these alterations in your copy. Also in the Huguenot stanza, instead of "Toil e'en when brother-wars" write "Toil when wild brother-wars," etc. So, God bless you both.

BALTIMORE, *April* 11*th*, 1876.

By a miraculous burst of hard work since early this morning, I 've managed

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to get ready a few minutes before time for me to start, and I devote those to sending you a line which may convey to you how sorry I was to miss you yesterday. You will care to know that Mr. Kirk gave me three hundred dollars for the poem,[1] but that includes book-copyright and all. Write me at Exchange Hotel, Montgomery, Ala. If you only knew what an uplifting you have always been to your friend, S. L.!

MACON, GA., *April 27th*, 1876.

May and I ran over here yesterday from Montgomery, Ala., where I have been spending the time since I saw you, with my brother's family and my own. My father lives here; and we are to remain about five days, when May returns to the children at Montgomery, and I hasten back to Philadelphia. I therefore hope to see you within a week.

I 've been such a subject and helpless victim of ovation among the good people of these regions that the time has never seemed to come when I could answer your good letter. The Southern people make a great deal more of my appointment to write the Cantata-poem than I had ever expected, and it really seems to be regarded by them as one of the most substantial tokens of reconciliation yet evinced by that vague *tertium quid* which they are accustomed to represent to themselves under the general term of "the North." I am astonished, too, to find what a hold Corn has taken upon all classes. Expressions come to me, in great number, from men whom I never supposed accessible by any poetry whatever; and these recognitions arrive hand [-in-hand] with those from persons of the highest culture. The Tribune notice of the Cantata has been copied by a great many Southern papers, and I think it materially assisted in starting the poem off properly; though the people here are so enthusiastic in my favor at present that they are quite prepared to accept blindly anything that comes from me. Of course I understand all this; and any success seems cheap which depends so thoroughly on local pride as does my present position with the South; yet, in view of the long and bitter struggle which I must make up my mind to wage in carrying out those extensions of poetic Forms about which all my thoughts now begin to converge, it is pleasant to find that I have at least the nucleus of an audience which will be willing to receive me upon the plane of mere blind faith until time shall have given a more scientific basis to their understandings.

I have seen a quotation (in the Baltimore Bulletin, which indignantly takes up the cudgel in my behalf) of one sentence from The ——, which makes me suppose that I have had a harsh reception from the New York papers generally, in the matter of the Cantata-text. The Bulletin represents The —— as saying that the poem is like "a communication from the spirit of Nat Lee through a Bedlamite medium." Nothing rejoices me more than the inward perception how utterly the time, and the frame of mind, are passed by in which anything of this sort gives me the least disturbance. Six months ago this would have hurt me, even against my will. Now it seems only a little grotesque episode, — just as when a few minutes ago I sat in my father's garden, here, and heard a catbird pause, in the midst of the most exquisite roulades and melodies, to mew, — and then take up his song again.

What a fearsome long screed, — and all about Me! But it is not with the least malice prepense: you are to reflect that I 've just stolen away, from a half dozen engagements, to my father's office, in an unspeakable spring morning, to send you a little message out of my heart, — wherein, truly, whenever I think of you, there is always instantly born a spring full of gardens, and of song-birds that never *mew*.

[1] Psalm of the West, Lippincott's Magazine, June, 1876.

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I hope so soon to kiss the hands of your two ladies that I send no further messages now save the old one that I am always their and your friend, S. L.

WEST CHESTER, PA., *October 4th*, 1876.

I had expected to be in Philadelphia to-day, and to answer your kind inquiries in person. But some of those hateful things mildly called circumstances beyond one's control prevented, and I send a note to say how much obliged we have been by your thoughtful communications from Brunswick. Our advices from Mr. Day,[1] which had been delayed in some way, now arrive regularly.

I returned from Baltimore late on Saturday. Mr. Gilman, Pres^t of Johns Hopkins University, received me with great cordiality. I took tea with him on Thursday, and he devoted his entire evening to discussing with me some available method of connecting me with the University officially. The main difficulty was in adjusting the special work which I wish to do to the existing scheme of the institution. I found that Mr. Gilman was familiar with all my poems, and he told me that he had thought of inviting me to a position in the University last winter, but did not know whether I had ever pursued any special studies. He had been greatly attracted by the Cantata, and its defence. It was finally agreed that a proposition should be made to the Trustees to create for me a sort of nondescript chair of "Poetry and Music," giving me leave to shape my lectures into any mould I desired. He is to choose whatever time may seem suitable to him, in which to broach the project: and will then write me the result. I have no doubt of his sincere desire for the favorable consummation of the business; and inasmuch as the most happy relations have heretofore existed between him and the Trustees, it would seem that the prospect is good.

I am better than when you saw me last, but still suffering much with cough. May is much worn with nursing Harry, who has been quite troublesome of nights.

I hope you are both well. I 'm trying hard to get May off to Ph^a again soon, for a day and a night; the tonic of seeing or hearing anything beautiful seems to have a wonderful effect on her. She joins in loving messages to you both. . . .

The hope of filling that "nondescript chair of Poetry and Music" hovered before Lanier during that summer and autumn, but in spite of Lanier's fitness and of President Gilman's inclination the offer was not made. Later, indeed, three years later, when the poet's sands were almost run, the trustees of the University gave Lanier an appointment, and he delivered two courses of lectures with such conspicuous success that, after his death, Johns Hopkins University honored him with a memorial tablet, and has been glad to be associated with his rising fame.

William R. Thayer.

THE CITY ON THE HOUSETOPS.

ABOVE the narrow, crowded streets of the tenement-house district there is a city of housetops, which alone enjoys the pure air and the sunlight, and turns its face upward to the sky. This sky is no longer circumscribed, as it appears when seen in long, horizontal sections from the street below, but unlimited, without measure either as to depth or extension. "Not the sky over the prison," the Russian writer, Dostoyevsky,

[1] Mrs. Lanier's father.

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says, in one of his stories of exile, "but another, far-off, free sky," — forgetting that it is just the sky over the prison that seems immeasurable by contrast, the only thing to speak to the poor prisoners of the liberty that exists completely nowhere in the world, unless it be in men's minds. Wherever men's affairs — the strange thing we call civilization, fathered, some say, by commerce — bring them together in compact communities, in which each one struggles for space to stand upright among his neighbors, there the sky, better than elsewhere, fulfills its peculiar mission of recalling the infinite to men's souls. The sky over a great city, provided it be not so obscured by smoke as no longer to seem a sky at all, has more to confide to its devotees than even a sunset in the high Alps, or the rising of the moon at sea.

When I recall my moments (they are moments rather than hours) passed on the housetop, whether in the fresh clearness of an autumn morning or in the fierce glow of a summer noontide, it is the sky, broad, blue, and luminous, that furnishes the dominant note to my recollections; the glorious sense of expansion coming as an exhalation from all that limitless azure, which acted like an intoxicant after the almost breathless confinement of the life below stairs. Few among the loiterers on the Bowery or along the thronged East Side thoroughfares know of this region, which has been all but crowded out of their experience by the tall buildings and the queer sky-tracks of the elevated railways. Now and then, when people talk of a mysterious comet, or when a kite strays so far into the boundless blue as to become an object of curiosity, one may see bloated faces turned searchingly to the sky, suggesting by the blindness of their gaze poor moles that burrow all their lives in the dank earth. But they who know the housetops are not thus deprived of nature's widest privilege.

This city of the housetops has a life of its own, distinct from that of the city down below there between the squares of tall houses. Even in the winter this life does not cease altogether, but in the summer it expands, until it includes most of the leisure existence of the tenement dwellers in the neighborhood. The families living in a house have a common right to the roof, and the communistic ideal of sharing all things together comes nearest to realization there. As a matter of fact, the families living in the lower stories of a house visit but little the aerial city. The city of the street has superior attractions for them, lying as it does at their door or before their window; and if the house has a high "stoop," they will take their station here, and watch for the flotsam and jetsam that the tide of human travel brings sooner or later to their feet. It is a less depraved taste that brings people, of a summer evening, to the starlit precincts of the city on the housetops. One is not secure there from occasional bickerings; but the presence of night is more appreciable, there is opportunity for closer intimacy, the disturbance from the street reaches one only in faint gusts, and there is less grating of the merely individual upon the consciousness of the universal. Do not suppose I mean that the people who prefer the street are really depraved! But we roof-dwellers — the devil's roosters, as the French idiom[1] most incorrectly describes us — cannot help looking down a little upon those of our neighbors who are either in continual fear of fire, or else dislike the fatigue of climbing five flights of stairs.

But it is time to particularize concerning the city on the housetops. We cannot go at all deeply into its topography, but we feel that we are describing it accurately when we say that it is very varied; nothing like its sudden ups and downs is known in cities where streets usurp the place of platforms open to heaven. Its highways are better adapted

[1] "Percher au diable," to dwell in an attic.

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to cats than to men; but this does not inconvenience its human inhabitants, who seldom want to go anywhere. And if they did, are there not fire-escapes, and does not the law say that they shall be kept free of obstructions? The law is not very carefully observed, doubtless from a general feeling that indiscriminate intercommunication *via* the fire-escapes would be a blessing very much disguised.

The principal structures of the city on the housetops are the chimneys, skylights, and little hutlike out-buildings bearing resemblance to the deck-cabins on some ships, which shelter the stairway leading to the house below, and permit, when the door is left open, a draught of air to penetrate the hallways. Many of the housetops are surrounded by a high wooden fence with projecting poles from which the clotheslines are suspended. Here and there one finds an improvised roof-garden, its green shrubs and potted plants occupying a corner between high brick walls. The city abounds in good views. The Brooklyn Bridge is in sight, its long, low arch between the great Gothic piers spanning an arc in the sky, firm and distinct, — an imperial roadway by day, studded with stars at night. High buildings and church spires lift their heads on all sides, and flags are streaming from a score of poles. Thick columns and thin spirals of smoke ascend from hundreds of chimneys. Over there is the river: in faint outline one can see the sharp bow of a ship, with a piece of the rigging; the smoke of a steamboat or tug hangs like a dusky cloud across the face of the tall buildings on the Brooklyn shore; the hoarse whistles of the ferryboats announce each arrival and departure. At sunset, distant windows catch the reflection of the sun's rays, and gleam as if the interior of the house were ablaze. Bits of gilding and some unpainted tin roof take up the glow, which only passes completely when the sun has sunk behind the outspread sea of houses in the west. The nearer prospect is crowded with a confusion of detail. Like a vast forest, the chimneys and clothesline poles crop up on every hand, the difference in elevation of the various houses lending an aspect of variety to their growth. On the clotheslines are spread out all the family linen, and how much besides! — dresses, rugs, quilts, carpets, and underwear; the white garments gleam in the sunshine, all flutter in the breeze. The parapets, cornices, and projections of other houses; the interlacing lines of telegraph wires; the quaint minarets and queer gewgaws of the newer tenements designed to appeal to an Oriental taste, — all these interrupt the line of the horizon, and lend variety and animation to the city's outline. One's gaze may rest upon objects miles away, which the clear atmosphere renders quite conspicuous and distinct, or it may fall upon the narrow, well-like court, crowded with fire-escapes and clotheslines, which opens at one's feet. Down there are a few square feet of damp, ill-smelling, badly-paved courtyard, in the gloom of which some little children are at play. A single spear of green grass has undertaken, with rare courage and perseverance, to grow in one of the interstices between the paving-blocks, and merry voices, raised in glee over its discovery, rise to the housetop. The children are nearly always merry, and they are perhaps the principal inhabitants alike of the city on the housetops and of the stagnant courts at its feet.

During the day, the women and children, except for the occasional presence of a painter, a carpenter, or a roof-mender, have the city on the housetops to themselves. The clothes are put out to dry, if it is wash-day. If not, there are carpets to be beaten, various household preparations to be made. The little girls, when home from school in the middle of the day, help their mothers, or watch the baby, to see that it does

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not creep too near one of those abrupt precipices in which the city on the housetops abounds. Sad accidents occur now and then, although not so frequently as one would think probable. A periodical visitor is the line-man, a young fellow who mounts the gaunt poles from which the clotheslines are suspended to the windows opposite, climbing up by means of the big iron nails which serve as pegs upon which to tie the lines. His lusty shout of "Line up!" informs the neighbors that now is the time to get their lines attached, and familiar conversations and exchanges of greeting mark the progress of his ascent. His acquaintance is a large one, and his social function important. Resort to these clothesline poles is sometimes had by small boys in search of a temporary retreat before an irritated relative. The little boys fly their kites; and this is one of the gayest, most delightful amusements to all who really understand what amusement is. One can never visit the city overhead, unless perhaps at the dead of night, without becoming aware of several kites skylarking about in his own immediate azure. They are subject to strange, abrupt evolutions, or rather revolutions, with their strings in the control of such irresponsible young masters. Sometimes one undertakes, perversely enough, to act for itself, and then it frequently gets caught and tangled up in a telegraph wire, where it hangs limp and forlorn, like some gigantic wounded bird of prey, helpless to extricate itself, and piteous to look upon. But when it sails clear and free, with a graceful streamer in its wake, there is no sight more gracious and encouraging.

Among the kites circle the pigeons, of which there are many everywhere. I have a friend (we have never spoken) who devotes most of his life to enticing them to alight upon his own particular housetop. He is a tall, athletic young fellow, whom I have never seen with hat, coat, or waistcoat. He wears knee-breeches, and one shapely calf is clad in a black stocking; the other — now we are coming to the sad part of the story — is but a stump, the foot and leg halfway to the knee having suffered amputation, probably while he was still a child. Every pleasant day he spends on a roof neighboring my own, watching incessantly the pigeons in their flight, cooing to them and whistling low, with an interest that seems never to flag. His agility is remarkable; he clambers like a cat, and, with the aid of a long pole, passes from one housetop to another on a very different level. He prefers to take his station high up on a wooden fence built to separate two housetops, his maimed limb twined tightly round the topmost bar, so as to leave the stump invisible, while his foot rests upon a lower support. In this position he seems a young Apollo, his lithe, youthful figure, without a flaw or any symptom of deficiency, outlined against the clear sky, while every movement, instinct with vigor and grace, betrays a vivid interest in all about him. His face, too, is suggestive of the sun-god's, — not of the Apollo of the nymphs and lyre, — and I catch myself thinking of him as the incarnation of the sunlight. In an hour he is up and down many times, always returning to his exalted perch, whence he can look over most of the neighboring roof-trees. Standing up there — alone in the sky, as it were — all day long, for days and weeks, months and years, perhaps, with half the city spread at his feet, what must be his outlook upon life! Alas, poor fellow, he is bound to earth and comparative inactivity by that painful deficiency of his, and it is well for him that the pigeons can occupy so much of his time. I have seen him, standing aloft on his single leg, brandish his long pole with superb energy and strength, while the birds went whirring away. Some of them always returned, and I used to be puzzled to explain their preference for the roof where they seemed exposed to

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the constant interference of this young tyrant of the housetops. Perhaps, I thought, they know his misfortune and their own security. But at last I found the clue to this wonder that daily renews itself in front of my windows. These pigeons that constantly alight on this particular roof, and as often depart from it again, are plainly decoys, and their young owner is engaged in a business, — that of pigeon-stealing. The birds that fall into his hands find their way, in all probability, to the bird-fancier's shop, two blocks away, where one sees pigeons and rabbits in the window, and where these innocent creatures are made the pretext of corrupting children sometimes as innocent as they. Here, then, is a drama of the housetops that has reached its many hundredth performance, and is not yet acted to its close. What shall we say of its hero, whom I lightly compared to the sun-god? Is he, perhaps, a symbol for one of those other forces that in nature and in human society make, all unconsciously, for death when most they seem instinct with brilliancy and life? We know not, and we shall not know. What is sure is that his energy and strength must find an outlet; and in this case more of pity than of blame must attach to their useless expenditure. The pigeons, meanwhile, will generally contrive to elude him, and the whir of their wings will long be a feature of the city on the housetops.

During the dinner hour, and in midsummer through the early hours of the afternoon, when the sun is scorching the tin roofs with its rays, the city on the housetops is deserted. But let a thunder shower come up and cool off the burning roofs, then after it is over the people will return to enjoy the momentary freshness, and to look around upon the world that has just received such a ducking. I have seen some little boys make their appearance, on a hot day in August, in the very midst of a thunder shower, and fully prepared to enjoy it. There were three of them, and they were guiltless of a garment amongst them. They took their shower bath with delight, and chased one another about among the chimneys and clotheslines, with the lightning flashes playing around them. Their gambol ended only when the storm ceased, and they disappeared, by this time shivering, down the hatchway.

Late in the afternoon is the grandfathers' hour. Old men, the day's labor at an end, come up to the city on the housetops to smoke their pipes and enjoy an hour of peace before descending into the close, often crowded rooms where the night must be spent. One hears from every direction the factory whistles proclaiming the cessation of work for another breathing-space, and down below the streets are filled with a long, black procession of men and women, lads and maidens, returning from the labor of the day. From one of the open windows of a tall tenement in the opposite street come the plaintive strains of an old violin, into which a young fellow seeks to infuse the poetry that is budding in his soul. His efforts are a little primitive, but now and then such things as Little Annie Rooney or a few bars of Comrades struggle to recognition. All the while the west is slowly reddening, and a reflected glow suffuses the eastern sky. Long bars of crimson, suggesting the heavy dashes at the end of a chapter in an author's manuscript, rest with an aspect of finality over the western horizon of housetops. These fade in their turn, losing themselves in a flood of color that passes from orange into burnished gold, ending in a dull rusty glow.

Then the evening comes; and in summer this is the fashionable hour for the denizens of the housetops. It is less stifling up there than in the houses, or in the streets below. Often there is a breeze, generally from the south, with a whiff of the ocean in its breath. Then the scene on the housetops becomes animated. Whole families are encamped up

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there; there is singing, stories are told, sometimes there is dancing. Musical instruments are not at all rare, and the accordion is chief among them. Now and then the merriment of separate parties becomes extinct; all pause to listen to a single voice that rises high and distinct above the hubbub. Sometimes it is a hymn of the synagogue, caroled forth upon the night by a boy's quavering voice; sometimes it is an air from an operetta, delivered in stentorian tones by a "professional" man singer. The applause, when the performance is over, comes from every roof in the neighborhood. When there is a saloon "on the block," — and what block is without its drinking-house? — sounds of carousal make their way, from time to time, to the city on the housetops. An impromptu orchestra, in attendance at some wedding or birthday festivity in the brilliantly lighted apartments of a family "on the block," gladdens with its strains the hearts of tired mortals on the roof. Sometimes a burst of mad melody, full of the weird cadence and passionate abandon that characterize the dance-music of the peasantry of eastern Europe, awakens sad memories or passionate longing in some immigrant ("greenhorn," the older immigrants call him) lately come from some far-off country. The poor Jew who finds his way straight from the immigrant station on Ellis Island to one of the innumerable "sweater's" dens of this neighborhood breathes for an hour, perhaps, the air of the night, and gazes about him at the strange city that his toil leaves him no opportunity to investigate. Perhaps he does not even care to do this, the dull, hard grind deadening all sentiment of curiosity in his soul. Wild, unthinking gayety alone can arouse him from the lethargy in which his life is wrapped.

Late into the night the merriment lasts; and then, when good-nights have been said, only about one half of the company descend to take their rest indoors. The others roll themselves in sheets and blankets, and prepare for a night under the stars. A thunder shower coming up in the middle of the night disperses them, and there is a great noise of scuffling and running, as each one awakes to take up his bed and walk with it. Between two and three o'clock of a fine morning, the moon looks down upon a bivouac of shrouded motionless figures, and the city on the housetops is turned into a shining necropolis. Little children and women sleep thus in the open air, sometimes on the roof, sometimes on their own fire-escape; but the majority of the out-of-door sleepers are young men, accustomed all their lives, many of them, to hard bunks and uneasy surroundings. The glow of a cigar or a cigarette from one of these shapeless heaps of bedding might disturb the night's slumber of an apprehensive person. Dawn comes to awaken them early, for the most part, but it is no uncommon sight to see their outstretched forms when the sun already rides high in the sky. Other men and women pass in and out among them without disturbing them; and when they awake and open their arms to the day, no complicated toilet awaits them; they are half clothed already, and a few instinctive touches do the rest. Do not shake your head, and reflect sadly upon the low, uncivilized state of these primitive beings, O cultivated reader! Circumstances do not always admit of daintiness, but you will do wrong to assume, on this account, that refinement is absent from the soul. Volumes are written every year concerning the overcrowding of the poor, and it is commonly taken for granted that this overcrowding leads to immorality and vice. Among the weak and vicious it is so; but we have only to appeal to our general experience of humanity to know that in the majority of cases it must act rather as a safeguard against immorality. Where even one in a family lives well, the rest are restrained from abasing themselves in his

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or her sight. So even the weak, who if left to themselves could scarcely resist temptation, are sustained by the constant society of some person whose strength they are enabled to share. In even the worst of tenements there are families that live decently; nay, some that live beautifully, in a sense that would be little understood among their "betters." Vice is not excluded from the city on the housetops, but it is not more repellent there than in the comfortable homes of the rich.

When the autumn comes, if you live in a neighborhood where there are many Hebrews, you will discover a new feature in the city on the housetops. It is the season of the Jewish Succoth, or Harvest-Home. On the surrounding roofs they have erected little huts, or arbors, covered with boughs of hemlock and cedar, and inclosed on the sides with rugs, mats, and curtains. Within, there is room for a table and two or three chairs. Here sits the head of the family, often a patriarch with flowing white beard, and takes his food, which is brought to him by the women, while he returns thanks to God for his bounty. Often the chill wind whistles uncomfortably about the corners and through the chinks of his extemporized abode, but the old man continues his devotions, seemingly oblivious to the cold. The children in the streets and worshipers in the synagogues carry large palm branches and Adam's apples as symbols of the earth's fruitfulness. When they can obtain autumn leaves, these are sprinkled about the arbors on the housetops. In the European villages whence these people come, the arbors are built in the open, at the rear of their houses, or on the skirt of some wood; sometimes, also, on the roof-trees. Here, in crowded New York, the earth is already too much cumbered with buildings to allow room for them, and they are built, accordingly, in the city of the roofs and chimney-pots, where, besides, there are pure air and sunlight to remind people of the blessings for which they are offering thanksgiving. Few enough of these blessings do they ever experience, the poor Jews, in their laborious and confined lives. But they cling to this ceremonial of their agricultural ancestors as they cling to every other tradition and ceremony of the race. Long condemned to live in crowded cities, all connection with the land having been denied them, as constituting a danger to the state, what wonder if the spirit of barter and money-getting has entered into the soul of these people so long excluded from the wide communion of open field and flowing river? For centuries the Jew has been thrown back upon money as the one means of obtaining immunity to enjoy the ordinary privileges of life. Shall we wonder at the exorbitant value our ancestors have taught him to set upon it?

We have glanced, from our window, upon the city on the housetops under many of its aspects. We have seen it prostrate beneath the burning rays of the summer sunshine, awakening to life as the afternoon waned to its close, growing animated in the evening, and lying mute and extended under the tranquil stars. We have seen it, for a moment, in the crisp air of autumn, when a peculiar people are preparing to make it the scene of their religious festivities and worship. We shall see it again in its winter aspect, when a coverlid of snow softens a thousand inequalities, and adds a new picturesqeness to the familiar outlook. We have noted, very hastily, and leaving too much to be desired for adequacy, a few of the manifestations of its life. It is time now to close our window and draw to the blinds. In the lamplight, over a book that has abstracted our thoughts from the realm of the actual, we shall begin to ask ourselves whether the city that has just been described has any existence in reality. The mind, at such moments, dwells in an

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atmosphere of its own, and what is not immediately present before it is quickly relegated to a class of phenomena experienced, but not realized. It is easy enough, in this case, to go to the window and convince ourselves anew that the city on the housetops has an objective existence. There, indeed, it lies, much as we left it, beneath the gray starlight. The night is a damp one, and its silent precincts are abandoned to the cats, those stealthy night-watchmen, whose mysterious peregrinations lead them many times in and out among the manifold obstructions of the housetops. But the mood has changed, and we are no longer disposed to regard as in any way poetic or romantic this deserted realm upon which the starlight falls with so desolate a chill. Prosaic, almost sordid, our eyes disclose it to us; yet a reality, so far as we can distinguish the real, and conveying consolation, by reason of the social instinct that is in us all, as the haunt of living men, one of the shifting scenes of their activity on earth.

PONTIAC'S LOOKOUT.

JENIEVE LALOTTE came out of the back door of her little house on Mackinac beach. The front door did not open upon either street of the village; and other domiciles were scattered with it along the strand, each little homestead having a front inclosure palisaded with oaken posts. Wooded heights sent a growth of bushes and young trees down to the pebble rim of the lake.

It had been raining, and the island was fresh as if new made. Boats and bateaux, drawn up in a great semicircle about the crescent bay, had also been washed; but they kept the marks of their long voyages to the Illinois Territory, or the Lake Superior region, or Canada. The very last of the winterers were in with their bales of furs, and some of these men were now roaring along the upper street in new clothes, exhilarated by spending on good cheer in one month the money it took them eleven months to earn. While in "hyvernements," or winter quarters, and on the long forest marches, the allowance of food per day, for a winterer, was one quart of corn and two ounces of tallow. On this fare the hardiest voyageurs ever known threaded a pathless continent and made a great traffic possible. But when they returned to the front of the world, — that distributing point in the straits, — they were fiercely importunate for what they considered the best the world afforded.

A segment of rainbow showed over one end of Round Island. The sky was dull rose, and a ship on the eastern horizon turned to a ship of fire, clean-cut and poised, a glistening object on a black bar of water. The lake was still, with blackness in its depths. The American flag on the fort rippled, a thing of living light, the stripes transparent. High pink clouds were riding down from the north, their flush dying as they piled aloft. There were shadings of peacock colors in the shoal water. Jenieve enjoyed this sunset beauty of the island, as she ran over the rolling pebbles, carrying some leather shoes by their leather strings. Her face was eager. She lifted the shoes to show them to three little boys playing on the edge of the lake.

"Come here. See what I have for you."

"What is it?" inquired the eldest, gazing betwixt the hairs scattered on his face; he stood with his back to the wind. His bare shins reddened in the wash of

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the lake, standing beyond its rim of shining gravel.

"Shoes," answered Jenieve, in a note triumphant over fate.

"What's shoes?" asked the smallest half-breed, tucking up his smock around his middle.

"They are things to wear on your feet," explained Jenieve; and her red-skinned half-brothers heard her with incredulity. She had told their mother, in their presence, that she intended to buy the children some shoes when she got pay for her spinning; and they thought it meant fashions from the Fur Company's store to wear to mass, but never suspected she had set her mind on dark-looking clamps for the feet.

"You must try them on," said Jenieve, and they all stepped experimentally from the water, reluctant to submit. But Jenieve was mistress in the house. There is no appeal from a sister who is a father to you, and even a substitute for your living mother.

"You sit down first, François, and wipe your feet with this cloth."

The absurdity of wiping his feet before he turned in for the night tickled François, though he was of a strongly aboriginal cast, and he let himself grin. Jenieve helped him struggle to encompass his lithe feet with the clumsy brogans.

"You boys are living like Indians."

"We are Indians," asserted François.

"But you are French, too. You are my brothers. I want you to go to mass looking as well as anybody."

Hitherto their object in life had been to escape mass. They objected to increasing their chances of church-going. Moccasins were the natural wear of human beings, and nobody but women needed even moccasins until cold weather. The proud look of an Iroquois taking spoils disappeared from the face of the youngest, giving way to uneasy anguish. The three boys sat down to tug, Jenieve going encouragingly from one to another. François lay on his back and pushed his heels skyward. Contempt and rebellion grew also in the faces of Gabriel and Toussaint. They were the true children of François Iroquois, her mother's second husband, who had been wont to lounge about Mackinac village in dirty buckskins and a calico shirt having one red and one blue sleeve. He had also bought a tall silk hat at the Fur Company's store, and he wore the hat under his blanket when it rained. If tobacco failed him, he scraped and dried willow peelings, and called them kinnickinnick. This worthy relation had worked no increase in Jenieve's home except an increase of children. He frequently yelled around the crescent bay, brandishing his silk hat in the exaltation of rum. And when he finally fell off the wharf into deep water, and was picked out to make another mound in the Indian burying-ground, Jenieve was so fiercely elated that she was afraid to confess it to the priest. Strange matches were made on the frontier, and Indian wives were commoner than any other kind; but through the whole mortifying existence of this Indian husband Jenieve avoided the sight of him, and called her mother steadily Mama Lalotte. The girl had remained with her grandmother, while François Iroquois carried off his wife to the Indian village on a western height of the island. Her grandmother had died, and Jenieve continued to keep house on the beach, having always with her one or more of the half-breed babies, until the plunge of François Iroquois allowed her to bring them all home with their mother. There was but one farm on the island, and Jenieve had all the spinning which the sheep afforded. She was the finest spinner in that region. Her grandmother had taught her to spin with a little wheel, as they still do about Quebec. Her pay was small. There was not much money then in the country, but bills of credit on the Fur Company's store were the same as cash, and

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she managed to feed her mother and the Indian's family. Fish were to be had for the catching, and she could get corn meal and vegetables for her soup pot in partial exchange for her labor. The luxuries of life on the island were air and water, and the glories of evening and morning. People who could buy them got such gorgeous clothes as were brought by the Company. But usually Jenieve felt happy enough when she put on her best red homespun bodice and petticoat for mass or to go to dances. She did wish for shoes. The ladies at the fort had shoes, with heels which clicked when they danced. Jenieve could dance better, but she always felt their eyes on her moccasins, and came to regard shoes as the chief article of one's attire.

Though the joy of shoeing her brothers was not to be put off, she had not intended to let them keep on these precious brogans of civilization while they played beside the water. But she suddenly saw Mama Lalotte walking along the street near the lake with old Michel Pensonneau. Beyond these moving figures were many others, of engagés and Indians, swarming in front of the Fur Company's great warehouse. Some were talking and laughing; others were in a line, bearing bales of furs from bateaux just arrived at the log-and-stone wharf stretched from the centre of the bay. But all of them, and curious women peeping from their houses on the beach, particularly Jean Bati' McClure's wife, could see that Michel Pensonneau was walking with Mama Lalotte.

This sight struck cold down Jenieve's spine. Mama Lalotte was really the heaviest charge she had. Not twenty minutes before had that flighty creature been set to watch the supper pot, and here she was, mincing along, and fixing her pale blue laughing eyes on Michel Pensonneau, and bobbing her curly flaxen head at every word he spoke. A daughter who has a marrying mother on her hands may become morbidly anxious; Jenieve felt she should have no peace of mind during the month the coureurs-de-bois remained on the island. Whether they arrived early or late, they had soon to be off to the winter hunting-grounds; yet here was an emergency.

"Mama Lalotte!" called Jenieve. Her strong young fingers beckoned with authority. "Come here to me. I want you."

The giddy parent, startled and conscious, turned a conciliating smile that way. "Yes, Jenieve," she answered obediently, "I come." But she continued to pace by the side of Michel Pensonneau.

Jenieve desired to grasp her by the shoulder and walk her into the house; but when the world, especially Jean Bati' McClure's wife, is watching to see how you manage an unruly mother, it is necessary to use some adroitness.

"Will you please come here, dear Mama Lalotte? Toussaint wants you."

"No, I don't!" shouted Toussaint. "It is Michel Pensonneau I want, to make me some boats."

The girl did not hesitate. She intercepted the couple, and took her mother's arm in hers. The desperation of her act appeared to her while she was walking Mama Lalotte home; still, if nothing but force will restrain a parent, you must use force.

Michel Pensonneau stood squarely in his moccasins, turning redder and redder at the laugh of his cronies before the warehouse. He was dressed in new buckskins, and their tawny brightness made his florid cheeks more evident. Michel Pensonneau had been brought up by the Cadottes of Sault Ste. Marie, and he had rich relations at Cahokia, in the Illinois Territory. If he was not as good as the family of François Iroquois, he wanted to know the reason why. It is true, he was past forty and a bachelor. To be a bachelor, in that region, where Indian wives were so plenty and so easily

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got rid of, might bring some reproach on a man. Michel had begun to see that it did. He was an easy, gormandizing, good fellow, shapelessly fat, and he never had stirred himself during his month of freedom to do any courting. But Frenchmen of his class considered fifty the limit of an active life. It behooved him now to begin looking around; to prepare a fireside for himself. Michel was a good clerk to his employers. Cumbrous though his body might be, when he was in the woods he never shirked any hardship to secure a specially fine bale of furs.

Mama Lalotte, propelled against her will, sat down, trembling, in the house. Jenieve, trembling also, took the wooden bowls and spoons from a shelf and ladled out soup for the evening meal. Mama Lalotte was always willing to have the work done without trouble to herself, and she sat on a three-legged stool, like a guest. The supper pot boiled in the centre of the house, hanging on the crane which was fastened to a beam overhead. Smoke from the clear fire passed that richly darkened transverse of timber as it ascended, and escaped through a hole in the bark roof. The Fur Company had a great building with chimneys; but poor folks were glad to have a cedar hut of one room, covered with bark all around and on top. A fire-pit, or earthen hearth, was left in the centre, and the nearer the floor could be brought to this hole, without danger, the better the house was. On winter nights, fat French and half-breed children sat with heels to this sunken altar, and heard tales of massacre or privation which made the family bunks along the wall seem couches of luxury. It was the aboriginal hut patterned after his Indian brother's by the Frenchman; and the succession of British and American powers had not yet improved it. To Jenieve herself, the crisis before her, so insignificant against the background of that historic island, was more important than massacre or conquest.

"Mama," — she spoke tremulously, — "I was obliged to bring you in. It is not proper to be seen on the street with an engagé. The town is now full of these bush-lopers."

"Bush-lopers, mademoiselle!" The little flaxen-haired woman had a shrill voice. "What was your own father?"

"He was a clerk, madame," maintained the girl's softer treble, "and always kept good credit for his family at the Company's store."

"I see no difference. They are all the same."

"François Iroquois was not the same." As the girl said this she felt a powder-like flash from her own eyes.

Mama Lalotte was herself a little ashamed of the François Iroquois alliance, but she answered, "He let me walk outside the house, at least. You allow me no amusement at all. I cannot even talk over the fence to Jean Bati' McClure's wife."

"Mama, you do not understand the danger of all these things, and I do. Jean Bati' McClure's wife will be certain to get you into trouble. She is not a proper woman for you to associate with. Her mind runs on nothing but matchmaking."

"Speak to her, then, for yourself. I wish you would get married."

"I never shall," declared Jenieve. "I have seen the folly of it."

"You never have been young," complained Mama Lalotte. "You don't know how a young person feels."

"I let you go to the dances," argued Jenieve. "You have as good a time as any woman on the island. But old Michel Pensonneau," she added sternly, "is not settling down to smoke his pipe for the remainder of his life on this doorstep."

"Monsieur Pensonneau is not old."

"Do you take up for him, Mama Lalotte, in spite of me?" In the girl's rich brunette face the scarlet of the cheeks deepened. "Am I not more to you than Michel Pensonneau or any other engagé?

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He is old; he is past forty. Would I call him old if he were no more than twenty?"

"Every one cannot be only twenty and a young agent," retorted her elder; and Jenieve's ears and throat reddened, also.

"Have I not done my best for you and the boys? Do you think it does not hurt me to be severe with you?"

Mama Lalotte flounced around on her stool, but made no reply. She saw peeping and smiling at the edge of the door a neighbor's face, that encouraged her insubordinations. Its broad, good-natured upper lip thinly veiled with hairs, its fleshy eyelids and thick brows, expressed a strength which she had not, yet would gladly imitate.

"Jenieve Lalotte," spoke the neighbor, "before you finish whipping your mother you had better run and whip the boys. They are throwing their shoes in the lake."

"Their shoes!" Jenieve cried, and she scarcely looked at Jean Bati' McClure's wife, but darted outdoors along the beach.

"Oh, children, have you lost your shoes?"

"No," answered Toussaint, looking up with a countenance full of enjoyment.

"Where are they?"

"In the lake."

"You did n't throw your new shoes in the lake?"

"We took them for boats," said Gabriel freely. "But they are not even fit for boats."

"I threw mine as far as I could," observed François. "You can't make anything float in them."

She could see one of them stranded on the lake bottom, loaded with stones, its strings playing back and forth in the clear water. The others were gone out to the straits. Jenieve remembered all her toil for them, and her denial of her own wants that she might give to these half-savage boys, who considered nothing lost that they threw into the lake.

She turned around to run to the house. But there stood Jean Bati' McClure's wife, talking through the door, and encouraging her mother to walk with coureurs-de bois. The girl's heart broke. She took to the bushes to hide her weeping, and ran through them towards the path she had followed so many times when her only living kindred were at the Indian village. The pine woods received her into their ascending heights, and she mounted towards sunset.

Panting from her long walk, Jenieve came out of the woods upon a grassy open cliff, called by the islanders Pontiac's Lookout; because the great war chief used to stand on that spot, forty years before, and gaze southward, as if he never could give up his hope of the union of his people. Jenieve knew the story. She had built playhouses here, when a child, without being afraid of the old chief's lingering influence; for she seemed to understand his trouble, and this night she was more in sympathy with Pontiac than ever before in her life. She sat down on the grass, wiping the tears from her hot cheeks, her dark eyes brooding on the lovely straits. There might be more beautiful sights in the world, but Jenieve doubted it; and a white gull drifted across her vision like a moving star.

Pontiac's Lookout had been the spot from which she watched her father's bateau disappear behind Round Island. He used to go by way of Detroit to the Canadian woods. Here she wept out her first grief for his death; and here she stopped, coming and going between her mother and grandmother. The cliff down to the beach was clothed with a thick growth which took away the terror of falling, and many a time Jenieve had thrust her bare legs over the edge to sit and enjoy the outlook.

There were old women on the island who could remember seeing Pontiac. Her grandmother had told her how he looked. She had heard that though his bones had been buried forty years beside

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the Mississippi, he yet came back to the Lookout every night during that summer month when all the tribes assembled at the island to receive money from a new government. He could not lie still while they took a little metal and ammunition in their hands in exchange for their country. As for the tribes, they enjoyed it. Jenieve could see their night fires begin to twinkle on Round Island and Bois Blanc, and the rising hubbub of their carnival came to her like echoes across the strait. There was one growing star on the long hooked reef which reached out from Round Island, and figures of Indians were silhouetted against the lake, running back and forth along that high stone ridge. Evening coolness stole up to Jenieve, for the whole water world was purpling; and sweet pine and cedar breaths, humid and invisible, were all around her. Her trouble grew small, laid against the granite breast of the island, and the woods darkened and sighed behind her. Jenieve could hear the shout of some Indian boy at the distant village. She was not afraid, but her shoulders contracted with a shiver. The place began to smell rankly of sweetbrier. There was no sweetbrier on the cliff or in the woods, though many bushes grew on alluvial slopes around the bay. Jenieve loved the plant, and often stuck a piece of it in her bosom. But this was a cold smell, striking chill to the bones. Her flesh and hair and clothes absorbed the scent, and it cooled her nostrils with its strange ether, the breath of sweetbrier, which always before seemed tinctured by the sun. She had a sensation of moving sidewise out of her own person; and then she saw the chief Pontiac standing on the edge of the cliff. Jenieve knew his back, and the feathers in his hair which the wind did not move. His head turned on a pivot, sweeping the horizon from St. Ignace, where the white man first set foot, to Round Island, where the shameful fires burned. His hard, set features were silver color rather than copper, as she saw his profile against the sky. His arms were folded in his blanket. Jenieve was as sure that she saw Pontiac as she was sure of the rock on which she sat. She poked one finger through the sward to the hardness underneath. The rock was below her, and Pontiac stood before her. He turned his head back from Round Island to St. Ignace. The wind blew against him, and the brier odor, sickening sweet, poured over Jenieve.

She heard the dogs bark in Mackinac village, and leaves moving behind her, and the wash of water at the base of the island which always sounded like a small rain. Instead of feeling afraid she was in a nightmare of sorrow. Pontiac had loved the French almost as well as he loved his own people. She breathed the sweetbrier scent, her neck stretched forward and her dark eyes fixed on him; and as his head turned back from St. Ignace his whole body moved with it, and he looked at Jenieve.

His eyes were like a cat's in the purple darkness, or like that heatless fire which shines on rotting bark. The hoar-frosted countenance was noble even in its most brutal lines. Jenieve, without knowing she was saying a word, spoke out: —

"Monsieur the chief Pontiac, what ails the French and Indians?"

"Malatat," answered Pontiac. The word came at her with force.

"Monsieur the chief Pontiac," repeated Jenieve, struggling to understand, "I say, what ails the French and Indians?"

"Malatat!" His guttural cry rang through the bushes. Jenieve was so startled that she sprung back, catching herself on her hands. But without the least motion of walking he was far westward, showing like a phosphorescent bar through the trees, and still moving on, until the pallor was lost from sight.

Jenieve at once began to cross herself. She had forgotten to do it before. The rankness of sweetbrier followed her some

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distance down the path, and she said prayers all the way home.

You cannot talk with great spirits and continue to chafe about little things. The boys' shoes and Mama Lalotte's lightness were the same as forgotten. Jenieve entered her house with dew in her hair, and an unterrified freshness of body for whatever might happen. She was certain she had seen Pontiac, but she would never tell anybody to have it laughed at. There was no candle burning, and the fire had almost died under the supper pot. She put a couple of sticks on the coals, more for their blaze than to heat her food. But the Mackinac night was chill, and it was pleasant to see the interior of her little home flickering to view. Candles were lighted in many houses along the beach, and amongst them Mama Lalotte was probably roaming, — for she had left the door open towards the lake, — and the boys' voices could be heard with others in the direction of the log wharf.

Jenieve took her supper bowl and sat down on the doorstep. The light cloud of smoke, drawn up to the roof-hole, ascended behind her, forming an azure gray curtain against which her figure showed, round-wristed and full-throated. The starlike camp fires on Round Island were before her, and the incessant wash of the water on its pebbles was company to her. Somebody knocked on the front door.

"It is that insolent Michel Pensonneau," thought Jenieve. "When he is tired he will go away."

Yet she was not greatly surprised when the visitor ceased knocking and came around the palisades.

"Good-evening, Monsieur Crooks," said Jenieve.

"Good-evening, mademoiselle," responded Monsieur Crooks, and he leaned against the hut side, cap in hand, where he could look at her. He had never yet been asked to enter the house. Jenieve continued to eat her supper.

"I hope monsieur your uncle is well?"

"My uncle is well. It is n't necessary for me to inquire about madame your mother, for I have just seen her sitting on McClure's doorstep."

"Oh," said Jenieve.

The young man shook his cap in a restless hand. Though he spoke French easily, he was not dressed like an engagé, and he showed through the dark the white skin of the Saxon.

"Mademoiselle Jenieve," — he spoke suddenly, — "you know my uncle is well established as agent of the Fur Company, and as his assistant I expect to stay here."

"Yes, monsieur. Did you take in some fine bales of furs to-day?"

"That is not what I was going to say."

"Monsieur Crooks, you speak all languages, don't you?"

"Not all. A few. I know a little of nearly every one of our Indian dialects."

"Monsieur, what does 'malatat' mean?"

"'Malatat'? That 's a Chippewa word. You will often hear that. It means 'good for nothing.'"

"But I have heard that the chief Pontiac was an Ottawa."

The young man was not interested in Pontiac.

"A chief would know a great many dialects," he replied. "Chippewa was the tongue of this island. But what I wanted to say is that I have had a serious talk with the agent. He is entirely willing to have me settle down. And he says, what is the truth, that you are the best and prettiest girl at the straits. I have spoken my mind often enough. Why should n't we get married right away?"

Jenieve set her bowl and spoon inside the house, and folded her arms.

"Monsieur, have I not told you many times? I cannot marry. I have a family already."

The young agent struck his cap impatiently against the bark weather-boarding. "You are the most offish girl I

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ever saw. A man cannot get near enough to you to talk reason."

"It would be better if you did not come down here at all, Monsieur Crooks," said Jenieve. "The neighbors will be saying I am setting a bad example to my mother."

"Bring your mother up to the Fur Company's quarters with you, and the neighbors will no longer have a chance to put mischief into her head."

Jenieve took him seriously, though she had often suspected, from what she could see at the fort, that Americans had not the custom of marrying an entire family.

"It is really too fine a place for us."

Young Crooks laughed. Squaws had lived in the Fur Company's quarters, but he would not mention this fact to the girl.

His eyes dwelt fondly on her in the darkness, for though the fire behind her had again sunk to embers, it cast up a little glow; and he stood entirely in the star-embossed outside world. It is not safe to talk in the dark: you tell too much. The primitive instinct of truth-speaking revives in force, and the restraints of another's presence are gone. You speak from the unseen to the unseen over leveled barriers of reserve. Young Crooks had scarcely said that place was nothing, and he would rather live in that little house with Jenieve than in the Fur Company's quarters without her, when she exclaimed openly, "And have old Michel Pensonneau put over you!"

The idea of Michel Pensonneau taking precedence of him as master of the cedar hut was delicious to the American, as he recalled the engagé's respectful slouch while receiving the usual bill of credit.

"One may laugh, monsieur. I laugh myself; it is better than crying. But it is the truth that Mama Lalotte is more care to me than all the boys. I have no peace except when she is asleep in bed."

"There is no harm in Madame Lalotte."

"You are right, monsieur. Jean Bati' McClure's wife puts all the mischief in her head. She would even learn to spin, if that woman would let her alone."

"And I never heard any harm of Michel Pensonneau. He is a good enough fellow, and he has more to his credit on the Company's books than any other engagé now on the island."

"I suppose you would like to have him sit and smoke his pipe the rest of his days on your doorstep?"

"No, I would n't," confessed the young agent. "Michel is a saving man, and he uses very mean tobacco, the cheapest in the house."

"You see how I am situated, monsieur. It is no use to talk to me."

"But Michel Pensonneau is not going to trouble you long. He has relations at Cahokia, in the Illinois Territory, and he is fitting himself out to go there to settle."

"Are you sure of this, monsieur?"

"Certainly I am, for we have already made him a bill of credit to our correspondent at Cahokia. He wants very few goods to carry across the Chicago portage."

"Monsieur, how soon does he intend to go?"

"On the first schooner that sails to the head of the lake; so he may set out any day. Michel is anxious to try life on the Mississippi, and his three years' engagement with the Company is just ended."

"I also am anxious to have him try life on the Mississippi," said Jenieve, and she drew a deep breath of relief. "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"How could I know you were interested in him?"

"He is not a bad man," she admitted kindly. "I can see that he means very well. If the McClures would go to the Illinois Territory with him — But, Mon-

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sieur Crooks," Jenieve asked sharply, "do people sometimes make sudden marriages?"

"In my case they have not," sighed the young man. "But I think well of sudden marriages myself. The priest comes to the island this week."

"Yes, and I must take the children to confession."

"What are you going to do with me, Jenieve?"

"I am going to say good-night to you, and shut my door." She stepped into the house.

"Not yet. It is only a little while since they fired the sunset gun at the fort. You are not kind to shut me out the moment I come."

She gave him her hand, as she always did when she said good-night, and he prolonged his hold of it.

"You are full of sweetbrier. I did n't know it grew down here on the beach."

"It never did grow here, Monsieur Crooks."

"You shall have plenty of it in your garden, when you come home with me."

"Oh, go away, and let me shut my door, monsieur. It seems no use to tell you I cannot come."

"No use at all. Until you come, then, good-night."

Seldom are two days alike on the island. Before sunrise the lost dews of paradise always sweeten those scented woods, and the birds begin to remind you of something you heard in another life, but have forgotten. Jenieve loved to open her door and surprise the east. She stepped out the next morning to fill her pail. There was a lake of translucent cloud beyond the water lake: the first unruffled, and the second wind-stirred. The sun pushed up, a flattened red ball, from the lake of steel ripples to the lake of calm clouds. Nearer, a schooner with its sails down stood black as ebony between two bars of light drawn across the water, which lay dull and bleak towards the shore. The addition of a schooner to the scattered fleet of sailboats, bateaux, and birch canoes made Jenieve laugh. It must have arrived from Sault Ste. Marie in the night. She had hopes of getting rid of Michel Pensonneau that very day. Since he was going to Cahokia, she felt stinging regret for the way she had treated him before the whole village; yet her mother could not be sacrificed to politeness. Except his capacity for marrying, there was really no harm in the old fellow, as Monsieur Crooks had said.

The humid block-house and walls of the fort high above the bay began to glisten in emerging sunlight, and Jenieve determined not to be hard on Mama Lalotte that day. If Michel came to say good-by, she would shake his hand herself. It was not agreeable for a woman so fond of company to sit in the house with nobody but her daughter. Mama Lalotte did not love the pine woods, or any place where she would be alone. But Jenieve could sit and spin in solitude all day, and think of that chill silver face she had seen at Pontiac's Lookout, and the floating away of the figure, a phosphorescent bar through the trees, and of that spoken word which had denounced the French and Indians as good for nothing. She decided to tell the priest, even if he rebuked her. It did not seem any stranger to Jenieve than many things which were called natural, such as the morning miracles in the eastern sky, and the growth of the boys, her dear torments. To Jenieve's serious eyes, trained by her grandmother, it was not as strange as the sight of Mama Lalotte, a child in maturity, always craving amusement, and easily led by any chance hand.

The priest had come to Mackinac in the schooner during the night. He combined this parish with others more or less distant, and he opened the chapel and began his duties as soon as he arrived. Mama Lalotte herself offered to dress the boys for confession. She put their

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best clothes on them, and then she took out all her own finery. Jenieve had no suspicion while the little figure preened and burnished itself, making up for the lack of a mirror by curves of the neck to look itself well over. Mama Lalotte thought a great deal about what she wore. She was pleased, and her flaxen curls danced. She kissed Jenieve on both cheeks, as if there had been no quarrel, though unpleasant things never lingered in her memory. And she made the boys kiss Jenieve; and while they were saddened by clothes, she also made them say they were sorry about the shoes.

By sunset, the schooner, which had sat in the straits all day, hoisted its sails and rounded the hooked point of the opposite island. The gun at the fort was like a parting salute, and a shout was raised by coureurs-de-bois thronging the log wharf. They trooped up to the fur warehouse, and the sound of a fiddle and the thump of soft-shod feet were soon heard; for the French were ready to celebrate any occasion with dancing. Laughter and the high excited voices of women also came from the little ballroom, which was only the office of the Fur Company.

Here the engagés felt at home. The fiddler sat on the top of the desk, and men lounging on a row of benches around the walls sprang to their feet and began to caper at the violin's first invitation. Such maids and wives as were nearest the building were haled in, laughing, by their relations; and in the absence of the agents, and of that awe which goes with making your cross-mark on a paper, a quick carnival was held on the spot where so many solemn contracts had been signed. An odor of furs came from the packing-rooms around, mixed with gums and incense-like whiffs. Added to this was the breath of the general store kept by the agency. Tobacco and snuff, rum, chocolate, calico, blankets, wood and iron utensils, firearms, West India sugar and rice, — all sifted their invisible essences on the air. Unceiled joists showed heavy and brown overhead. But there was no fireplace, for when the straits stood locked in ice and the island was deep in snow, no engagé claimed admission here. He would be a thousand miles away, toiling on snowshoes with his pack of furs through the trees, or bargaining with trappers for his contribution to this month of enormous traffic.

Clean buckskin legs and brand-new belted hunting-shirts whirled on the floor, brightened by sashes of crimson or kerchiefs of orange. Indians from the reservation on Round Island, who happened to be standing, like statues, in front of the building, turned and looked with lenient eye on the performance of their French brothers. The fiddler was a nervous little Frenchman with eyes like a weasel, and he detected Jenieve Lalotte putting her head into the room. She glanced from figure to figure of the dancers, searching through the twilight for what she could not find; but before he could call her she was off. None of the men, except a few Scotch-French, were very tall, but they were a handsome, muscular race, fierce in enjoyment, yet with a languor which prolonged it, and gave grace to every picturesque pose. Not one of them wanted to pain Lalotte's girl, but, as they danced, a joyful fellow would here and there spring high above the floor and shout, "Good voyage to Michel Pensonneau and his new family!" They had forgotten the one who amused them yesterday, and remembered only the one who amused them to-day.

Jenieve struck on Jean Bati' McClure's door, and faced his wife, speechless, pointing to the schooner ploughing southward.

"Yes, she's gone," said Jean Bati' McClure's wife, "and the boys with her."

The confidante came out on the step, and tried to lay her hand on Jenieve's shoulder, but the girl moved backward from her.

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"Now let me tell you, it is a good thing for you, Jenieve Lalotte. You can make a fine match of your own to-morrow. It is not natural for a girl to live as you have lived. You are better off without them."

"But my mother has left me!"

"Well, I am sorry for you; but you were hard on her."

"I blame you, madame!"

"You might as well blame the priest, who thought it best not to let them go unmarried. And she has taken a much worse man than Michel Pensonneau in her time."

"My mother and my brothers have left me here alone," repeated Jenieve; and she wrung her hands and put them over her face. The trouble was so overwhelming that it broke her down before her enemy.

"Oh, don't take it to heart," said Jean Bati' McClure's wife, with ready interest in the person nearest at hand. "Come and eat supper with my man and me to-night, and sleep in our house if you are afraid."

Jenieve leaned her forehead against the hut, and made no reply to these neighborly overtures.

"Did she say nothing at all about me, madame?"

"Yes; she was afraid you would come at the last minute and take her by the arm and walk her home. You were too strict with her, and that is the truth. She was glad to get away to Cahokia. They say it is fine in the Illinois Territory. You know she is fond of seeing the world."

The young supple creature trying to restrain her shivers and sobs of anguish against the bark house side was really a moving sight; and Jean Bati' McClure's wife, flattening a masculine upper lip with resolution, said promptly, —

"I am going this moment to the Fur Company's quarters to send young Monsieur Crooks after you."

At that Jenieve fled along the beach and took to the bushes. As she ran, weeping aloud like a child, she watched the lessening schooner; and it seemed a monstrous thing, out of nature, that her mother was on that little ship, fleeing from her, with a thoughtless face set smiling towards a new world. She climbed on, to keep the schooner in sight, and made for Pontiac's Lookout, reckless of what she had seen there.

The distant canvas became one leaning sail, and then a speck, and then nothing. There was an afterglow on the water which turned it to a wavering pavement of yellow-pink sheen. In that clear, high atmosphere, mainland shores and islands seemed to throw out the evening purples from themselves, and thus to slowly reach for one another and form darkness. Jenieve had lain on the grass, crying, "O Mama — François — Toussaint — Gabriel!" But she sat up at last, with her dejected head on her breast, submitting to the pettiness and treachery of what she loved. Bats flew across the open place. A sudden rankness of sweetbrier, taking her breath away by its icy puff, reminded her of other things, and she tried to get up and run. Instead of running she seemed to move sidewise out of herself, and saw Pontiac standing on the edge of the cliff. His head turned from St. Ignace to the reviving fires on Round Island, and slowly back again from Round Island to St. Ignace. Jenieve felt as if she were choking, but again she asked out of her heart to his, —

"Monsieur the chief Pontiac, what ails the French and Indians?"

He floated around to face her, the high ridges of his bleached features catching light; but this time he showed only dim dead eyes. His head sunk on his breast, and Jenieve could see the fronds of the feathers he wore traced indistinctly against the sky. The dead eyes searched for her and could not see her; he whispered hoarsely to himself, "Malatat!"

The voice of the living world calling

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her name sounded directly afterwards in the woods, and Jenieve leaped as if she were shot. She had the instinct that her lover must not see this thing, for there were reasons of race and religion against it. But she need not have feared that Pontiac would show himself, or his long and savage mourning for the destruction of the red man, to any descendant of the English. As the bushes closed behind her she looked back: the phosphoric blur was already so far in the west that she could hardly be sure she saw it again. And the young agent of the Fur Company, breaking his way among leaves, met her with both hands; saying gayly, to save her the shock of talking about her mother: —

"Come home, come home, my sweetbrier maid. No wonder you smell of sweetbrier. I am rank with it myself, rubbing against the dewy bushes."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

AL MAMOUN.

Bagdad's palms looked tall in the tide
Of Tigris, tawny and swift and wide;
Bagdad's minarets gleamed and glowed
In the sun that burned in its blue abode;
Bagdad's life made rumble and jar
In booth and highway and bright bazaar;
Bagdad's monarch lolled in the dusk
Of the citron shade, 'mid the scent of musk,
And around him sat the makers of rhyme,
Come from many a distant clime;
For song by him was held as a boon,
Al Mamoun,
The son of the great Haroun.

From lands of cold and lands of the sun
He hearkened the poets, one by one,
Giving a portion of praise to each,
And a guerdon of gold with his pearls of speech;
Spreading a luscious banquet there
In the languid, richly-perfumed air;
Plucking from luxury's laden stem
The royal wealth of its fruit for them;
Bidding the soul of the grape be brought
To kindle the bosom to happy thought;
Speeding the amber afternoon,
Al Mamoun,
The son of the great Haroun.

And on through the starlit purple hours
The sound of song was heard in the bowers;
The zither and lute would blend and blur
And tangle with notes of the dulcimer;

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And above and over and through it all
Would soar and swell, or would fail and fall
With the dreamful lull of the dying word,
An ecstasy voiced from the throat of a bird.
So, leashed by the love of song, would he,
Praising the poets and poesy,
Linger till night had neared its noon,
Al Mamoun,
The son of the great Haroun.

With crumbling mosque and with toppling tomb
Have vanished Bagdad's beauty and bloom,
While a far, faint breath on the lips of fame
Is all we know of the monarch's name.
But rather to him than his mightier sire
O'er gulfs of time shall the song aspire;
For song to the lover of song is due,
Though centuries darken with rust, and strew
With mosses, the marble above his head.
And so, in the land of the happy dead,
May song still stir with its blissful boon
Al Mamoun,
The son of the great Haroun.

Clinton Scollard.

THE HOME OF GLOOSCAP.

THERE are siren voices at Ingonish. I can say this with confidence, because I heard one, and it rings in my ears now, and will ring there as long as memory lasts. I was lying on the sunlit sand outside the cobblestone wall of Ingonish South Bay beach, dreaming. To my right rose the red, forest-capped wall of Smoky, on my left was Middle Head, and behind me many a mountain side walled in the valley. Suddenly, the heavens, the bluffs, and the mountains gave out a sound which made my heart stand still. It had the force of thunder and the pitch of agony. I was told afterwards that the first time the sound startled Ingonish was at night, and that people fled from their houses or fell upon their knees, thinking the day of reckoning had come. Springing to my feet, I saw, coming slowly past the cliffs of Smoky and towards the lighthouse at the pier, a good-sized steamer. It was the Harlaw, from Halifax *via* the Bras d'Or lakes, on her way to Newfoundland. As I lay upon the sand, I had been dreaming of a voyage across those sixty miles of sea to the rock-bound island just out of sight below the ocean's cheek. The Harlaw's siren had banished the dream in more senses than one. To take the steamer now was impossible, and only by that steamer could I go to Newfoundland.

The next morning, consequently, we turned our faces towards home, and started southward. Mr. Gillies also turned his face towards home, and started southward; the difference being that in his case home was at Ingonish, northward,

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and that he faced it across a painful snarl of his own legs and arms, as he hung for dear life to the back of the wagon-seat, while I walloped his thin horse and enjoyed the comforts of the driver's cushion. Over the ferry, up Smoky, away from the home of the raven and the sweet charms of Ingonish, on, on, on we went, mile after mile, until the thin horse wearied of life, and the snarls in Mr. Gillies's legs caused him to groan aloud. At times I ventured on conversation with Mr. Gillies. When I spoke, and my quavering intonations reached his ears, a reverberating "Sorr-r-r?" was usually hurled at me with such force as to banish, momentarily, all idea of what it was I meant to say. An opinion from me was always indorsed by Mr. Gillies in one of two ways: warmly, by "Jist;" less confidently, by "Aye — yi — yi," uttered with outward fervor. In an endeavor to learn something of the fauna of the country, I inquired whether the porcupine was found near Ingonish. Gillies assented promptly. I then asked how much one weighed when full grown. This staggered him, but after a pause he said, "Which kind of pine was you speaking of, sorr?"

Mr. Gillies's horse was not endearing in his qualities. In the first place, he was named "Frank," a circumstance I mentally resented; but what was more to the point, he had an evident desire to spill us over the steepest bank he could find. When we were passing a most dangerous unfenced slide on Smoky, where a misstep meant a plunge hundreds of feet down into a rocky ravine, Gillies regaled us with a story of Frank's overturning the Gillies family on a river bank, "breaking the sleigh to pieces all right," and then bolting for home. As Frank and his wagon constituted the only conveyance within twenty miles that could carry three persons, it was not alone love of life which made me watch the beast with unceasing solicitude. Thanks to vigilance and the whip, he carried us down Smoky, past Big Rory's, Sandy McDonald's, and so on to the valley of Indian Brook, where we planned to "stay the night" at Angus McDonald's. Standing on the bridge above Indian Brook, we saw the best fisherman on the north shore casting his sixty-foot line with unerring hand over the dark pool from which he had just taken a three-pound trout. In his creel lay also a five-pound trout, and his man whispered to us that a ten-pound salmon had been taken by the same magic line that morning. Battles between big salmon, or trout, and man armed with his cobweb line and tiny hook command admiration, but they make the inane hooking of six-inch trout in our New England brooks seem contemptible.

The next morning I was up and dressed at half past three, standing on Angus McDonald's doorstep, and rejoicing in the sense of lightness, purity, and strength which comes at dawn. When Gabriel blows his trumpet, I hope he will select the moment before sunrise for his summons.

Eastward, the placid sea reached away towards Newfoundland, St. Pierre, and the red sun. Newfoundland and St. Pierre were hiding behind the curve of the sea, but the sun was climbing above it, and peering, dim-eyed, through the fog. Westward, beyond a dew-drenched swale, rose the hills covered with balsam, black spruce, and white spruce. Darkness still pervaded the woods, for the sun was too dim to illuminate their pinnacles, or even to gild the sea or tint the sails of the fishing-smacks, already several miles from shore. Sheep and cows stood in the curving meadow, and a young bull, their leader, looked at me more sleepily than sullenly as I passed him. The dew was cold on the grass, and it soaked my feet; but the dew and its chill were part of the hour, so serene and pure, quite as much as were the whistle of a crossbill which flew past overhead, and the matins of the juncos

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which they were singing in their forest cloisters. I crossed the meadow, and followed the road through the spruces and over the bridge above Indian Brook. A narrow footpath led from the further end of the bridge up the northern bank of the stream. Now it passed through groves so dark and silent that night seemed still supreme; then it came out into twilight at the edge of the bank above the water, and showed me that, little by little, it was climbing above the pools and rapids as it followed the channel back into the mountains.

After walking for half an hour, I came to a sharp bend in the river, which had previously been flowing east, but which here came from the north, emerging from between steep cliffs, to roar and foam over a sloping bed of broken rock. Above the music of the rapids I could hear the splash of a cascade, and by peering through the trees I could see the white form of a waterfall, half concealed by the foliage on the other bank. A tributary stream approached Indian Brook at this point, and fell from a hilltop into a mossy basin among the large trees on the western shore. To gain a nearer view of its beauty, I clambered and slid down the high, steep bank, to the brow of which the path had brought me. On reaching the level of the water, I realized more fully the nature of the place I was in. High forest-clad hills rose on every side, inclosing the river, so that its only method of escape was through deep rifts cut into their slopes. The part of the stream which I had followed consisted of broad and deep pools of brownish water alternating with rapids. Sometimes, one bank was of rock, and the other of gravel; sometimes, both shores, although steep, were wooded almost to the edge of the current. Looking upstream, I saw that the scenery above me was even more striking than that below. The river came from between abrupt rocky walls. Its waters were deep, slow, and foam-flecked. They came out of a vale of shadows, and I knew, on the word of an Ingonish fisherman, that somewhere within those shadows there was a waterfall, singularly beautiful, though unknown save to a few.

Directly in front of me, the story of the river seemed to be told on a small scale. Far up against the sky was a dip or notch in the mountain wall. Through it came the brook which joined the river at my feet. To reach this lower level the dancing waters must fall as many yards as they advanced. Their last leap made the cascade whose splashing filled the glen with music. I forded the icy river, and entered the chamber in the side of the western bank which held the cascade, and its screen of trees, ferns, and mosses. Since leaving the open meadow by the sea and entering the dark forest, I had felt the spell of the wilderness resting upon me, the sense of age, beauty, purity, persistent force; all existing or working without man's knowledge or approval, yet being the very essence of this dewy land of twilight. On coming to this grotto of rushing waters, Nature seemed for the moment to find a voice with which to tell of her wonderful power. The falling spray was singing of the sea from which it had been taken into heaven, and to which it was hastening back after a new life. Its cycle is but the emblem of all ebbing and flowing life. The spell of the wilderness grew stronger upon me, and when, suddenly, I thought how many wearied souls there were in great cities who would love to see this beautiful, hidden spot, something akin to shame for my own race came also into my mind. If man came here, would he not destroy? His foot would trample, his hand deface, and finally he would cut down the firs, blast out the rock, choke the salmon with sawdust, and leave the glen to fire and the briers which follow flame. It is always so; those of us who love nature and the beautiful are only

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the few, sure to be thrust aside by the many who value bread or riches higher than the fair earth's bloom.

Leaving the cascade, I climbed the hill over which it fell, until I reached a level terrace about two hundred feet above the river bed. There was no path here, so I simply pushed on northward, following the general direction of the gorge, and listening for the heavy rumble of Indian Brook Falls. The forest through which I was walking closely resembled northern New Hampshire timber. Here were white spruces with long, slender, light-colored cones pointing downwards; black spruces with dark cones, also pendent; balsam firs with erect purplish cones; hemlocks, pines, yellow birches, big, clean-limbed beeches, a few maples and poplars, and the mountain ash. I saw juniper, but no hobblebush. Hastening through the dimly lighted vistas, I was startled by a loud, angry cry which rang out suddenly among the treetops. I stopped, and peered upwards. Another scream echoed from the hills, and two great birds with fierce and eager eyes swooped towards me, pausing among the branches to watch me with hostile curiosity. Their coloring and size made me confident that they were goshawks. When a smaller hawk, holding a squirrel in its clutch, flew into a neighboring tree, one of the goshawks hurled itself upon the intruder and drove it from view. They would have liked to expel me in the same way, and their startling cries and resentment made me feel as though I had no place or part in their great solitude. Nevertheless I pushed on, feeling somewhat as one does who invades a cathedral by night, and hears his clumsy footsteps protested by the echoes in the vaulted roof.

An hour and a half, or more, after leaving Angus McDonald's, I heard the booming sound of the Indian Brook Falls. Pushing through the last screen of fallen timber and underbrush, I gained the crumbling edge of cliff overhanging the river. Far beneath, the foam-flecked water crept along the bottom of a dark, narrow cañon. It passed away southward between lofty walls of rock, above which stood the forest and the higher slopes of the mountains. The space into which I was looking was a vast, circular pit, a pothole of enormous size worn in the rock by whirling water during unnumbered ages. Its height seemed to be as great as its diameter, and either would be measured by hundreds of feet. Although at high water Indian River doubtless covers the whole bottom of this punch bowl, at this time a long, slender sandspit projected from the western wall to the middle of the dark brown pool. It was an index finger pointing towards the falls, whose solemn music made sky and mountain vibrate in perpetual unison.

The northern curve of the rock basin's wall was broken by a narrow, perpendicular rift reaching from the sky down to within sixty or eighty feet of the surface of the pool. This was the door through which Indian Brook had, since the time of glaciers, sprung from the bosom of the mountain, and by which it was now pouring its compressed mass, with a single motion, into the dark depths of the basin. Looking through the rift, I could discern only a few yards of flat water racing towards its fall, and black walls of rock scowling upon the mad stream which swept past them. These walls rose to meet the spruce forest; the forest sloped far upwards to meet the pale blue sky, and the slender points of the highest trees were now faintly touched by the morning sun. There was no trace of man in this solitude, yet it was eloquent with beauty and power. What the high altar is to the dimly lighted cathedral, this hollow in the heart of the Cape Breton hills is to the wilderness which surrounds it. The altar is the focus for every eye, every moving lip, every prayerful heart. This vale of falling waters is the focus of the

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beautiful lines of the mountains, down which sunlight and shadows steal in turn, along which brooks hurry to the river, and through which the moving life of the forest takes its way. The ancient hemlock bends towards it, the falling boulder plunges downwards to it, and the wind, coming through the embrasures and over the ramparts of the mountains, blows to it, ruffling the tree-tops in passing. The altar is the focus of man's senses and thoughts, but it is only an emblem even to him. This scene of beauty is a focus of Nature's deepest and purest life; and though in it man has no place, it does not on that account lack meaning or significance. Man is a masterful figure in the drama of creation, but he is not all, nor even half, what the world has long been taught to consider him. Perhaps he has been studied too much; certainly Nature, unspoiled by his greed, has not been studied enough or loved enough. Standing alone in that fair solitude, as much alone as on some atoll in a distant sea, I felt as though I might know man better, see him in stronger contrasts and clearer lights, if I could live apart from him longer in such still, calm, holy places as Indian Brook cañon.

As I walked swiftly back to Angus McDonald's, the sunlight grew strong in the woods, and shone kindly on the amber waters of the river. A hot day was beginning, and I sighed to think of the twenty-five-mile drive to Baddeck, — sighed not only on my own account, but on account of Gillies's legs and back bent and doubled under the seat, and on account of the horse, Frank, and the whip. Something which had pervaded the woods in the early morning twilight had gone out of them now. The enchantment of the wilderness seemed left behind, localized in and near those beautiful falls. Scolded by Hudson's Bay chickadees and three-toed woodpeckers, I hurried on to the highway, the meadow, and the view of the sparkling sea. Yes, Frank was already harnessed, and the twenty-five-mile drive waiting to be begun.

When Frank brought us to the valley of the Barasois, we decided to turn inland, avoiding Torquil McLean's ferry, Englishtown, and the east side of St. Anne's Bay, in order to see the picturesque North River country, which could be reached by ascending the Barasois a few miles, and then passing behind St. Anne's Mountain, so as to approach the bay from the westward. This we did successfully, and arrived at Baddeck by supper time. The bridge by which this road crosses North River is one of the most remarkable objects in Cape Breton. Fairly good roads characterize the neighborhood. They are good enough to lead a driver to expect sound bridges, but instead he finds death-traps. This particular bridge is very long, and upon much of it the flooring is laid parallel to the direction of the bridge. The ancient planks have decayed, until many holes have been made in them large enough for a horse's foot to pass through, while in long sections of the bridge the spaces between the planks are so wide that first one wheel, and then another, slips down, until the hub strikes. Needless to say, we walked across that bridge, while Gillies and Frank danced and pranced onward before us; Gillies distracted to keep his toes away from Frank's hoofs, and Frank distracted to keep his hoofs away from the holes in the planks.

The next two days were rainy: Sunday, while we rested in Baddeck, and Monday, when we bade farewell to the Bras d'Or. In a drizzle we steamed from Baddeck to Grand Narrows, — I recall a flock of ducklings swimming madly away from the steamer; we breakfasted at the Narrows, — I remember seeing a heron catching frogs in a meadow; in a drizzle we crossed the Strait of Canso, — I recall a group of young Micmac Indians coasting down a slippery bank to the water's edge, crawling up and coast-

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ing (that is, *sitting*) down again, until fog hid them from us, and us from them; still in drizzle we passed Tracadie with its Trappist monastery, and Antigonish with the pretentious cathedral of the Bishop of Arichat; in drizzle hours came and hours went, until, late in the afternoon, we passed through the Cobequid Mountains, which I recall as gaunt hillsides swept by cloud, steam, smoke, and stinging rain; and then we were dropped in the wilderness, near a dirty tavern, at a place called Springhill Junction.

Drizzle and cinders were here, too; but my mind awoke from a semi-comatose condition as soon as we left the train. The possibility of having to spend a night at the Lorne, or the Forlorn, or whatever the terrible tavern was called revived my rain-sodden faculties, and I began to ask questions: "Is there a train away from here to-night?" "Yes, one to Springhill." "How soon will it go?" "Don't know; when the conductor pleases, or when he is wired to go." Then I found the conductor. "How soon do you start?" "Don't know. Am waiting for orders." "Why not start now?" "Train two hours late from St. John; may have to wait for it." "Will you wait until I get supper?" "Oh yes, certainly. Go ahead; no hurry."

After supper we entered our train, which consisted of a big engine and one car, which was baggage and third-class combined. We were at the mercy of the Cumberland Coal Company, which owns a bit of road running from its mines at Springhill north five miles to meet the Intercolonial rails in the wilderness where we were waiting, and south twenty-seven miles to Parrsboro on the Basin of Minas, near Blomidon. Darkness was coming, yet still we waited. Presently a message came. The coal king or his viceroy had perhaps finished his supper, and remembered to release us. Yes, we were to wait no longer for the Moncton train, but to start for Springhill. The road was ballasted with soft coal dust; even the hollows were filled with wasted fuel, which was cheaper for the purpose than gravel. The conductor came in, and I asked him about Springhill. What was it like? "A coal-mining town, with thousands of miners, pits, shafts, dirt, poverty, and the memory of the horror of three years ago, when scores of widows and hundreds of fatherless children wept and wailed round the pit mouths after the explosion which suffocated their bread-winning husbands and fathers." "And must we stay there all night?" He hesitated. "Perhaps not; an engine may be run down to Parrsboro with some freight cars. But the lady?" and he looked inquiringly at my wife.

Soon, through the dismal rain and smoke, we saw the flaring lights near the pits, and heard the throbbing heart of the great mine-pump. A few dim lamps burned in streets or dingy windows, but the town looked smothered in wet coal dust and misery. A whisper came in my ear, — "Better to ride to Parrsboro on the engine than to spend a night here;" and my heart assented. We and our trunk were turned out upon the dirty platform, and lanterns were held close to us while Springhill inspected its unwilling guests. I pleaded with the railway men, the conductor, the engineer, and the fireman. Might we not ride on the engine, in a freight car, somewhere, anywhere, rather than stay here? They consented, and an engine came clanging out of the blackness, with a freight car attached. Into this freight car we and our trunk were put, and left there in utter darkness, alone with the steam-steed, and he ready to leap southward on his wet rails the moment hand touched the lever. The rain splashed on the roof, wind wailed through sheds and cars near us, flames flickered round the pit's mouth, and the throbbing pump kept on with its wearisome pulsation, until our hearts and lungs seemed forced to keep time

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with its rhythm. Then a lonesome watchman came and talked to us, and left a lantern, which sputtered, smoked, and went out. After a long interval a big miner came and sat with us. He told gruesome tales of the explosion. "Them doctors they had were to blame for many a good man's death. They looked at the boys as they hoisted them up from the pit, and said 'Dead,' when they war n't no more dead than we be this night. They did n't know what they was talkin' about. Some of us took a young fellow they said was dead, and we covered him over with dust and let him lie till the damp was drawn out of him, and he 's walkin' round with the best of us to-day. The damp was in them, — that was all, — and the doctors did not know how to draw it out."

The man's deep voice was full of mournful feeling, the darkness added pathos to his story, and the pump with its never-ending beat seemed to bear witness to all he said. More than an hour had passed, and still we sat and waited; but the end was near. The engineer passed, and gave a word of cheer. Then the conductor climbed in beside us, and we were off. It might have been down the bottomless pit's own mouth that we were tearing, for all that eye or ear could tell. Forest hemmed us in, and intense darkness hung over us. Occasionally, when coal was hurled into the fire, a spasm of red light passed over the whizzing gloom outside; but it only made our eyeballs weary, for we could distinguish nothing. Perhaps we went a mile a minute; perhaps not. Freight cars have no tender springs, yet the motion was not especially uncomfortable until we began to slow up on nearing Parrsboro. Then dislocation was threatened; but a moment later we were using our trunk as a step to dismount on, and saying a cheerful good-night to our companions.

Parrsboro harbor at low tide is a sight to behold. Coming from the Bras d'Or, where the tide rises only a few inches, to the head of the Bay of Fundy, where it rises thirty feet, made us feel as though something must be wrong with us or the moon. The wharves reared themselves upon a forest of slimy piles, and far below them, reclining in all kinds of postures upon the mud, were sailing-vessels of various sizes. A schooner, ready for launching at two P. M., was perched upon such a height that it was easier to believe that it was to be launched into space than into water which was to come from some unknown point, and in a few hours fill this empty harbor to its brim. However, the tide came in, not like a tidal wave, with a solid front, a hiss, a roar and rush, as I had always imagined Fundy tides to appear, but little by little, as though it were trying to catch us unawares in its horrid depths. Of course we saw the launch, and felt a thrill as the clumsy little tub darted down the greased track, and became rather a graceful creature when fairly afloat. The tub's first step in the world was not wholly dignified. When the last prop had been knocked from under her, and she still sat motionless in her bed of cold grease, the master workman cried out, "Shake her up, boys!" And forthwith the five-and-twenty urchins on her decks rushed up the rigging, and swayed and yelled, until their kicking gave the desired start to her career.

The launch was on August 15, and it was on the following morning, immediately after breakfast, that we resumed our journey by driving across the neck of land which leads from Parrsboro to Parrsboro Pier and Partridge Island. We wished to reach the shore of the Minas Channel at a point where we could look directly down the Bay of Fundy between Cape Split and Cape Sharp. The mingling of sea and land in this region affords endless temptation for sketching. If it were a part of the United States instead of being, nationally, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, it would be

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one of the favorite resorts of our amateur artists and summer tourists. As matters stand, Blomidon on the one shore, with its forest-crowned palisades reaching down to Cape Split, and on the other Partridge Island, with sculptured rocks around which the tides of Fundy surge and eddy; Cape Sharp, red-walled and spruce-capped; and even Parrsboro itself, where one must eat and sleep, are places hard to reach promptly and comfortably. We had been forced to storm Parrsboro by night in a rain-soaked freight car. We escaped from it by a steamer so tiny and primitive in form that I wondered whether it had not in years past seen service as a towboat in New York harbor.

From the hillside above Minas Channel we saw several large ships lying at anchor in the protected water between Cape Sharp on our right, westward, and Partridge Island on our left, eastward. The tide was coming in beyond them, and even at a distance the channel seemed like a river flowing from Fundy into Minas Basin. To gain a nearer view of it, and a slightly different outlook, we drove along the shore until we reached Parrsboro Pier, which is in a sheltered nook under the lee of Partridge Island. The tiny tub which was to take us across to the Blomidon side lay at the foot of the pier, waiting for the tide to lift it high enough for passengers to find it. From the pier a ridge of pebbles runs across to Partridge Island, and on this natural causeway we strolled over to nature's Mont St. Michel, with its grottoed cliffs rising on high from the raging waters, and its dark pinnacles of spruce piercing the sky. A winding avenue leads through moss-bearded trees to the island's summit, ending upon a grassy shelf where the rocks overhang the channel, and where either folly or courage is needed to induce the visitor to stand upon the dizzy brink and look down, down, into the hurrying, eddying tide below. My childish imaginings of Fundy tides were all satisfied here, if they had been disappointed in Parrsboro harbor. The eager rush, whirl, and hiss of that vast mass of water, as it surged past, told of the limitless strength of old ocean, far away at Fundy's mouth, heaving and pushing its way into bay and channel, basin and cove, with woe and destruction for anything opposing its mad progress.

Cape Split and Cape Sharp seemed monuments to the passion and cruelty of this tide. Sharp, on the northern side of the channel, rears its mangled face, and tells of ages of horrid contest with tides and storms, grinding ice below, and cleaving, wedging ice above. Split, on the southern side, is a perpetual reminder of the Micmac legends of the deeds of Glooscap. A huge fragment of the palisades — cliffs which reach from Blomidon seven miles along the Minas Channel to Split — appears at a distance to have broken from the projecting end of the cape, and to lean outward over the bay, its sharp sides rising to a toothlike point. A broad section of cliff next to it is also separated from the mass of the palisades by a deep cleft. The Micmac story runs that Glooscap, angry with the monster beaver for building a dam from Blomidon across the Minas Channel, freed the end of the dam on the northern or Parrsboro shore, so that the released waters, rushing towards Fundy, swung the dam round violently, thus forming the palisades, and leaving the broken end showing at Cape Split.

A shrill whistle summoned us from Partridge Island to the deck of the Evangeline, as the steam tub is called which sails from Parrsboro Pier, across the mouth of Minas Basin, under Blomidon, past the Pereaux shore, and into Kingsport, whence a branch railway runs to Kentville. When a series of whistles had gathered together upon the Evangeline's deck all the floating population within hearing of the pier, amounting in all to seven souls, we puffed out past Mont St. Michel into the

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Fundy maelstrom. Why I did not follow the forcible example of some of the passengers and retire to the dark interior of the tub for secluded misery, I know not; but I did not, and, moreover, I was not seasick a moment during the pitching and tossing which lasted until we approached Kingsport. The fury of the water which surrounded us was marvelous, considering that there were no great waves, and no storm to make waves. True, the wind blew hard, and cold rain beat upon us spitefully, stinging like hail; but it was not the wind which made the fury of the sea. Looking westward down the Minas Channel in the direction of Fundy, we saw boiling, whirling, eddying water coming towards us. We felt it, too; for when a great whirl struck the tub, its stern fell off, and its head swung round a dozen points from the true course. The visible movement of separate masses of the water reminded me of White Mountain rivers in freshet time. It was uncanny, out there miles from land, to have the sea open and allow a great gush of water to rise up and spread itself out as though forced from a submarine duct. The Evangeline struggled hard with the swift current, but it carried her far out of the direct course towards Blomidon, and it was only by repeated rallies that we were kept from being swept well out into Minas Basin.

As we neared Blomidon the distinctive outlines of the noble bluff were lost. The sturdy profile fell back into line with the palisades, and it was hard to say just what part of the cliffs which we were passing furnished the bold features so familiar from a distance. A moment later, Cape Split and the distant palisades passed from view, then Cape Sharp was concealed, and soon the profile of Blomidon began to grow again, as all that lay northward and westward of it was hidden behind its simple but severe contour.

Our ever ready guide, philosopher, and friend remarked, before we had fairly set foot on Kingsport Pier, that seldom though it might be that man stood on Partridge Island in the morning and on the top of Blomidon in the afternoon, he wished us, nevertheless, to accomplish the feat. Accordingly, dinner at the cosiest little hotel in Nova Scotia was treated with scant courtesy, and we were soon speeding over red mud roads towards Blomidon. In one place, which I remembered puzzling over, through my glass, from the Lookoff, three weeks before, we had our choice of driving along the top of an old Acadian dike, or of following the level of the reclaimed *pré* just inside of it. Like our New England stone walls, the Acadian dikes are a monument to the patience of the makers of America. It is wearisome to consider the millions of hours of labor buried in such memorials.

After crossing the Pereaux valley we drew near to Blomidon, and saw the narrow red beach and water-worn cliffs extending far out into the Minas waters. The tide was falling, and by the time we had climbed the height and returned a broad beach would invite us to explore its sticky expanse, in search of minerals of many colors. So to the top we drove, easily, for the road was well made and not steep, — at least in New Hampshire eyes. Although we were now but half a thousand feet above the waves, while at Cape Smoky we had been twelve hundred, Blomidon held its own in our hearts, and sent thrills through us by its views, westward, of the Bay of Fundy, now brilliant with sunlight; of Isle au Haut, a blue cloud in the midst of the most distant sparkling waters; and eastward, of the fair Minas Basin, bounded on the one hand by the Cobequid Mountains, and on the other by Grand Pré, the Gaspereaux and the hills above the Avon, yet reaching between the two to the horizon line at the point where we knew Truro lay. The top of Blomidon is not the abode of storm winds

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alone, for two houses stand upon it, and the laughter of children rings cheerily among the evergreen groves. Much of it is pasture land, and not for cows alone, as I discovered when a huge sow came charging down upon me with hungry gruntings. The view, taken as a whole, was much like that from the Lookoff, so we spent only a few moments on the summit, and then hastened to the beach below.

The road led directly down to the edge of the sea; so, defying Fundy tides, knowing this one to be still falling, we drove along the beach, until our horse's feet became balls of red mud, and the wagon wheels threatened to turn no more. Then we left the horse tethered to a stone, and picked our way beneath the sculptured cliffs, searching for amethyst, jasper, agates, and salmon-colored masses of fibrous gypsum. The cliffs were soft red sandstone with many layers of gray intermingled, and erosion had worn their faces into columnar forms of singular grace and beauty. At intervals, hundreds of pounds' weight of gypsum had dropped upon the shore, and been beaten into fragments by the sea. The beach was about half red mud, and half small stones and pebbles. Of pretty stones we could have carried home a ton, but of crystals or minerals of real interest we found few. The shore is as carefully gleaned for amethyst as Musketaquid meadows are for arrowheads.

Dewy twilight surrounded us before we could tear ourselves away from the fascination of the towering cliffs, red beach, purple shallows, and lapping waves. When we climbed back into the wagon, it was with the feeling that the spell of Blomidon and Smoky, of Minas Basin and the Bras d'Or, was broken at last, and that our faces were set in earnest towards Chocorua.

Frank Bolles.

LUCRETIUS.

Epicureanism is no longer a hypothesis or a doctrine. It is a name given to a man's character, not to his beliefs. It is an elegant malady of the soul, a laziness and self-indulgence glorified by culture and refinement, a term devised to mitigate the word "selfish" when applied to the well-to-do, a euphemism for incapacity when it is not too ungraceful, just as kleptomania is a euphemism for dishonesty when dishonesty has plainly no motive. Epicureanism now awakens no enthusiasm and seeks to make no proselytes.

But though Epicureanism is dead, it by no means follows that the poem of Lucretius is only a baseless fabric of errors, possessing an interest merely as an example of a certain brilliant and highly fascinating vagary of a very finely touched spirit. The part of the book that is dead is the system. The inner impulse which "rends the veil of the old husk," and comes forth as a living flash of light, is the enthusiasm of the poet, his genuine pride in the "train of flowery clauses" in which he sets forth

> "the sober majesties
> Of settled sweet Epicurean life,"

and his abiding awe for the unchangeable laws of Nature. But above all things else, that which keeps the work instinct with life is the fine frenzy which clothes every argument, however dry or abstruse, with the varied hues of fancy, and which makes the poem like nothing else in literature, if we except our own Tennyson's Two Voices, which, though on a very minute scale compared with the six books On the Constitution of

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Nature, shows unmistakably this rare aptitude for "shutting reasons up in rhyme."

Lucretius has exercised a powerful attraction, on the one hand, on students of language, who meet in his poem Latin at a most interesting epoch, — before it has lost the *insouciance* of childhood, but after it has outgrown the helplessness of infancy. On the other hand, free-thinkers have congratulated themselves that they have found in Lucretius an ally, and have eagerly welcomed him into their camp. The philologists, lost in admiration of the vase, have hardly tasted the strong wine which it holds. The philosophers have clutched the fruit because they thought it was forbidden, and have not paused to admire the stately branches or the lustrous leaves of the tree on which it grows. But beside these there is room for a greater interest, both literary and psychological, in this High Priest of atheism, this Apostle of irreligion, who thunders against inspiration like one inspired, and who shows all the rapt devotion of a Stephen in his denial of immortality, all the fervor of a Bossuet while he scatters to the winds the last perished leaves of human hope. We must, therefore, on the very threshold of our inquiry into the mind of Lucretius, investigate his relation towards God and religion. I have called Lucretius an atheist. I am aware that, technically, this is a misnomer; for Lucretius provided in his system for the existence of the gods. But why did he recognize gods? What were his gods? And what was the religion which he so bitterly assailed?

Epicureanism, which explained the origin of our ideas by the theory that material images of things (*simulacra*), disengaged from external objects, struck our senses, and thus became cognizable by us, was forced to rise from the idea of God which we find within us to the existence of gods themselves. Thus, Lucretius was compelled, by his physical theories adopted from Democritus and Leucippus, to recognize gods. But nothing is more formidable to the mind than the conception of a power which is outside and beyond ourselves, which is malevolent to us, and which we cannot resist. Such a power were the ancient gods to Lucretius; and the eagerness with which he goes out of his way to rail against their conventional attributes, and to protest against their supposed providence, suggests to us not so much a philosophic inquirer into the truth of a dogma, or even a fervid preacher demolishing a heresy, as some mediæval enthusiast who believes himself to be possessed by a devil, or to be in perpetual struggle with a devil for the life of his soul; whose reason is convinced that he is saved, but whose whole spirit shudders at the thought of damnation; a St. Simeon Stylites who strives and wrestles till he dies, or one of those whose curse it is to suffer

> "half the devils' lot,
> Trembling, but believing not."

For Lucretius is ever and anon haunted by "the fear that we may haply find the power of the gods to be unlimited." [1]

The religion against which Lucretius protested was grotesque beyond belief. Without going back so far as the Iliad, where we find that human affairs are going all awry, and that this is because Zeus and the other gods have gone to spend a couple of weeks with the Ethiopians, and there is no one to look after the affairs of the world; without trespassing beyond the bounds of serious and unquestioned history, we see the Roman and the Carthaginian fleets facing each other, ready for the most critical struggle in which Rome has yet been involved. We find the whole Roman armament intent on the question whether the sacred chickens will feed. Can

[1] In the absence of any really worthy metrical version of the poem, I have used nearly always the vigorous and literal prose translation of Munro.

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we wonder that a really serious nature refused, impatiently, to sympathize with the religious sentiment which felt horror at the impiety of Appius, who very naturally threw the abstemious hens overboard, with the remark that if they would not eat, they might drink? The Roman religion, which was originally, as in other Aryan nations, worship of the powers of Nature, never assumed the rich mantle of poetry and legend with which the Greek mythology early adorned itself. It took the stamp of the national character, and lay chiefly in rigorous observances, showing much fear, little respect, and no love for the gods. The Roman legends are prosaic and monotonous, nearly always taking the form of a hero or benefactor, who shows his superhuman quality by a fire which plays innocuously about his head, as in the case of Ascanius in the Æneid, and who finally vanishes, as Romulus disappeared (*non comparuit*) in the narrative of Livy. The sole discovery of Rome in religion is represented by the Indigitamenta, or lists of gods attending every moment of man's life, from the cradle to the grave. Vaticanus presides over the infant's first cry, and Fabulanus over his earliest attempt at articulate speech. Educa teaches him to eat, Potina to drink, and Cuba to sleep. His goings-out and his comings-in are the special care of Abeona and Adeona. The gods of the Roman pantheon are inconveniently numerous. Petronius makes the witty, wicked Quartilla remark that the place is so densely populated with gods that there is hardly room for the men. Some of the deities are mere abstractions, like Salus Populi, Securitas Sæculi. *Religio* comes from the same root as *diligentia*, and means "regularity." There is no Greek for it; certainly not δεισιδαιμονία or εὐσεβία. The people would stone the gods if they offended them, like those savages who thrash their idols when they come home after an unsuccessful hunt. At the death of the beloved Germanicus the people rose in fury, and threw volleys of stones at the temples of the gods. Ovid tells us how Numa bargained so shrewdly with Jove that the god at last smiled and gave him his way. Cicero relegates religion to the province of his wife, and Cæsar, the Pontifex Maximus, denies the immortality of the soul before the Senate. The Senatusconsultum de Bacchanalibus gives us a glimpse of the shocking immorality which sometimes polluted the Roman ritual; and we even read of human sacrifices after Cannæ. Hence, perhaps, the terrible earnestness with which Lucretius reflects on the sacrifice of Iphigenia, "a fair maiden foully murdered by a parent, — a maiden more meet for the marriage bed than the bier, — that the fleet might have good hap: such crimes could religion prompt," —

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."

Against this shallow, barren, and sometimes horrible faith, what wonder that Lucretius should seize the first weapon that came to hand, — against a theory of divine government which, according to him, had its rise, not in reason, logic, or instinct, but in disgraceful, groveling fear! This was the "foul religion" under which human life lay crushed, "a horrid monster lowering over mankind from the sky," against which "the Greek first dared to raise his head," and which now lies trampled under the feet of the elect, — "a victory," cries Lucretius, "that lifts man to the sky!" What wonder that he should feel indignant that beings like the ancient gods should have assigned to them such a stately home as the firmament, in which revolve

"The Moon, and the Light of the Day, and the Night with its solemn fires"!

Bound, therefore, as we have seen, by his physical theory to find a place for the gods in his system, he gave them a lotus-land in

"The lucid interspace of world and world."

He treated them as we treat the Nawabs

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and Nizams of India, whom we surround with all the means of luxurious self-indulgence, in the well-grounded confidence that they will accept this condition in lieu of real power. Lucretius is mistaken in praising Epicurus for his originality. Every one knows that Epicurus borrowed his physics from Democritus, and his ethics from Aristippus. His originality lay only in subordinating in his system physics to ethics, and abolishing Providence in the interests of humanity. Lucretius, following him, established a court of gods who reign, but do not govern, to whom, when he addresses them in prayer, he whispers, as Voltaire said that Spinoza did, —

"Je soupçonne entre nous que vous n'existez pas."

These *fainéant* gods are no gods, and it is only technically inaccurate to speak of Lucretius as an atheist. We shall see how some idea of Providence forces its way, in spite of his system, into his naturally religious mind. For the present we will leave this part of the subject, first quoting the splendid verses in which he gives to these gods lip-service in exchange for the ill-used powers which he has taken away from them: "The nature of the gods must ever in itself of necessity enjoy immortality together with supreme repose, far removed and withdrawn from our concerns; for, exempt from every pain, exempt from all dangers, strong in its own resources, not wanting aught of us, it is neither gained by favors nor moved by anger."

The spirit of this sublime passage is finely caught and blended with a Homeric strain in Tennyson's Lucretius:

"The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm!"

So little was Epicurus believed to have really provided a place in his system for God that Christianity has used against the pagan deities the weapons of Epicurus; and we read that in the time of Diocletian the treatise of Cicero, De Divinatione, inspired as it was by Epicurean principles, was, by command of the Emperor, burned along with the Bible, both being held to be equally inimical to paganism.

Epicureanism arose at a time when poetry, art, eloquence, and all free institutions languished under the Macedonian protectorate of Greece. It lent itself to the enervated mind of the nation by the easiness of its acquisition and the simplicity of its tenets. Epicureanism actually discouraged learning, both literary and scientific, and took no trouble even to defend its own doctrines. Its *voluptas* led merely to apathy. Its physical system excited no interest among its adherents, and was adopted merely to facilitate the denial of an overruling Providence and of a future life. Towards the end of the Roman Republic, Epicureanism prevailed mainly among the upper classes. That thoughtless and voluptuous aristocracy which then was stepping so gayly to its destruction grasped the system as a relief from the fear of death, but found that the philosophy which only promised annihilation instead had no power to give real comfort. Even Lucretius turns but a haggard eye on his heaven, bare of real gods, and peopled by indifferent voluptuaries. That is a despairing cry of his that "there is nothing immortal but death." ("Mortalem vitam mors immortalis ademit.") When Lucretius took up this dead-alive system, his eager spirit made the dry bones live. He breathed upon the system of Epicurus, and created a soul under the ribs of death.

Enthusiasm, even when it takes the form of despair, is the keynote of the poem. Epicurus discourages the passion of love as tending to introduce an element of disquietude into that calm existence which is his ideal. Lucretius

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throws himself upon the passion with the fury of a wild beast, and seems to rend the limbs of some material victim. Nearly as fierce is his hatred for ambition, and still more intense his loathing for superstition. The feeling of conviction with which the early Christians heaped contempt on all foregoing systems seems cold and lymphatic beside the ardor of Lucretius in proclaiming his faith, and contemning all other wisdom as filthy rags. "He was a god, a very god" (*deus ille fuit deus*), he exclaims of Epicurus, in the beginning of the fifth book. The fabled inventions of Ceres and Bacchus, the labors of Hercules, are as nothing. Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of Epicurus. *He* discovered what is more sustaining than bread and wine. And what monster slain by Hercules was so foul and ugly as Religion? The poet boasts that, like a bee, he sucks the honeyed words of Epicurus; that it is his delight "to watch through calm nights" over his master's scrolls, and in sleep to dream of them. Even "the poverty of his native tongue" (*patrii sermonis egestas*) but seldom gives him pause. The rudest instrument is good enough for the miner who has just struck a vein of gold. Like a true enthusiast, he exults most in the dullest part of his work. When he treats of the atoms, their colors and movement, he is ecstatic over his discoveries, "made by labor, oh, so sweet!" He dismisses objections with disdainful curtness. "This is folly" (*desipere est*), is a common retort, and he claims for the doctrines which he preaches a certitude greater than that of the oracles of Apollo. The Psalmist speaks of the "beauty of holiness," and the Christian hymn cries, "The veil that hides thy glory, rend." But Lucretius goes beyond them. He even fears lest the dazzling radiance of Epicurean truth might blind those to whom it should be too suddenly revealed. He hesitates to rend the veil that hides its glory. He regards with trembling awe and half-averted face the transfiguration of Epicurus through the medium of words. When one reads the rapturous verses in which he describes his task of "making a harsh truth less bitter," likening himself to one who smears with honey the rim of the cup of medicine which the child must drink, one cannot but be astonished at the energy of his conviction. The language of Epicurus is as gentle as the life which it inculcates. Epicurus, as well as his successors, breathes the calm of Omar Khayyám, the apathy of the East. "It is better to lie than to sit; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to be idle than to stretch forth the hands to work." But Lucretius is like a physician who, in recommending his patient perfect rest, should rush at him, shake him, fling him on a bed, and shriek at him, "Don't stir!" Lucretius puts himself into a violent heat with his exhortation to us to keep ourselves perfectly cool. Well did Statius speak of the "towering passion of Lucretius" (*furor arduus Lucreti*). His book is indeed "a passionate scroll written over with lamentation and woe."

The third book of the poem stalks through the valley of the shadow of death. Its theme is the blackness of death (*mortis nigror*), from the fear of which he longs to emancipate man. Like the hapless author of The City of Dreadful Night, he tells his fellow-men that though the Garden of Life be wholly waste, the sweet flowers withered, and the fruit trees barren, over its wall hang ever the rich, dark clusters of the Vine of Death, within easy reach of the hand which may pluck of them when it will. He proffers then

"One anodyne for torture and despair,
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretch'd hand to promptly render
That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave."

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The good tidings of great joy, that there is no life beyond the grave, he announces in a spirit of exultation. "I see," he cries, "all the inmost springs of nature," in the rapt ecstasy of Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, who leaned out over the gold bar of heaven, and saw

> "Time like a pulse beat fierce
> Through all the worlds."

Lucretius looks back in awe on what he has already proved a world constructed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and utterly dissociated from the gods who luxuriate in an idle beatitude. He revels in the thought of death and the grave, but he treats with all the scorn of a Hebrew prophet the *carpe diem* philosophy which Horace has taught us to regard as the natural expression of Epicureanism. Other Epicureans pass over the topic of death lightly, and bid us not to think of it, or to think of it as little as we may. Lucretius, like Walt Whitman is in love with "delicate Death," and calls his disproof of a future life

> "The fruit of toil so long, and oh, so sweet!"

The following verses, in which the similarity of the theme suggested the use of the metre of Tennyson's Two Voices, show Lucretius in a milder mood; not crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" not "putting under his feet," as Virgil sang,

> "All forms of fear, inexorable doom,
> And all the din that rises from Hell's maw,"

but rather whispering, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people;" gently consoling his fellow-sufferers, and proffering them quiet counsel: —

> "No more shall look upon thy face
> Sweet spouse, no more with emulous race
> Sweet children court their sire's embrace.

> "To their soft touch right soon no more
> Thy pulse shall thrill; e'en now is o'er
> Thy stewardship, Death is at the door.

> "One dark day wresteth every prize
> From hapless man in hapless wise;
> Yea, e'en the pleasure of his eyes."

> Thus men bewail their piteous lot,
> Yet should they add, "'T is all forgot;
> These things the dead man recketh not."

> Yea, could they knit for them this chain
> Of words and reasons, men might gain
> Some dull narcotic for their pain;

> Saying, "The dead are dead indeed;
> The dead, from all heart-sickness freed,
> Sleep, and shall sleep and take no heed."

> Lo, if dumb Nature found a voice,
> Would she bemoan, and not make choice
> To bid poor mortals to rejoice?

> Saying, "Why weep thy wane, O man?
> Wert joyous e'en when life began,
> When thy youth's sprightly freshets ran?

> "Nay, all the joys thy life e'er knew
> As poured into a sieve fell through,
> And left thee but to rail and rue.

> "Go, fool, as doth a well-fill'd guest
> Sated of life: with tranquil breast
> Take thine inheritance of rest.

> "Why seekest joys that soon must pale
> Their feeble fires, and swell the tale
> Of things of naught and no avail?

> "Die, sleep! For all things are the same;
> Though spring now stir thy crescent frame,
> 'T will wither: all things are the same."

It is very strange, this minor chord of ennui, "all things are the same," and the sad, sad word "in vain" (*nequidquam*), which so often recur in the midst of his fervid and glad evangel; which intrude as uninvited guests at his feast of reason, and cast ashes on the train of flowery clauses in which he has enshrined his honeyed precepts.

It was his fierce attack on the belief in a future life which drew down on Lucretius the implacable enmity of the Christian writers, and which whelmed him under a conspiracy of silence on the part of his Roman contemporaries and successors. Virgil and Horace make allusions to him which show that they deeply admired him, but they never mention his name. Ovid only says that his work will not be forgotten (to give the

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sense of the Ovidian passage in the words of Tennyson) till

> "this cosmic order everywhere
> Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
> Cracks all to pieces."

Cicero indeed wrote of him, in his Epp. ad Q. Fr. ii. 9 (11), that his work was marked by brilliant flashes of genius, and yet by excellent art, — a passage which shows Cicero's perfect literary judgment, but which his editors have for the most part perverted by inserting a *non*, and making Cicero thus deny brilliancy to his illustrious contemporary. The other writers and thinkers of Rome have regarded the poem as some *triste bidental*, some spot blasted with lightning. As the ancient Romans fenced off the place which Jove had smitten with his thunderbolt, lest some unwary footstep should trespass on a region accursed of God, so they kept aloof and closed their ears to the sombre strain which breathed the stern note of defiance of death. The statement of Jerome that Lucretius was maddened by a love-philter and perished by his own hand, and the other record, that he died on the day when Virgil assumed the *toga* of manhood, are myths of the kind so frequent in the ancient world, and have no weight save in so far as they suggest the wrath of the gods which ought to have pursued the author of the poem On the Constitution of Nature, and mark the fact that Lucretius was, as it were, the literary godfather of the poet who wrote the Georgics.

We must call to mind certain points of view which greatly mitigate the audacity of the Lucretian assault on the doctrine of a future life. This belief was not firmly held even by the most orthodox thinkers of his time. Cicero acknowledges that the letter which Sulpicius sent him on the occasion of his daughter Tullia's death embraces every source of consolation which the case admitted; yet there is no allusion in that letter to the comfort which would have been afforded by the belief in the happiness of Tullia in another state. "If," writes Sulpicius, — a sad *if*, — "if the dead have any consciousness, the girl will be grieved to think that you persevere in obstinate grief." In a letter written a few months after, to Torquatus, Cicero speaks of death, if it should befall him in that troublous time, as being annihilation (*sine ullo sensu*). Even Seneca, long after the time of Lucretius, calls the immortality of the soul a beautiful dream (*bellum somnium*), and describes its champions as asserting rather than proving a most acceptable doctrine. The traditional pictures of the future abodes of the blest and the damned were universally discredited. Future life, even when regarded as possible, was the object, not of hope, but of fear. At best it was a sphere of ennui and inaction. The open rebels against Zeus had at least the dignity of suffering, but the rank and file of the dead languished in a world which was but a pale shadow of this, — a world without hope or aim, "a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." Even the heroic Achilles (Odyssey xi. 488) sees nothing comfortable in a future life. "Rather would I live upon the soil as the hireling of another, with a landless man that had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that are gone." Such was the pale realm whose walls Lucretius battered with such fierce exultation, — walls to which no trembling hopes looked up as to an abiding city, or a treasure house where rust and moth corrupt not, and where thieves cannot break through and steal.

A brilliant French critic, M. Patin, has used a striking phrase about the poet of Epicureanism. He says there is in Lucretius an anti-Lucretius who is forever pulling him back from the extreme consequences of his theory, and forcing him into conclusions more in accordance with his ardent and enthusiastic temperament. It will be opportune

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here to glance at some of the manifestations of the anti-Lucretius in Lucretius. As Lucretius deprives the gods of all influence over Nature, he is obliged to account for the existence of Nature by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. But here we are surprised to meet with expressions quite inconsistent with this cold materialism. What have principles, conditions, laws (*rationes*, *fœdera*, *leges*), to do with the freaks of blind Chance? How can Nature be called *creatrix* or *gubernans*, "creative" or "regulative," if she is bound fast in the fetters of Fate? We have even *Fortuna gubernans* in i. 108. What is this but a *deus* (or *dea*) *ex machina*, who brings about the *dénouement* of a drama which else would have had a lame and impotent conclusion indeed? In vi. 640 he ascribes to Nature those volcanic convulsions which he elsewhere expressly dissociates from divine influence. And what but divine influence is the hidden power (*vis abdita*), of which he says that it "constantly tramples on human grandeur, and is seen to tread under its heel and make sport for itself of the insignia of human power"?

Nature presented by Lucretius as a mother in ii. 990 again appears as a cruel stepmother in v. 778, where she is described as casting the newly born infant, naked and weeping, on the inhospitable shore of life, — more helpless than the brutes, and more able to feel and deplore its helplessness; then fostering the growth of tares and all noxious weeds, and trying to wrest from wretched man the scanty portion of the earth which she has granted him wherefrom to extract a meagre sustenance by the sweat of his brow. Everywhere Nature has the attributes of will and personality. Again, he subtilizes the soul, the soul of the soul, up to the very verge of spirituality. It is from his vivid and beautiful illustrations of the interdependence of body and soul that Virgil has taken two fine passages: that in which Dido "sought the light of heaven, and groaned when she found it;" and that in which the fingers of the dying man twitch with the longing to grasp the hilt of the sword again.

Above all, in the *clinamen* of the atoms, or the causeless deviation of the atom-stream from the right line, we have an active, intelligent principle thrusting itself, in spite of his materialism, into his system. In the words of De Musset,

> "Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut tourner les yeux."

He is not a fatalist. He recognizes a nameless force (*vis nominis expers*), which he finely calls "an influence torn from the grasp of Necessity" (*fatis avolsa voluntas*), and which is not unlike Matthew Arnold's postulate of a "tendency that makes for righteousness."

The very language of Lucretius is tinged with a deep religious fervor which reminds us of Milton. We recall the "hideous hum" of the oracles when we read of "the awful state" in which the image of the divine mother of the gods is carried through with lauds, and how she "mutely enriches mortals with a blessing not expressed in words." Indeed, if the philosophy of Lucretius can be described as a poisonous plant at all, it is at least one of those venomous flowers which supply healing influences, too. There is nothing in his system of morality which can shock us except some of his theories with regard to the passion of love; and in extenuation of them we must remember how coarsely the spirit of the time regarded womanhood. Moreover, we can hardly be wrong in seeing in the poet himself evidences of the pangs of disprized love animating him with a furious hatred of the passion itself. His master, Epicurus, looked on it but as a disturbing influence; Lucretius assailed it as a bane and a curse. Not his the "tears that love can die;" his rather to heap "shards, flints, and pebbles" on the grave of love. He has a delight like that of Dean Swift in showing the seamy

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side of the passion; and indeed, in this respect strongly reminds us of the great Irishman whose bones moulder in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, whose heart, as his epitaph says, "cruel indignation now no longer rends." As Thackeray says of Swift, so we may well say of Lucretius, "What a vulture it was that tore the heart of that giant!"

The true charge against Epicureanism is not that it debases morality, or makes divine philosophy

"Procuress to the lords of hell,"

but that it tends to extinguish energy by enfeebling the springs of action. According to it, passion and action are alike folly; there is no virtue but egotism; the true wisdom is apathy. The extraordinary originality of Lucretius is shown in the strenuous spirit which he breathes into this flaccid and lymphatic creed. We seem to see a St. Anthony fiercely fighting the passions that fiercely tear him; a St. Simeon Stylites who has not succeeded in quenching his ambition, but only in giving it another object, passionate in the vaunting of his victory over himself, and leaping with all the ardor of a young lover into the arms of his "passionless bride, divine Tranquillity."

It may seem strange that Lucretius should have chosen verse as the vehicle of his teaching, especially as Epicurus wrote in prose, and condemned poetry on principle. However, he had the precedent of Xenophanes and Empedocles, and, among his own countrymen, that of Ennius, who translated Epicharmus. He tells us that his design was "to make a harsh truth less bitter." Do we not find in our own time the novel forced into the service of some particular school of religious thought, and do we not meet certain purists who condemn novel-reading as a practice, but make an exception in favor of such works of fiction as embellish and promote those particular church principles which they themselves affect?

In the poem of Lucretius, beside certain amusingly puerile speculations, we find real contributions to knowledge, which science now accepts, and which were truly remarkable discoveries in the time of the poet. Among the most crude is his theory of the causes of sleep, in the fourth book, to which he carefully bespeaks the attention of his readers in some very fine verses. Another passage of amusing *naïveté* is that in which he seeks to account for the terror manifested by the lion in the presence of the cock.

A good Epicurean does not hesitate in his choice between science and his system. Polyænus, on his conversion to Epicureanism, declared his conviction that there was no such thing as geometrical proof. Catholicism was once as thoroughgoing. I have myself seen an old edition of Newton's Principia, by a learned abbé, who took care to explain in his preface that though the conclusions of Newton constituted a good discipline for the exercise of the mental faculties, and therefore might be studied with profit, yet they must not be regarded as true, inasmuch as a bull of the holy father had spoken of the sun as revolving round the earth. In a similar spirit, Lucretius, after setting forth a theory of the antipodes with amazing scientific accuracy, rejects it as "a fond thing vainly invented" (*vanus error*). The same theory was afterwards repudiated by the Christian Church. It is remarkable how speculative beliefs sometimes, so to speak, change sides. Here we have Epicureanism and early Christianity arrayed hand in hand against history and science. So, again, Lucretius believes in a final destruction of the world, while the religion of his time held that it would be eternal. It is now the orthodox who maintain the Lucretian view, and the free-thinkers who take the other side. These considerations should teach us that we ought not either to embrace a scientific theory because we think we recognize in it an ally to religion, or to reject

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it as a suspected foe. Ajax tells us, in a pathetic passage of the play of Sophocles, how sad experience has taught him that we should look on our friends as those who may one day be our enemies, and on our enemies as those whom time may yet draw to our hearts. Such ought to be the attitude of the true friend of religion towards scientific theories. He should consider only their absolute worth. About their relation to religion he may be mistaken, or the friend of yesterday may be the foe of to-morrow.

It is indeed food for deep reflection when we observe the intense interest and confidence which this mighty intelligence feels in the childish physical theory which he has embraced. It is to him a source of ever new and ever present delight. The pool of water in the street fills him with wonder and awe. It is but a few inches deep, yet to the eye its profundity is that of the reflected heavens. Like this is the mind of Lucretius himself. The most trivial things become invested with a sombre sublimity, an august bigness, as soon as they begin to reflect his majestic spirit.

In contrast with the absurd speculations which we have been considering, it will be interesting to point to places in which Lucretius or his predecessors have really anticipated modern scientific research. Lucretius recognizes that in a vacuum every body, no matter what its weight, falls with equal swiftness; that the atmosphere is material; that in youth the repair of the tissues is greater than the waste, the contrary being the case in old age. The circulation of the sap in the vegetable world is known to Lucretius; and he describes falling stars, aerolites, etc., as the unused material of the universe. But, far above and beyond these particular anticipations of modern thought, we have in the whole atomistic theory what is now the basis of the molecular hypothesis, which latter adds the existence of chemical as well as mechanical changes among the atoms, but leaves the general conception the same. Snow and fire, according to Lucretius, come from different combinations of the same atoms, just as a tragedy and a comedy are made of the same letters differently disposed. Finally, the Darwinian natural selection, struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest are distinctly adumbrated in book v. 873: "They" (the creatures unfit for existence) "doubtless became the prey of others, unable to break through the bonds of fate by which they were confined, until Nature caused that species to disappear."

Decidedly the most remarkable feature in the whole poem is the solemn beauty of imagery and language into which he bursts in unfolding his thorny speculations. Examples of this are abundant, and an excellent instance is the passage so exquisitely reproduced in Tennyson's Lucretius when he celebrates

"The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad,
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers."

I know of no poem except Tennyson's Two Voices in which the same wealth of poesy is enlisted to explain and beautify abstruse argument. Nearly every verse of the Two Voices illustrates this exquisite marriage of poetry and logic. Here are a few specimens of the picturesque in the Latin poet: "With death there is ever blending the wail of infants newly born into the light. And no night has ever followed day, no morn ever dawned on night, but hath heard the mingled sounds of feeble infant wailings and of the lamentations that follow the dead and the black funeral train;" "the wiles and force and craft of the faithless sea;" "the treacherous, alluring smile of the calm ocean;" "the shells that paint the lap of earth;" "and now, shaking his head" (a fine touch), "the aged peasant laments that the toil of his hands has

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come to naught;" "then all those vapors gather together above, and, taking shape as clouds on high, weave a canopy beneath the firmament."

Lucretius has won his place among the great poets of the world. He has survived the anathemas of zealots and the plaudits of the enemies of religion. We now see how religious is the irreligion of this Titan. We hear not the sneers of the encyclopædist, but the high words of Prometheus on the Caucasus. At last the world has learned that intrepid audacity combined with noble sincerity may have a beauty which is like the beauty of holiness. At last Lucretius

"lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven."

We see in him a sage who dwells on the lofty vantage ground of science, and from his philosophic observatory looks down with disdain on the petty interests of the world. But he looks down on the world with a godly joy (*divina voluptas*) and a holy awe (*horror*). And we see in him an eager student of Nature, who has been raised by a naturally religious cast of mind, through cold and intangible abstractions to which he tried in vain to cling, — raised out of Nature, and up to Nature's God.

R. Y. Tyrrell.

ON THE BEACH AT DAYTONA.

THE first eight days of my stay in Daytona were so delightful that I felt as if I had never before seen fine weather, even in my dreams. My east window looked across the Halifax River to the peninsula woods. Beyond them was the ocean. Immediately after breakfast, therefore, I made toward the north bridge, and in half an hour or less was on the beach. Beaches are much the same the world over, and there is no need to describe this one — Silver Beach, I think I heard it called — except to say that it is broad, hard, and, for a pleasure-seeker's purpose, endless. It is backed by low sand-hills covered with impenetrable scrub, — oak and palmetto, — beyond which is a dense growth of short-leaved pines. Perfect weather, a perfect beach, and no throng of people: here were the conditions of happiness; and here for eight days I found it. The ocean itself was a solitude. Day after day not a sail was in sight. Looking up and down the beach, I could usually see somewhere in the distance a carriage or two, and as many foot passengers; but I often walked a mile, or sat for half an hour, without being within hail of any one. Never were airs more gentle or colors more exquisite.

As for birds, they were surprisingly scarce, but never wanting altogether. If everything else failed, a few fish-hawks were sure to be in sight. I watched them at first with eager interest. Up and down the beach they went, each by himself, with heads pointed downward, scanning the shallow water. Often they stopped in their course, and by means of laborious flappings held themselves poised over a certain spot. Then, perhaps, they set their wings and shot downward clean under water. If the plunge was unsuccessful, they shook their feathers dry and were ready to begin again. They had the fisherman's gift. The second, and even the third attempt might fail, but no matter; it was simply a question of time and patience. If the fish was caught, their first concern seemed to be to shift their hold upon it, till its head pointed to the front. That done, they shook themselves vigorously and started

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landward, the shining white victim wriggling vainly in the clutch of the talons. I took it for granted that they retired with their quarry to some secluded spot on the peninsula, till one day I happened to be standing upon a sand-hill as one passed overhead. Then I perceived that he kept on straight across the peninsula and the river. More than once, however, I saw one of them in no haste to go inland. On my second visit, a hawk came circling about my head, carrying a fish. I was surprised at the action, but gave it no second thought, nor once imagined that he was making me his protector, till suddenly a large bird dropped rather awkwardly upon the sand, not far before me. He stood for an instant on his long, ungainly legs, and then, showing a white head and a white tail, rose with a fish in his talons, and swept away landward out of sight. Here was the osprey's parasite, the bald eagle, for which I had been on the watch. Meantime, the hawk too had disappeared. Whether it was his fish which the eagle had picked up (having missed it in the air) I cannot say. I did not see it fall, and knew nothing of the eagle's presence until he fluttered to the beach.

Some days later, I saw the big thief — emblem of American liberty — play his sharp game to the finish. I was crossing the bridge, and by accident turned and looked upward. (By accident, I say, but I was always doing it.) High in the air were two birds, one chasing the other, — a fish-hawk and a young eagle with dark head and tail. The hawk meant to save his dinner if he could. Round and round he went, ascending at every turn, his pursuer after him hotly. For aught I could see, he stood a good chance of escape, till all at once another pair of wings swept into the field of my glass.

"A third is in the race! Who is the third,
Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?"

It *was* an eagle, an adult, with head and tail white. Only once more the osprey circled. The odds were against him, and he let go the fish. As it fell, the old eagle swooped after it, missed it, swooped again, and this time, long before it could reach the water, had it fast in his claws. Then off he went, the younger one after him. They passed out of sight behind the trees of an island, one close upon the other, and I do not know how the controversy ended; but I would have wagered a trifle on the old white-head, the bird of Washington.

The scene reminded me of one I had witnessed in Georgia a fortnight before, on my way south. The train stopped at a backwoods station; some of the passengers gathered upon the steps of the car, and the usual bevy of young negroes came alongside. "Stand on my head for a nickel?" said one. A passenger put his hand into his pocket; the boy did as he had promised, — in no very professional style, be it said, — and with a grin stretched out his hand. The nickel glistened in the sun, and on the instant a second boy sprang forward, snatched it out of the sand, and made off in triumph amid the hilarious applause of his fellows. The acrobat's countenance indicated a sense of injustice, and I had no doubt that my younger eagle was similarly affected. "Where is our boasted honor among thieves?" I imagined him asking. The bird of freedom is a great bird, and the land of the free is a great country. Here, let us hope, the parallel ends. Whether on the banks of Newfoundland or elsewhere, it cannot be that the great republic would ever snatch a fish that did not belong to it.

I admired the address of the fish-hawks until I saw the gannets. Then I perceived that the hawks, with all their practice, were no better than land lubbers. The gannets kept farther out at sea. Sometimes a scattered flock remained in sight for the greater part of a forenoon. With their long, sharp wings and their outstretched necks, — like loons, but with a different flight, — they were rakish-looking customers. Some-

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times from a great height, sometimes from a lower, sometimes at an incline, and sometimes vertically, they plunged into the water, and after an absence of some seconds, as it seemed, came up and rested upon the surface. They were too far away to be closely observed, and for a time I did not feel certain what they were. The larger number were in dark plumage, and it was not till a white one appeared that I said with assurance, "Gannets!" With the bright sun on him, he was indeed a splendid bird, snowy white, with the tips of his wings jet black. If he would have come inshore, like the ospreys, I think I should never have tired of his evolutions.

The gannets showed themselves only now and then, but the brown pelicans were an every-day sight. I had found them first on the beach at St. Augustine. Here at Daytona they never alighted on the sand, and seldom in the water. They were always flying up or down the beach, and, unless turned from their course by the presence of some suspicious object, they kept straight on just above the breakers, rising and falling with the waves; now appearing above them, and now out of sight in the trough of the sea. Sometimes a single bird passed, but commonly they were in small flocks. Once I saw seventeen together, — a pretty long procession; for, whatever their number, they went always in Indian file. Evidently some dreadful thing would happen if two pelicans should ever travel abreast. It was partly this unusual order of march, I suspect, which gave such an air of preternatural gravity to their movements. It was impossible to see even two of them go by without feeling almost as if I were in church. First, both birds flew a rod or two, with slow and stately flappings; then, as if at some preconcerted signal, both set their wings and scaled for about the same distance; then they resumed their wing strokes; and so on, till they passed out of sight. I never heard them utter a sound, or saw them make a movement of any sort (I speak of what I saw at Daytona) except to fly straight on, one behind the other. If church ceremonials are still open to amendment, I would suggest, in no spirit of irreverence, that a study of pelican processionals would be certain to yield edifying results. Nothing done in any cathedral could be more solemn. Indeed, their solemnity was so great that I came at last to find it almost ridiculous; but that, of course, was only from a want of faith on the part of the beholder. The birds, as I say, were *brown* pelicans. Had they been of the other species, in churchly white and black, the ecclesiastical effect would perhaps have been heightened, though it is hard to conceive how that were possible.

Some beautiful little gulls, peculiarly dainty in their appearance ("Bonaparte's gulls" they are called in books, but "surf gulls" would be a prettier and apter name), were also given to flying along the breakers, but in a manner very different from the pelicans'; as different, I may say, as the birds themselves. They, too, moved steadily onward, north or south as the case might be, but fed as they went, dropping into the shallow water between the incoming waves, and rising again to escape the next breaker. The action was characteristic and graceful, though often somewhat nervous and hurried. I noticed that the birds commonly went by twos, but that may have been nothing more than a coincidence. Beside these small surf gulls, never at all numerous, I usually saw a few terns, and now and then one or two rather large gulls, which, as well as I could make out, must have been the ring-billed. It was a strange beach, I thought, where fish-hawks invariably outnumbered both gulls and terns.

Of beach birds, properly so called, I saw none but sanderlings. They were no novelty, but I always stopped to look at them: busy as ants, running in a

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body down the beach after a receding wave, and the next moment scampering back again with all speed before an incoming one. They tolerated no near approach, but were at once on the wing for a long flight up or down the coast, looking like a flock of snow-white birds as they turned their under parts to the sun in rising above the breakers. Their manner of feeding, with the head pitched forward, and a quick, eager movement, as if they had eaten nothing for days, and were fearful that their present bit of good fortune would not last, is strongly characteristic, so that they can be recognized a long way off. As I have said, they were the only true beach birds; but I rarely failed to see one or two great blue herons playing that rôle. The first one filled me with surprise. I had never thought of finding him in such a place; but there he stood, and before I was done with Florida beaches I had come to look upon him as one of their most constant *habitués*. In truth, this largest of the herons is well-nigh omnipresent in Florida. Wherever there is water, fresh or salt, he is certain to be met with, sooner or later; and even in the driest place, if you stay there long enough, you will be likely to see him passing overhead, on his way to the water, which is nowhere far off. On the beach, as everywhere else, he is a model of patience. To the best of my recollection, I never saw him catch a fish there; and I really came to think it pathetic, the persistency with which he would stand, with the water halfway to his knees, leaning forward expectantly toward the breakers, as if he felt that this great and generous ocean, which had so many fish to spare, could not fail to send him, at last, the morsel for which he was waiting.

But indeed I was not long in perceiving that the Southern climate made patience a comparatively easy virtue, and fishing, by a natural consequence, a favorite avocation. Day after day, as I crossed the bridges on my way to and from the beach, the same men stood against the rail holding their poles over the river. They had an air of having been there all winter. I came to recognize them, though I knew none of their names. One was peculiarly happy looking, almost radiant, with an educated face, and only one hand. His disability hindered him, no doubt. I never saw so much as a sheephead or a drum lying at his feet. But inwardly, I felt sure, his luck was good. Another was older, fifty at least, sleek and well dressed. He spoke pleasantly enough, if I addressed him; otherwise he attended strictly to business. Every day he was there, morning and afternoon. He, I think, had better fortune than any of the others. Once I saw him land a large and handsome "speckled trout," to the unmistakable envy of his brother anglers. Still a third was a younger man, with a broad-brimmed straw hat and a taciturn habit; no less persevering than Number Two, perhaps, but far less successful. I marveled a little at their enthusiasm (there were many beside these), and they, in their turn, did not altogether conceal their amusement at the foibles of a man, still out of Bedlam, who walked and walked and walked, always with a field-glass protruding from his side pocket, which now and then he pulled out suddenly and leveled at nothing. It is one of the merciful ameliorations of this present evil world that men are thus mutually entertaining.

These anglers were to be congratulated. Ordered South by their physicians, — as most of them undoubtedly were, — compelled to spend the winter away from friends and business, amid all the discomforts of Southern hotels, they were happy in having at least one thing which they loved to do. Blessed is the invalid who has an outdoor hobby. One man, whom I met more than once in my beach rambles, seemed to devote himself to bathing, running, and walking. He looked like an athlete; I heard him tell how far he could run without

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getting "winded;" and as he sprinted up and down the sand in his scanty bathing costume, I always found him a pleasing spectacle. Another runner there gave me a half-hour of amusement that turned at the last to a feeling of almost painful sympathy. He was not in bathing costume, nor did he look particularly athletic. He was teaching his young lady to ride a bicycle, and his pupil was at that most interesting stage of a learner's career when the machine is beginning to steady itself. With a very little assistance she went bravely, while at the same time the young man felt it necessary not to let go his hold upon her for more than a few moments at once. At all events, he must be with her at the turn. She plied the pedals with vigor, and he ran alongside or behind, as best he could; she excited, and he out of breath. Back and forth they went, and it was a relief to me when finally he took off his coat. I left him still panting in his fair one's wake, and hoped it would not turn out a case of "love's labor 's lost." Let us hope, too, that he was not an invalid.

While speaking of these my companions in idleness, I may as well mention an older man, — a rural philosopher, he seemed, — whom I met again and again, always in search of shells. He was from Indiana, he told me with agreeable garrulity. His grandchildren would like the shells. He had perhaps made a mistake in coming so far south. It was pretty warm, he thought, and he feared the change would be too great when he went home again. If a man's lungs were bad, he ought to go to a warm place, of course. *He* came for his stomach, which was now pretty well, — a capital proof of the superior value of fresh air over "proper" food in dyspeptic troubles; for if there is anywhere in the world a place in which a delicate stomach would fare worse than in a Southern hotel, — of the second or third class, — may none but my enemies ever find it. Seashell collecting is not a panacea. For a disease like old age, for instance, it might prove to be an alleviation rather than a cure; but taken long enough, and with a sufficient mixture of enthusiasm, — a true *sine qua non*, — it will be found efficacious, I believe, in all ordinary cases of dyspepsia.

My Indiana man was far from being alone in his cheerful pursuit. If strangers, men or women, met me on the beach and wished to say something more than good-morning, they were sure to ask, "Have you found any pretty shells?" One woman was a collector of a more businesslike turn. She had brought a camp-stool, and when I first saw her in the distance was removing her shoes, and putting on rubber boots. Then she moved her stool into the surf, sat upon it with a tin pail beside her, and, leaning forward over the water, fell to doing something, — I could not tell what. She was so industrious that I did not venture to disturb her, as I passed; but an hour or two afterward I overtook her going homeward across the peninsula with her invalid husband, and she showed me her pail full of the tiny coquina clams, which she said were very nice for soup, as indeed I knew. Some days later, I found a man collecting them for the market, with the help of a horse and a cylindrical wire roller. With his trousers rolled to his knees, he waded in the surf, and shoveled the incoming water and sand into the wire roller through an aperture left for that purpose. Then he closed the aperture, and drove the horse back and forth through the breakers till the clams were washed clear of the sand, after which he poured them out into a shallow tray like a long bread-pan, and transferred them from that to a big bag. I came up just in time to see them in the tray, bright with all the colors of the rainbow. "Will you hold the bag open?" he said. I was glad to help (it was perhaps the only useful ten minutes that I passed in Florida); and so, counting quart by quart, he

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dished them into it. There were thirty odd quarts, but he wanted a bushel and a quarter, and again took up the shovel. The clams themselves were not canned and shipped, he said, but only the "juice."

Many rudely built cottages stood on the sand-hills just behind the beach, especially at the points, a mile or so apart, where the two Daytona bridge roads come out of the scrub; and one day, while walking up the beach to Ormond, I saw before me a much more elaborate Queen Anne house. Fancifully but rather neatly painted, and with a stable to match, it looked like an exotic. As I drew near, its venerable owner was at work in front of it, shoveling a path through the sand, — just as, at that moment (February 24), thousands of Yankee householders were shoveling paths through the snow, which then was reported by the newspapers to be seventeen inches deep in the streets of Boston. His reverend air and his long black coat proclaimed him a clergyman past all possibility of doubt. He seemed to have got to heaven before death, the place was so attractive; but being still in a body terrestrial, he may have found the meat market rather distant, and mosquitoes and sand-flies sometimes a plague. As I walked up the beach, he drove by me in an open wagon with a hired man. They kept on till they came to a log which had been cast up by the sea, and evidently had been sighted from the house. The hired man lifted it into the wagon, and they drove back, — quite a stirring adventure, I imagined; an event to date from, at the very least.

The smaller cottages were nearly all empty at that season. At different times I made use of many of them, when the sun was hot, or I had been long afoot. Once I was resting thus on a flight of front steps, when a three-seated carriage came down the beach and pulled up opposite. The driver wished to ask me a question, I thought; no doubt I looked very much at home. From the day I had entered Florida, every one I met had seemed to know me intuitively for a New Englander, and most of them — I could not imagine how — had divined that I came from Boston. It gratified me to believe that I was losing a little of my provincial manner, under the influence of more extended travel. But my pride had a sudden fall. The carriage stopped, as I said; but instead of inquiring the way, the driver alighted, and all the occupants of the carriage proceeded to do the same, — eight women, with baskets and sundries. It was time for me to be starting. I descended the steps, and pulled off my hat to the first comer, who turned out to be the proprietor of the establishment. With a gracious smile, she hoped they were "not frightening me away." She and her friends had come for a day's picnic at the cottage. Things being as they were (eight women), she could hardly invite me to share the festivities, and, with my best apology for the intrusion, I withdrew.

Of one building on the sand-hills I have peculiarly pleasant recollections. It was not a cottage, but had evidently been put up as a public resort; especially, as I inferred, for Sunday-school or parish picnics. It was furnished with a platform for speech-making (is there any foolishness that men will not commit on sea beaches and mountain tops?), and, what was more to my purpose, was open on three sides. I passed a good deal of time there, first and last, and once it sheltered me from a drenching shower of an hour or two. The lightning was vivid, and the rain fell in sheets. In the midst of the blackness and commotion, a single tern, ghostly white, flew past, and toward the close a bunch of sanderlings came down the edge of the breakers, still looking for something to eat. The only other living things in sight were two young fellows, who had improved the opportunity to try a dip in the surf. Their color indicated that they were not yet hardened to open-air bathing, and from their ac-

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tions it was evident that they found the ocean cool. They were wet enough before they were done, but it was mostly with fresh water. Probably they took no harm; but I am moved to remark, in passing, that I sometimes wondered how generally physicians who order patients to Florida for the winter caution them against imprudent exposure. To me, who am no doctor, it seemed none too safe for young women with consumptive tendencies to be out sailing in open boats on winter evenings, no matter how warm the afternoon had been, while I saw one case where a surf bath taken by such an invalid was followed by a day of prostration and fever. "We who live here," said a resident, "don't think the water is warm enough yet; but for these Northern folks it is a great thing to go into the surf in February, and you can't keep them out."

The rows of cottages of which I have spoken were in one sense a detriment to the beach; but on the whole, and in their present deserted condition, I found them an advantage. It was easy enough to walk away from them, if a man wanted the feeling of utter solitude (the beach extends from Matanzas Inlet to Mosquito Inlet, thirty-five miles, more or less); while at other times they not only furnished shadow and a seat, but, with the paths and little clearings behind them, were an attraction to many birds. Here I found my first Florida jays. They sat on the chimney-tops and ridgepoles, and I was rejoiced to discover that these unique and interesting creatures, one of the special objects of my journey South, were not only common, but to an extraordinary degree approachable. Their extreme confidence in man is one of their oddest characteristics. I heard from more than one person how easily and "in almost no time" they could be tamed, if indeed they needed taming. A resident of Hawks Park told me that they used to come into his house, and stand upon the corners of the dinner table waiting for their share of the meal. When he was hoeing in the garden, they would perch on his hat, and stay there by the hour, unless he drove them off. He never did anything to tame them except to treat them kindly. When a brood was old enough to leave the nest, the parents brought the youngsters up to the doorstep as a matter of course.

The Florida jay, a bird of the scrub, is not to be confounded with the Florida *blue* jay (a smaller and less conspicuously crested duplicate of our common Northern bird), to which it bears little resemblance either in personal appearance or in voice. Seen from behind, its aspect is peculiarly striking; the head, wings, rump, and tail being dark blue, with an almost rectangular patch of gray set in the midst. Its beak is very stout, and its tail very long; and though it would attract attention anywhere, it is hardly to be called handsome or graceful. Its notes — such of them as I heard, that is — are mostly guttural, with little or nothing of the screaming quality which distinguishes the blue jay's voice. To my ear they were often suggestive of the Northern shrike.

On the 23d of February I was standing on the rear piazza of one of the cottages, when a jay flew into the oak and palmetto scrub close by. A second glance, and I saw that she was busy upon a nest. When she had gone, I moved nearer, and waited. She did not return, and I descended the steps and went to the edge of the thicket to inspect her work: a bulky affair, — nearly done, I thought, — loosely constructed of pretty large twigs. I had barely returned to the veranda before the bird appeared again. This time I was in a position to look squarely in upon her. She had some difficulty in edging her way through the dense bushes with a long, branching stick in her bill; but she accomplished the feat, fitted the new material into its place, readjusted the other twigs a bit here and there, and then, as she rose to depart, she looked

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me suddenly in the face and stopped, as much as to say, "Well, well! here's a pretty go! A man spying upon me!" I wondered whether she would throw up the work, but in another minute she was back again with another twig. The nest, I should have said, was about four feet from the ground, and perhaps twenty feet from the cottage. Four days later, I found her sitting upon it. She flew off as I came up, and I pushed into the scrub far enough to thrust my hand into the nest, which, to my disappointment, was empty. In fact, it was still far from completed; for on the 3d of March, when I paid it a farewell visit, its owner was still at work lining it with fine grass. At that time it was a comfortable-looking and really elaborate structure. Both the birds came to look at me as I stood on the piazza. They perched together on the top of a stake so narrow that there was scarcely room for their feet; and as they stood thus, side by side, one of them struck its beak several times against the beak of the other, as if in play. I wished them joy of their expected progeny, and was the more ready to believe they would have it for this little display of sportive sentimentality.

It was a distinguished company that frequented that row of narrow back yards on the edge of the sand-hills. As a new-comer, I found the jays (sometimes there were ten under my eye at once) the most entertaining members of it, but if I had been a dweller there for the summer, I should perhaps have altered my opinion; for the group contained four of the finest of Floridian songsters, the mocking-bird, the brown thrasher, the cardinal grosbeak, and the Carolina wren. Rare morning and evening concerts those cottagers must have. And besides these there were catbirds, ground doves, red-eyed chewinks, white-eyed chewinks, a song sparrow (one of the few that I saw in Florida), savanna sparrows, myrtle birds, redpoll warblers, a phœbe, and two flickers. The last-named birds, by the way, are never backward about displaying their tender feelings. A treetop flirtation is their special delight (I hope my readers have all seen one; few things of the sort are better worth looking at); and here, in the absence of trees, they had taken to the ridgepole of a house.

More than once I remarked white-breasted swallows straggling northward along the line of sand-hills. They were in loose order, but the movement was plainly concerted, with all the look of a vernal migration. This swallow, the first of its family to arrive in New England, remains in Florida throughout the winter, but is known also to go as far south as Central America. The purple martins — which, so far as I am aware, do not winter in Florida — had already begun to make their appearance. While crossing the bridge, February 22, I was surprised to notice two of them sitting upon a bird-box over the draw, which just then stood open for the passage of a tug-boat. The toll-gatherer told me they had come "from some place" eight or ten days before. His attention had been called to them by his cat, who was trying to get up to the box to bid them welcome. He believed that she discovered them within three minutes of their arrival. It seemed not unlikely. In its own way a cat is a pretty sharp ornithologist.

One or two cormorants were almost always about the river. Sometimes they sat upon stakes in a patriotic, spread-eagle (American eagle) attitude, as if drying their wings, — a curious sight till one became accustomed to it. Snakebirds and buzzards resort to the same device, but I cannot recall ever seeing any Northern bird thus engaged. From the south bridge I one morning saw, to my great satisfaction, a couple of white pelicans, the only ones that I found in Florida, though I was assured that within twenty years they had been common along the Halifax and Hillsborough rivers. My birds were flying up the river at a good

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height. The brown pelicans, on the other hand, made their daily pilgrimages just above the level of the water, as has been already described, and were never over the river, but off the beach.

All in all, there are few pleasanter walks in Florida, I believe, than the beach-round at Daytona, out by one bridge and back by the other. An old hotel-keeper — a rural Yankee, if one could tell anything by his look and speech — said to me in a burst of confidence, "Yes, we 've got a climate, and that 's about all we have got, — climate and sand." I could not entirely agree with him. For myself, I found not only fine days, but fine prospects. But there was no denying the sand.

Bradford Torrey.

THE RED BRIDAL.

FALLING in love at first sight is less common in Japan than in the West; partly because of the peculiar constitution of Eastern society, and partly because much sorrow is prevented by early marriages which parents arrange. Love suicides, on the other hand, are not infrequent; but they have the particularity of being nearly always double. Moreover, they must be considered, in the majority of instances, the results of improper relationships. Still, there are honest and brave exceptions; and these occur usually in country districts. The love in such a tragedy may have evolved suddenly out of the most innocent and natural boy-and-girl friendship, and may have a history dating back to the childhood of the victims. But even then there remains a very curious difference between a Western double suicide for love and a Japanese *jōshi*. The Oriental suicide is not the result of a blind, quick frenzy of pain. It is not only cool and methodical; it is sacramental. It involves a marriage of which the certificate is death. The twain pledge themselves to each other in the presence of the gods, write their farewell letters, and die. No pledge can be more profoundly sacred than this. And therefore, if it should happen that, by sudden outside interference and by medical skill, one of the pair is snatched from death, that one is bound by the most solemn obligation of love and honor to cast away life at the first possible opportunity. Of course, if both are saved, all may go well. But it were better to commit any crime of violence punishable with half a hundred years of state prison than to become known as a man who, after pledging his faith to die with a girl, had left her to travel to the Meido alone. The woman who should fail in her vow might be partially forgiven; but the man who survived a jōshi through interference, and allowed himself to live on because his purpose was once frustrated, would be regarded all his mortal days as a perjurer, a murderer, a bestial coward, a disgrace to human nature. I knew of one such case — but it is not good to talk about! I would rather try to tell the story of an humble love affair which happened at a village in one of the eastern provinces.

I.

The village stands on the bank of a broad but very shallow river, the stony bed of which is completely covered with water only during the rainy season. The river traverses an immense level of rice-fields, open to the horizon north and south, but on the west walled in by a range of blue peaks, and on the east by a chain of low wooded hills. The village itself is separated from these hills

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only by half a mile of ricefields; and its principal cemetery, the adjunct of a Buddhist temple, dedicated to Kwannon-of-the-Eleven-Faces, is situated upon a neighboring summit. As a distributing centre, the village is not unimportant. Besides several hundred thatched dwellings of the ordinary rustic style, it contains one whole street of thriving two-story shops and inns with handsome tiled roofs. It possesses also a very picturesque *ujigami*, or Shintō parish temple, dedicated to the Sun-Goddess, and a pretty shrine, in a grove of mulberry-trees, dedicated to the Deity of Silk-worms.

There was born in this village, in the seventh year of Meiji, in the house of one Uchida, a dyer, a boy called Tarō. His birthday happened to be an *aku-nichi*, or unlucky day, — the seventh of the eighth month, by the ancient Calendar of Moons. Therefore his parents, being old-fashioned folk, feared and sorrowed. But sympathizing neighbors tried to persuade them that everything was as it should be, because the calendar had been changed by the Emperor's order, and according to the new calendar the day was a *kitsu-nichi*, or lucky day. These representations somewhat lessened the anxiety of the parents; but when they took the child to the ujigami, they made the gods a gift of a very large paper lantern, and besought earnestly that all harm should be kept away from their boy. The *kannushi*, or priest, repeated the archaic formulas required, and waved the sacred *gohei*, paper cut to represent spirits, above the little shaven head, and prepared a small amulet to be suspended about the infant's neck; after which the parents visited the temple of Kwannon on the hill, and there also made offerings, and prayed to all the Buddhas to protect their first-born.

II.

When Tarō was six years old, his parents decided to send him to the new elementary school which had been built at a short distance from the village. Tarō's grandfather bought him some writing-brushes, paper, a book, and a slate, and early one morning led him by the hand to the school. Tarō felt very happy, because the slate and the other things delighted him like so many new toys, and because everybody had told him that the school was a pleasant place, where he would have plenty of time to play. Moreover, his mother had promised to give him many cakes when he should come home.

As soon as they reached the school, — a big two-story building with glass windows, — a servant showed them into a large, bare apartment, where a serious-looking man was seated at a desk. Tarō's grandfather bowed low to the serious-looking man, and addressed him as *Sensei*, and humbly requested him to teach the little fellow kindly. The Sensei rose up, and bowed in return, and spoke courteously to the old man. He also put his hand on Tarō's head, and said nice things. But Tarō became all at once afraid. When his grandfather had bid him good-by, he grew still more afraid, and would have liked to run away home; but the master took him into a large, high, white room, full of girls and boys sitting on benches, and showed him a bench, and told him to sit down. All the boys and girls turned their heads to look at Tarō, and whispered to each other, and laughed. Tarō thought they were laughing at him, and began to feel very miserable. A big bell rang; and the master, who had taken his place on a high platform at the other end of the room, ordered silence in a tremendous way that terrified Tarō. All became quiet, and the master began to speak. Tarō thought he spoke most dreadfully. He did not say that school was a pleasant place: he told the pupils very plainly that it was not a place for play, but for hard work. He told them that study was painful, but that they must study

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in spite of the pain and the difficulty. He told them about the rules which they must obey, and about the punishments for disobedience or carelessness. When they all became frightened and still, he changed his voice altogether, and began to talk to them like a kind father, — promising to love them just like his own little ones. Then he told them how the school had been built by the august command of His Imperial Majesty, that the boys and girls of the country might become wise men and good women, and how dearly they should love their noble Emperor, and be happy even to give their lives for his sake. Also he told them how they should love their parents, and how hard their parents had to work for the means of sending them to school, and how wicked and ungrateful it would be to idle during study hours. Then he began to call them each by name, asking questions about what he had said.

Tarō had heard only a part of the master's discourse. His small mind was almost entirely occupied by the fact that all the boys and girls had looked at him and laughed when he had first entered the room. And the mystery of it all was so painful to him that he could think of little else, and was therefore quite unprepared when the master called his name.

"Uchida Tarō, what do you like best in the world?"

Tarō started, stood up, and answered frankly, "Cake."

All the boys and girls again looked at him and laughed; and the master asked reproachfully, "Uchida Tarō, do you like cake more than you like your parents? Uchida Tarō, do you like cake better than your duty to His Majesty our Emperor?"

Then Tarō knew that he had made some great mistake; and his face became very hot, and all the children laughed, and he began to cry. This only made them laugh still more; and they kept on laughing until the master again enforced silence, and put a similar question to the next pupil. Tarō kept his sleeve to his eyes, and sobbed.

The bell rang. The master told the children they would receive their first writing-lesson during the next class hour from another teacher, but that they could first go out and play for a while. He then left the room; and the boys and girls all ran out into the school yard to play, taking no notice whatever of Tarō. The child felt more astonished at being thus ignored than he had felt before on finding himself an object of general attention. Nobody except the master had yet spoken one word to him; and now even the master seemed to have forgotten his existence. He sat down again on his little bench, and cried and cried; trying all the while not to make a noise, for fear the children would come back to laugh at him.

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder; a sweet voice was speaking to him; and, turning his head, he found himself looking into the most caressing pair of eyes he had ever seen, — the eyes of a little girl about a year older than he.

"What is it?" she asked him tenderly.

Tarō sobbed and snuffled helplessly for a moment, before he could answer: "I am very unhappy here. I want to go home."

"Why?" questioned the girl, slipping an arm about his neck.

"They all hate me; they will not speak to me or play with me."

"Oh no!" said the girl. "Nobody dislikes you at all. It is only because you are a stranger. When I first went to school, last year, it was just the same with me. You must not fret."

"But all the others are playing; and I must sit in here," protested Tarō.

"Oh no, you must not. You must come and play with me. I will be your playfellow. Come!"

Tarō at once began to cry out loud.

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Self-pity and gratitude and the delight of new-found sympathy filled his little heart so full that he really could not help it. It was so nice to be petted for crying.

But the girl only laughed, and led him out of the room quickly, because the little mother soul in her divined the whole situation. "Of course you may cry, if you wish," she said; "but you must play, too!" And oh, what a delightful play they played together!

But when school was over, and Tarō's grandfather came to take him home, Tarō began to cry again, because it was necessary that he should bid his little playmate good-by.

The grandfather laughed, and exclaimed, "Why, it is little Yoshi, — Miyahara O-Yoshi! Yoshi can come along with us, and stop at the house awhile. It is on her way home."

At Tarō's house the playmates ate the promised cake together; and O-Yoshi mischievously asked, mimicking the master's severity, "Uchida Tarō, do you like cake better than *me?*"

III.

O-Yoshi's father owned some neighboring rice lands, and also kept a shop in the village. Her mother, a *samurai*, adopted into the Miyahara family at the time of the breaking up of the military caste, had borne several children, of whom O-Yoshi, the last, was the only survivor. While still a baby, O-Yoshi lost her mother. Miyahara was past middle age, but he took another wife, the daughter of one of his own farmers, — a young girl named Ito O-Tama. Though swarthy as new copper, O-Tama was a remarkably handsome peasant girl, tall, strong, and active; but the choice caused surprise, because O-Tama could neither read nor write. The surprise changed to amusement when it was discovered that almost from the time of entering the house she had assumed and maintained absolute control. But the neighbors stopped laughing at Miyahara's docility when they learned more about O-Tama. She knew her husband's interests better than he, took charge of everything, and managed his affairs with such tact that in less than two years she had doubled his income. Evidently, Miyahara had got a wife who was going to make him rich. As a stepmother she bore herself rather kindly, even after the birth of her first boy. O-Yoshi was well cared for, and regularly sent to school.

While the children were still going to school, a long-expected and wonderful event took place. Strange tall men with red hair and beards — foreigners from the West — came down into the valley with a great multitude of Japanese laborers, and constructed a railroad. It was carried along the base of the low hill range, beyond the ricefields and mulberry groves in the rear of the village; and almost at the angle where it crossed the old road leading to the temple of Kwannon, a small station-house was built; and the name of the village was painted in Chinese characters upon a white signboard erected on the platform. Later, a line of telegraph poles was planted, parallel with the railroad. And still later, trains came, and shrieked, and stopped, and passed, — nearly shaking the Buddhas in the old cemetery off their lotus-flowers of stone.

The children wondered at the strange level ash-strewn way, with its double lines of iron shining away north and south into mystery; and they were awe-struck by the trains that came roaring and screaming and smoking, like storm-breathing dragons, making the ground quake as they passed by. But this awe was succeeded by curious interest, — an interest intensified by the explanations of one of their school-teachers, who showed them, by drawings on the blackboard, how a locomotive engine was made; and who taught them, also, the

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still more marvelous operation of the telegraph, and told them how the new western capital and the sacred city of Kyōtō were to be united by rail and wire, so that the journey between them might be accomplished in less than two days, and messages sent from the one to the other in a few seconds.

Tarō and O-Yoshi became very dear friends. They studied together, played together, and visited each other's homes. But at the age of eleven O-Yoshi was taken from school to assist her stepmother in the household; and thereafter Tarō saw her but seldom. He finished his own studies at fourteen, and began to learn his father's trade. Sorrows came. After having given him a little brother, his mother died; and in the same year, the kind old grandfather who had first taken him to school followed her: and after these things the world seemed to him much less bright than before. Nothing further changed his life till he reached his seventeenth year. Occasionally he would visit the house of the Miyahara, to talk with O-Yoshi. She had grown up into a slender, pretty woman; but for him she was still only the merry playfellow of happier days.

IV.

One soft spring day, Tarō found himself feeling very lonesome, and the thought came to him that it would be pleasant to see O-Yoshi. Probably there existed in his memory some constant relation between the sense of lonesomeness in general and the experience of his first schoolday in particular. At all events, something within him — perhaps that a dead mother's love had made, or perhaps something belonging to other dead people — wanted a little tenderness, and he felt sure of receiving the tenderness from O-Yoshi. So he took his way to the little shop. As he approached it, he heard her laugh, and it sounded wonderfully sweet. Then he saw her serving an old peasant, who seemed to be quite pleased, and was chatting garrulously. Tarō had to wait, and felt vexed that he could not at once get O-Yoshi's talk all for himself; but it made him a little happier even to be near her. He looked and looked at her, and suddenly began to wonder why he had never before thought how pretty she was. Yes, she was really pretty, — more pretty than any other girl in the village. He kept on looking and wondering, and always she seemed to be growing prettier. It was very strange; he could not understand it. But O-Yoshi, for the first time, seemed to feel shy under that earnest gaze, and blushed to her little ears. Then Tarō felt quite sure that she was more beautiful than anybody else in the whole world, and sweeter, and better, and that he wanted to tell her so; and all at once he found himself angry with the old peasant for talking so much to O-Yoshi, just as if she were a common person. In a few minutes the universe had been quite changed for Tarō, and he did not know it. He only knew that since he last saw her O-Yoshi had become divine; and as soon as the chance came, he told her all his foolish heart, and she told him hers. And they wondered because their thoughts were so much the same; and that was the beginning of great trouble.

V.

The old peasant whom Tarō had once seen talking to O-Yoshi had not visited the shop merely as a customer. In addition to his real calling he was a professional *nakōdo*, or match-maker, and was at that very time acting in the service of a wealthy rice dealer named Okazaki Yaïchirō. Okazaki had seen O-Yoshi, had taken a fancy to her, and had commissioned the nakōdo to find out everything possible about her, and about the circumstances of her family.

Very much detested by the peasants, and even by his more immediate neigh-

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bors in the village, was Okazaki Yaïchirō. He was an elderly man, gross, hard-featured, with a loud, insolent manner. He was said to be malignant. He was known to have speculated successfully in rice during a period of famine, which the peasant considers a crime, and never forgives. He was not a native of the *ken*, nor in any way related to its people, but had come to the village eighteen years before, with his wife and one child, from some western district. His wife had been dead two years, and his only son, whom he was said to have treated cruelly, had suddenly left him, and gone away, nobody knew whither. Other unpleasant stories were told about him. One was that, in his native western province, a furious mob had sacked his house and his godowns, and obliged him to fly for his life. Another was that, on his wedding night, he had been compelled to give a banquet to the god Jizō.

It is still customary in some provinces, on the occasion of the marriage of a very unpopular farmer, to make the bridegroom feast Jizō. A band of sturdy young men force their way into the house, carrying with them a stone image of the divinity, borrowed from the highway or from some neighboring cemetery. A large crowd follows them. They deposit the image in the guest-room, and they demand that ample offerings of food and of *saké* be made to it at once. This means, of course, a big feast for themselves, and it is more than dangerous to refuse. All the uninvited guests must be served till they can neither eat nor drink any more. The obligation to give such a feast is not only a public rebuke; it is also a lasting public disgrace.

In his old age, Okazaki wished to treat himself to the luxury of a young and pretty wife; but in spite of his wealth he found this wish less easy to gratify than he had expected. Various families had checkmated his proposals at once by stipulating impossible conditions. The Headman of the village had answered, less politely, that he would sooner give his daughter to an *oni* (demon). And the rice dealer would probably have found himself obliged to seek for a wife in some other district, if he had not happened, after these failures, to notice O-Yoshi. The girl much more than pleased him; and he thought he might be able to obtain her by making certain offers to her people, whom he supposed to be poor. Accordingly, he tried, through the nakōdo, to open negotiations with the Miyahara family.

O-Yoshi's peasant stepmother, though entirely uneducated, was very much the reverse of a simple woman. She had never loved her stepdaughter, but was much too intelligent to be cruel to her without reason. Moreover, O-Yoshi was far from being in her way. O-Yoshi was a faithful worker, obedient, sweet-tempered, and very useful in the house. But the same cool shrewdness that discerned O-Yoshi's merits also estimated the girl's value in the marriage market. Okazaki never suspected that he was going to deal with his natural superior in cunning. O-Tama knew a great deal of his history. She knew the extent of his wealth. She was aware of his unsuccessful attempts to obtain a wife from various families, both within and without the village. She suspected that O-Yoshi's beauty might have aroused a real passion, and she knew that an old man's passion might be taken advantage of in a large number of cases. O-Yoshi was not wonderfully beautiful, but she was a really pretty and graceful girl, with very winning ways; and to get another like her, Okazaki would have to travel far. Should he refuse to pay well for the privilege of obtaining such a wife, O-Tama knew of younger men who would not hesitate to be generous. He might have O-Yoshi, but never upon easy terms. After the repulse of his first advances, his conduct would betray him. Should he prove to be really en-

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amored, he could be forced to do more than any other resident of the district could possibly afford. It was therefore highly important to discover the real strength of his inclination, and to keep the whole matter, in the mean time, from the knowledge of O-Yoshi. As the reputation of the nakōdo depended on professional silence, there was no likelihood of his betraying the secret.

The policy of the Miyahara family was settled in a consultation between O-Yoshi's father and her stepmother. Old Miyahara would have scarcely presumed, in any event, to oppose his wife's plans; but she took the precaution of persuading him, first of all, that such a marriage ought to be in many ways to his daughter's interest. She discussed with him the possible financial advantages of the union. She represented that there were, indeed, unpleasant risks, but that these could be provided against by making Okazaki agree to certain preliminary settlements. Then she taught her husband his rôle. Pending negotiations, the visits of Tarō were to be encouraged. The liking of the pair for each other was a mere cobweb of sentiment that could be brushed out of existence at the required moment; and meantime it was to be made use of. That Okazaki should hear of a likely young rival might hasten desirable conclusions.

It was for these reasons that when Tarō's father first proposed for O-Yoshi in his son's name, the suit was neither accepted nor discouraged. The only immediate objection offered was that O-Yoshi was one year older than Tarō, and that such a marriage would be contrary to custom, — which was quite true. Still, the objection was a weak one, and had been selected because of its apparent unimportance.

Okazaki's first overtures were at the same time received in such a manner as to convey the impression that their sincerity was suspected. The Miyahara refused to understand the nakōdo at all. They remained astonishingly obtuse even to the plainest assurances, until Okazaki found it politic to shape what he thought a tempting offer. Old Miyahara then declared that he would leave the matter in his wife's hands, and abide by her decision.

O-Tama decided by instantly rejecting the proposal, with every appearance of scornful astonishment. She said unpleasant things. There was once a man who wanted to get a beautiful wife very cheap. At last he found a beautiful woman who said she ate only two grains of rice every day. So he married her; and every day she put into her mouth only two grains of rice; and he was happy. But one night, on returning from a journey, he watched her secretly through a hole in the roof, and saw her eating monstrously, — devouring mountains of rice and fish, and putting all the food into a hole in the top of her head under her hair. Then he knew that he had married the Yama-Omba.

O-Tama waited a month for the results of her rebuff, — waited very confidently, knowing how the imagined value of something wished for can be increased by the increase of the difficulty of getting it. And, as she expected, the nakōdo at last reappeared. This time Okazaki approached the matter less condescendingly than before, — adding to his first offer, and even volunteering seductive promises. Then she knew she was going to have him in her power. Her plan of campaign was not complicated, but it was founded upon a deep instinctive knowledge of the uglier side of human nature; and she felt sure of success. Promises were for fools; legal contracts involving conditions were traps for the simple. Okazaki should yield up no small portion of his property before obtaining O-Yoshi.

VI.

Tarō's father earnestly desired his son's marriage with O-Yoshi, and had tried

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to bring it about in the usual way. He was surprised at not being able to get any definite answer from the Miyahara. He was a plain, simple man; but he had the intuition of sympathetic natures, and the unusually gracious manner of O-Tama, whom he had always disliked, made him suspect that he had nothing to hope. He thought it best to tell his suspicions to Tarō, with the result that the lad fretted himself into a fever. But O-Yoshi's stepmother had no intention of reducing Tarō to despair at so early a stage of her plot. She sent kindly worded messages to the house during his illness, and a letter from O-Yoshi, which had the desired effect of reviving all his hopes. After his sickness, he was graciously received by the Miyahara, and allowed to talk to O-Yoshi in the shop. Nothing, however, was said about his father's visit.

The lovers had also frequent chances to meet at the ujigami court, whither O-Yoshi often went with her stepmother's last baby. Even among the crowd of nurse-girls, children, and young mothers, they could exchange a few words without fear of gossip. Their hopes received no further serious check for a month, when O-Tama pleasantly proposed to Tarō's father an impossible pecuniary arrangement. She had lifted a corner of her mask, because Okazaki was struggling wildly in the net she had spread for him, and by the violence of the struggles she knew the end was not far off. O-Yoshi was still ignorant of what was going on; but she had reason to fear that she would never be given to Tarō. She was becoming thinner and paler.

Tarō one morning took his child brother with him to the temple court, in the hope of an opportunity to chat with O-Yoshi. They met; and he told her that he was feeling afraid. He had found that the little wooden amulet which his mother had put about his neck when he was a child had been broken within the silken cover.

"That is not bad luck," said O-Yoshi. "It is only a sign that the august gods have been guarding you. There has been sickness in the village; and you caught the fever, but you got well. The holy charm shielded you: that is why it was broken. Tell the kannushi to-day: he will give you another."

Because they were very unhappy, and had never done harm to anybody, they began to reason about the justice of the universe.

Tarō said: "Perhaps in the former life we hated each other. Perhaps I was unkind to you, or you to me. And this is our punishment. The priests say so."

O-Yoshi made answer with something of her old playfulness: "I was a man then, and you were a woman. I loved you very, very much; but you were very unkind to me. I remember it all quite well."

"You are not a Bosatsu," returned Tarō, smiling despite his sorrow; "so you cannot remember anything. It is only in the first of the ten states of Bosatsu that we begin to remember."

"How do you know I am not a Bosatsu?"

"You are a woman. A woman cannot be a Bosatsu."

"But is not Kwan-ze-on Bosatsu a woman?"

"Well, that is true. . . . But you love me, you say; and a Bosatsu cannot love anything except the Kyō."

"Did not Shaka have a wife and a son? Did he not love them?"

"Yes; but you know he had to leave them."

"That was very bad, even if Shaka did it. But I don't believe all those stories. . . . And would you leave me, if you could get me?"

So they theorized and argued, and even laughed betimes: it was so pleasant to be together. But suddenly the girl became serious again, and said: —

"Listen! . . . Last night I had a dream. I saw a strange river, and the

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sea. I was standing, I thought, beside the river, very near to where it flowed into the sea. And I was afraid, very much afraid, and did not know why. Then I looked, and saw there was no water in the river, no water in the sea, but only the bones of the Buddhas. But they were all moving, just like water. . . .

"Then again I thought I was at home, and that you had given me a beautiful gift-silk for a *kimono*, and that the *kimono* had been made. And I put it on. And then I wondered, because at first it had seemed of many colors, but now it was all white; and I had foolishly folded it upon me as the robes of the dead are folded, to the left. Then I went to the homes of all my kinsfolk to say good-by; and I told them I was going to the Meido. And they all asked me why; and I could not tell them."

"That is good," responded Tarō: "it is very lucky to dream of the dead. Perhaps it is a sign we shall soon be husband and wife."

This time the girl did not answer; neither did she smile.

Tarō was silent a minute; then he added: "If you think it was not a good dream, Yoshi, whisper it all to the nanten plant in the garden: then it will not come true."

But on the evening of the same day Tarō's father was notified that Miyahara O-Yoshi was to become the wife of Okazaki Yaïchirō.

VII.

O-Tama was really a very clever woman. She had never made any serious mistakes. She was one of those excellently organized beings who succeed in life by the perfect ease with which they exploit inferior natures. The full experience of her peasant ancestry in patience, in cunning, in crafty perception, in rapid foresight, in hard economy, was concentrated into a perfect machinery within her unlettered brain. That machinery worked faultlessly in the environment which had called it into existence, and upon the particular human material with which it was adapted to deal, — the nature of the peasant. But there was another nature which O-Tama understood less well, because there was nothing in her ancestral experience to elucidate it. She was a strong disbeliever in all the old ideas about character distinctions between *samurai* and *heimin*. She considered there had never been any differences between the military and the agricultural classes, except such differences of rank as laws and customs had established; and these had been bad. Laws and customs, she thought, had resulted in making all people of the former samurai class more or less helpless and foolish; and secretly she despised all *shizoku*. By their incapacity for hard work and their absolute ignorance of business methods, she had seen them reduced from wealth to misery. She had seen the pension-bonds given them by the new government pass from their hands into the clutches of cunning speculators of the most vulgar class. She despised weakness; she despised incapacity; and she deemed the commonest vegetable seller a much superior being to the ex-Karō obliged in his old age to beg assistance from those who had formerly cast off their foot gear and bowed their heads to the mud whenever he passed by. She did not consider it an advantage for O-Yoshi to have had a samurai mother: she attributed the girl's delicacy to that cause, and thought her descent a misfortune. She had clearly read in O-Yoshi's character all that could be read by one not of a superior caste, — among other facts, that nothing would be gained by needless harshness to the child; and the implied quality was not one that she disliked. But there were other qualities in O-Yoshi that she had never clearly perceived, — a profound though well-controlled sensitiveness to moral wrong, an unconquerable self-respect, and a latent reserve of will power that could triumph over any

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physical pain. And thus it happened that the behavior of O-Yoshi, when told she would have to become the wife of Okazaki, duped her stepmother, who was prepared to encounter a revolt. She was mistaken.

At first the girl turned white as death. But in another moment she blushed, smiled, bowed down, and agreeably astonished the Miyahara by announcing, in the formal language of filial piety, her readiness to obey the will of her parents in all things. There was no further appearance even of secret dissatisfaction in her manner; and O-Tama was so pleased that she took her into confidence, and told her something of the comedy of the negotiations, and the full extent of the sacrifices Okazaki had been compelled to make. Furthermore, in addition to such trite consolations as are always offered to a young girl betrothed without her own consent to an old man, O-Tama gave her some really priceless advice how to manage Okazaki. Tarō's name was not even once mentioned. For the advice O-Yoshi dutifully thanked her stepmother, with graceful prostrations. It was certainly admirable advice. Almost any intelligent peasant girl, fully instructed by such a teacher as O-Tama, might have been able to support existence with Okazaki. But O-Yoshi was only half a peasant girl. Her first sudden pallor and her subsequent crimson flush, after the announcement of the fate reserved for her, were caused by two emotional sensations of which O-Tama was far from suspecting the nature. Both represented much more complex and rapid thinking than O-Tama had ever done in all her calculating experience.

The first was a shock of horror accompanying the full recognition of the absolute moral insensibility of her stepmother, the utter hopelessness of any protest, the virtual sale of her person to that hideous old man for the sole motive of unnecessary gain, the cruelty and the shame of the transaction. But almost as quickly there rushed to her consciousness an equally complete sense of the need of courage and strength to face the worst, and of subtlety to cope with strong cunning. It was then she smiled. And as she smiled, her young will became steel, of the sort that severs iron without turning edge. She knew at once exactly what to do, — her samurai blood told her that; and she plotted only to gain the time and the chance. And she felt already so sure of triumph that she had to make a strong effort not to laugh aloud. The light in her eyes completely deceived O-Tama, who detected only a manifestation of satisfied feeling, and imagined the feeling due to a sudden perception of advantages to be gained by a rich marriage.

. . . It was the fifteenth day of the ninth month; and the wedding was to be celebrated upon the sixth of the tenth month. But three days later, O-Tama, rising at dawn, found that her stepdaughter had disappeared during the night. Tarō Uchida had not been seen by his father since the afternoon of the previous day. But letters from both were received a few hours afterwards.

VIII.

The early morning train from Kyōtō was in; the little station was full of hurry and noise, — clattering of *geta*, humming of converse, and fragmentary cries of village boys selling cakes and luncheons: "*Kwashi yoros!*" "*Sushi yoros!*" "*Bentō yoros!*" Five minutes, and the geta clatter, and the banging of carriage doors, and the shrilling of the boys stopped, as a whistle blew and the train jolted and moved. It rumbled out, puffed away slowly northward, and the little station emptied itself. The policeman on duty at the wicket banged it to, and began to walk up and down the sanded platform, surveying the silent ricefields.

Autumn had come, — the Period of

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Great Light. The sun-glow had suddenly become whiter, and shadows sharper, and all outlines clear as edges of splintered glass. The mosses, long parched out of visibility by the summer heat, had revived in wonderful patches and bands of bright soft green over all shaded bare spaces of the black volcanic soil; from every group of pine-trees vibrated the shrill wheeze of the *tsuku-tsuku-bōshi;* and above all the little ditches and canals was a silent flickering of tiny lightnings, zigzag, soundless flashings of emerald and rose and azure-of-steel, — the shooting of dragonflies.

Now, it may have been due to the extraordinary clearness of the morning air that the policeman was able to perceive, far up the track, looking north, something which caused him to start, to shade his eyes with his hand, and then to look at the clock. But, as a rule, the black eye of a Japanese policeman, like the eye of a poised kite, seldom fails to perceive the least unusual happening within the whole limit of its vision. I remember that once, in far-away Oki, wishing, without being myself observed, to watch a mask-dance in the street before my inn, I poked a small hole through a paper window of the second story, and peered at the performance. Down the street stalked a policeman, in snowy uniform and havelock; for it was midsummer. He did not appear even to see the dancers or the crowd, through which he walked without so much as turning his head to either side. Then he suddenly halted, and fixed his gaze exactly on the hole in my *shōji;* for at that hole he had seen an eye which he had instantly decided, by reason of its shape, to be a foreign eye. Then he entered the inn, and asked questions about my passport, which had already been examined.

What the policeman at the village station observed, and afterwards reported, was that, more than half a mile north of the station, two persons had reached the railroad track by crossing the rice-fields, apparently after leaving a farm-house considerably to the northwest of the village. One of them, a woman, he judged, by the color of her robe and girdle, to be very young. The early express train from Tōkyō was then due in a few minutes, and its advancing smoke could be perceived from the station platform. The two persons began to run quickly along the track upon which the train was coming. They ran on out of sight round a curve.

Those two persons were Tarō and O-Yoshi. They ran quickly, partly to escape the observation of that very policeman, and partly so as to meet the Tōkyō express as far from the station as possible. After passing the curve, however, they stopped running, and walked, for they could see the smoke coming. As soon as they could see the train itself, they stepped off the track, so as not to alarm the engineer, and waited, hand in hand. Another minute, and the low roar rushed to their ears, and they knew it was time. They stepped back to the track again, turned, wound their arms about each other, and lay down cheek to cheek, very softly and quickly, straight across the inside rail, already ringing like an anvil to the vibration of the hurrying pressure.

The boy smiled. The girl, tightening her arms about his neck, spoke in his ear:

"For the period of two lives, and of three, I am your wife; you are my husband, Tarō Sama."

Tarō said nothing, because almost at the same instant, notwithstanding frantic attempts to halt a fast train without air-brakes in a distance of little more than a hundred yards, the wheels passed through both, cutting evenly, like enormous shears.

IX.

The village people now put bamboo cups full of flowers upon the single gravestone of the united pair, and burn incense-sticks, and repeat prayers. This is not

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orthodox at all, because Buddhism forbids jōshi, and the cemetery is a Buddhist one; but there is religion in it, — a religion worthy of profound respect.

You ask why and how the people pray to those dead. Well, all do not pray *to* them, but lovers do, especially unhappy ones. Other folk only decorate the tomb and repeat pious texts. But lovers pray there for supernatural sympathy and help. I was myself obliged to ask why, and I was answered simply, "*Because those dead suffered so much.*"

So that the idea which prompts such prayers would seem to be at once more ancient and more modern than Buddhism, — the Idea of the eternal Religion of Suffering.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE MAYOR AND THE CITY.

THERE is no more striking anomaly in American politics than the changes which have taken place and now are happening in our town and municipal governments. The little democracies which our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors established on these shores, unseen or unheeded by the king and his Parliament, were the best school for developing the faculties, for stimulating public spirit, and for training in self-restraint, intelligence, and love of freedom, the world has ever known. To these town governments of New England more than to anything else are due the supremacy of the English in America, and the failure of the French to hold their own during the long struggle for the possession of Canada. In the next and harder struggle, that for independence of Great Britain itself, the towns again had a decisive part. When Francis Bernard, the royal governor, obedient to his instructions from home, prorogued the Assembly, and left the province of Massachusetts without a legislature, the king and his ministers thought that by this course they had deprived the patriots of their opportunity for concerted action, and that they could nip in the bud the incipient rebellion. And so it would have proved had it not been for the town meetings, which were the real fountains of power; so that in place of one general assembly the royal governor found he had to deal with two hundred or more local assemblies, — small, indeed, for the most part, but self-reliant, aggressive, trained to the consideration of public affairs, and ready for action.

After the Revolution, town meetings continued for nearly fifty years to be the only form of local government in New England, and it was not until about the close of the first quarter of the present century that a break occurred, when Boston reluctantly became a city. Since then, cities which originally were towns have multiplied rapidly, until to-day considerably more than one half of the people have been gathered into municipalities. The pressure upon the legislatures of different States for municipal charters has led to the enactment of general laws, under which any community reaching the prescribed limit may, by the vote of its citizens, cease to be a town, and become a city. Such an event is usually celebrated by the ringing of bells and the noise of cannon. It is a day of rejoicing. There is another side, however, to the shield. The little democracy is dead. The people no longer govern themselves. They only choose those who are to govern them. No more gatherings, with speeches and discussions on roads and bridges and schools, but only once a year a minute or two given in which to drop into the ballot-box a slip of paper con-

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taining a list of names. The burdens of government, it is true, are taken off the shoulders of the citizen, but also there have gone the educative and quickening impulses of self-government. The little community has ceased to be a democracy, and has become a republic by representation.

Loss of interest in the affairs of the community has followed, as a rule, and loss of responsibility for their condition. Nearly all the citizens go to town meeting, since there each man may have his say; but a lessening portion go to the polling-booths of a city. It is inevitable that a man shall feel less interest in the marking of a piece of paper to elect those who are to decide questions for him than he would feel in the decision of the same questions by himself and his fellow-townsmen in open and earnest discussion. The town meetings of Boston were notable, among other things, for the numbers who came to them. No citizen, whether minister, merchant, magistrate, mariner, carpenter, or whatever his trade, voluntarily stayed away. On the other hand, in the municipal election of last year, at least one citizen out of every three who were entitled to vote did not care to give even the little time required, and therefore stayed away from the polls.

The change from a town to a city is not considered, in the contemplation of the law, to be the discontinuance of one public corporation, and the establishment of another as its successor. It is a change only in the organization of the existing corporation, so that the inhabitants may choose representatives who shall meet to deliberate instead of themselves. In fact, in Massachusetts at least, as held by its highest court, it is not within the power of the legislature to abolish the town system. It sets up, in place of the selectmen and citizens, the mayor and aldermen and common council. The mayor of a city is not altogether an executive officer, but rather a president or chairman, like the moderator of the town meeting, whose position he has taken. His duties, very largely, are ministerial, and he may be compelled to perform them by writ of mandamus. The duties of the aldermen and councilmen are in part executive, like those of the selectmen whom they have succeeded, and in part legislative, like those of the inhabitants of the town when gathered in their annual meeting.

The form of organization of the city of Boston was copied from that of London, which was established early in the thirteenth century; from that of New York, which received its charter in 1665; from several other charters which had been granted by the king to large towns outside of New England, and from those granted by the legislature of Connecticut after the Revolution. As the earliest departure in Massachusetts from the ancient system of town government, it was much debated at the time, both within the town and in the state convention which proposed the amendment to the Constitution to provide for the incorporation of cities. The proposal to apply to the legislature for a charter was carried by a majority of only 640, and its acceptance by 900. The charter was draughted by Lemuel Shaw, afterwards the chief justice of the commonwealth, and provides that the mayor and aldermen shall be one board, — the mayor presiding and having the right to vote, — with the general executive powers of selectmen; and all the other powers of the town or its inhabitants shall be exercised by the mayor, aldermen, and common council, by concurrent vote, each board having a negative upon the other. The mayor, as the presiding officer of the board of aldermen, named, as a rule, the members of its own committees, and also of such other committees as were joined to members from the common council as joint committees; and the custom was soon established, and followed for thirty years, of naming himself as the chair-

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man of all the most important committees. In this way he came to exercise a far more powerful influence upon the management of affairs than had been at first contemplated. In 1854, however, by a revision of the charter, his authority was largely curtailed. The executive powers of the mayor and aldermen as one board were vested in the aldermen alone; and while the mayor could make certain appointments, subject to their approval, they acquired full control of the police, fire, and health departments, the markets, streets, and licenses, with no right to veto on the part of the mayor unless their action involved an expenditure of money.

This system of government, by means of a council exercising both executive and legislative powers, continued with little change up to the year 1870. Most matters in the beginning were not only considered, but carried out as well, by the action of the whole body; and as the city grew in population and wealth, the changes introduced were, the appointment of committees to consider a new matter and make report to the council for its action, and the election of some officials to administer the affairs of certain departments, under the direction of the committees. In time, however, the duties, which had been performed gratuitously and from public spirit, were felt to be arduous, and to require too large a sacrifice of one's personal occupation; and it followed inevitably either that the public duties were neglected, or that the substantial and busy citizens of the community no longer were willing to be councilmen.

The commencement of the change, which has gone on since with increasing rapidity, was in an act of the legislature, in 1870, establishing a board of street commissioners, to be elected by the people for a term of three years, and transferring to this board all the powers which had been vested in the aldermen relative to laying out, altering, or discontinuing streets; and also, with true Anglo-Saxon inconsistency, transferring to it another wholly incongruous matter, namely, the power to abate taxes.

In 1871 a department for the survey and inspection of buildings, its chief to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council, and his assistants by himself with the approval of the mayor, was established by the legislature; and the following year, by ordinance, the care of the public health was taken from the aldermen, and given to a board of three commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council; though the cleaning of streets and the collecting of ashes, a work employing many men, were retained for a joint committee. In 1873 the fire department was reorganized, and its control was taken from the city council, and vested in a board of three commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council, with authority to appoint all other officers and fix their compensation, an extent of power which had not up to that time been given by the council to any department or city official. Further and much larger changes were suggested that year by the very eminent commission which was appointed by the mayor to consider the revision of the charter; but the people were not then ready for these changes, though many have since been adopted. In 1875 the legislature provided for three park commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with the approval of the council, to take lands, lay out public parks, and make rules for their government; and in the same year all the powers of the council relative to supplying the city with water were conferred upon three commissioners.

Reaction, as usual, followed these changes, so that many expressions of doubt were heard on all sides as to the policy of creating any more commissions and giving any more power to the mayor. The schemes which had been

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put forth to limit municipal suffrage, and to transfer the more important duties of the city to officers approved by the governor, found little favor with the people. Nevertheless, three years later, the control of the police and of the liquor traffic was taken from the council, and vested in three commissioners, to be appointed by the mayor with its approval. In 1884 the legislature divided the city into districts for the election of aldermen, in place of the election of all by the city as a whole, as had been the custom up to that time; and in the following year the whole executive power of the city was given by the legislature to the mayor, with the appointment of all officers and boards, and the council and its committees and members were forbidden to take any part in executive or administrative business.

So died the first form of municipal government, as had died, a half-century earlier, the town government which it had succeeded, and both at the hands of the legislature. A popular assembly, elected by the people, took away from that portion of the constituency which lived within the borders of Boston their right to the direct control of their town affairs, and subsequently took away from their representatives, the city council, the successor of the town meeting, the control of the larger part of the affairs which formerly were discussed and determined in and by the town meeting. The mayor is clothed with greater prerogatives and more important powers and privileges than belong to the governor of the commonwealth, and indeed to many kings and princes. For the time being, and within a prescribed territory, he is a Cæsar, responsible for the exercise of his authority only to the people at the close of his term of office. He may, of course, be a wise and beneficent ruler, but none the less it is the rule of a despot, altogether without those checks and guards which our fathers thought to be essential.

This radical change, however, did not stay the hand of the State. In the same year, 1885, it gave the control of the police to a board appointed by the governor, and provided that "all expense for the maintenance of buildings, the pay of the police, and all incidental expenses incurred in the administration of the said police shall be paid by the city of Boston upon the requisition of said board." This statute is a marked departure in New England politics, not so much in the appointment of municipal officers by the State as in the curtailing of the power over the local purse, which had been absolute in the town meeting, and up to that time, except in the case of schools, in the council. The exception relative to schools had not been intentional on the part of the legislature, and the towns have continued to exercise as full control over the expenditures for schools as over those for bridges or roads or any other branch of town administration. In cities, however, as the members of the school committee were not responsible to the city council, which succeeded to the town meeting, and as they were authorized to make contracts with teachers, both the custom and the right grew to be established for the school committee to bind the city by such contracts, even though beyond the appropriation of the city council and the tax levy thereunder.

There was no long delay in the following of this example. Within a few days an act was passed authorizing another board to take land and erect a courthouse, and requiring the city to pay therefor, without any limitation as to the cost of the land. In 1887 this board was authorized to require the city to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding $2,500,000, and in 1892 the authority was still further enlarged.

The government of Boston, as at present established, is sufficiently inconsistent and illogical to satisfy the most inveterate disciple of Anglo-Saxon institutions, and so far removed from the spirit and

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beliefs of the patriots who won our independence as a nation that there can be little doubt it would be altogether abhorrent to them. The city council may enact ordinances, but the police, upon whom it depends to enforce them, are beyond its control, and, so far as it is concerned, may do as they please with reference thereto. The city council must determine the tax levy, and cause the same to be collected; but some departments may spend as much as they please, without any regard whatever to the estimates or appropriations upon which the tax levy was based, and the government cannot call them to account therefor. On the one hand, the government is commanded to pay whatever the police and school boards demand, without limitation; and on the other, it is forbidden to raise the taxes for these or other purposes beyond a fixed percentage; as also it must issue bonds when required so to do by the Courthouse Commissioners, and yet it is forbidden by law to borrow in all more than a fixed percentage. It is a very interesting if complicated condition of things which would arise, if some day these absolute commands and prohibitions should come into conflict, as well they might, and the requisitions from boards and departments, over which the city government had no jurisdiction, should exceed not only the appropriations, but also the possibility, under the statutes, to tax or borrow. We should not consider it fair or reasonable to hold the directors of a corporation to very strict account for the management of its finances, if some of its officers could spend or contract debts as they pleased, without regard to the wishes of the directors, and without any responsibility to them for so doing; and it is just to bear this in mind when we have occasion to criticise our city council as now constituted.

To understand how far like changes have taken place in other portions of our country, and how general has been the tendency to put the executive beyond legislative control, it is important to consider briefly the governments of a few other representative cities.

The mayor of New York has larger power than the mayor of Boston so far as his appointments are concerned, inasmuch as they do not require confirmation; but in another respect he is less fortunate, as the law authorizes the governor of the State to suspend or remove him from office. The aldermen of the city of New York levy the taxes and cause them to be collected; but it is an empty privilege, as the amount has been determined, and apportioned also, by a board of estimate, which is neither chosen nor controlled by them, and the findings of which they cannot vary in the slightest detail. Wherever history records the growth of free institutions, the struggle begins in the effort to give the control of the public purse to the representatives of the people, and by and through such control is the full measure of liberty at length attained. Here, on the contrary, we find in a republic the control of the purse taken from the representatives of the people, and given over, absolutely and without appeal, to an executive board. The legislative branch of the government cannot spend nor borrow, nor contract debts, nor loan the credit of the city, but these things are done by the mayor and his subordinates. It is as if the Constitution of the United States should provide that salaries, expenses of departments, cost of public buildings, appropriations for the army and navy, and the amount and kind of currency and bonds should be determined by the President and his Cabinet, and that Congress must record and execute their order. We must go back to the so-called Parliaments of France under the old régime to find anything like this condition of affairs, where the executive legislates, and the legislature is content to receive, record, and obey.

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The mayor of Chicago presides at all meetings of the city council, which consists of himself and aldermen, though he does not vote except in case of a tie, but has the veto power, extending to items of appropriations; and he appoints, with consent of the aldermen, all municipal officers except the clerk, attorney, and treasurer; and can remove them, giving his reasons therefor to the aldermen, though if they disapprove of such removal by two-thirds vote, the officer is restored to his place. The council prescribes the duties of all municipal officers, and fixes their compensation, which cannot be altered during their term of office. A limitation upon the powers of the council, which is unknown in New England, is found in the provision that it shall not grant to any steam or horse railroad company a right to lay down tracks in the street except upon the petition of more than one half the owners of the abutting lands. Another anomaly is that the courts are authorized to inquire into charges of misconduct or misfeasance on the part of the mayor or other municipal officer; and if, upon indictment, the accused is found guilty, to remove him from office.

The charter of the city of St. Louis is an illustration of the tendency prevailing in some sections of the West, though not to the same extent now as a few years ago, to put into the organic provision for the government of a city, as its charter, or of a State, as its constitution, details for the procedure and conduct of the legislative bodies, which usually have been left wholly to their discretion. The Municipal Assembly of St. Louis consists of two houses: the Council of Thirteen, chosen on a general ticket for four years, one half retiring biennially; and the House of Delegates, consisting of one member from each ward for two years. Each member of the Assembly receives a salary of $300 a year, and also his reasonable expenses, as approved by the body of which he is a member. The mayor, comptroller, auditor, treasurer, collector, president of Board of Assessors, and president of Board of Public Improvements, are elected for four years. The mayor is *ex officio* president of the police commissioners, the remaining four members being appointed for four years each by the governor of the State. The schools are in charge of a board of twenty-one, seven elected on a general ticket, and fourteen by districts, each for four years. The Assembly, by a two-thirds vote of the members-elect of each house, may create other offices than those named in the charter, and by a three-fourths vote may distribute the powers and duties, in part or in whole, of any of the offices therein provided; but the mayor has final authority to settle all disputes between city officers as to their powers and duties. All other officers than those already named are appointed for four years by the mayor at the beginning of the third year of his own term. No officer, elected or appointed, can be in arrears for taxes, or in any way indebted to the city, or in any state or federal position; and he must give bond for the faithful performance of his duties, and devote to them his whole time. Any elected officer, including the mayor, may be removed by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the council, or, excepting the mayor, may be suspended by him and removed by a majority of the council, and any appointed officer may be removed by the mayor or council. Upon the suspension of any elected officer, the mayor must present charges to the council, which, upon hearing, may sanction his action by a majority vote; otherwise, the suspended officer is reinstated. Whenever the mayor removes an appointed officer, the council fills the vacancy by election; and whenever the council removes an appointed officer, the mayor fills the vacancy without the confirmation of the council. All other appointments made by the mayor require the confirmation of

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a majority of the members of the council; and if the mayor fails, within ten days from the rejection of a nomination to make another, the council proceeds to elect. It is interesting to note with how much care and skill the temptation to make a removal, so as to secure the office for some friend or political follower, is guarded against by the provision that when the removal is made by the mayor, he shall have no voice in the selection of a successor; and when the removal is made by the council, the mayor is not obliged to ask its confirmation of his appointment.

A vote of a majority of the members elected by both houses, taken by ayes and nays, is necessary to pass a bill or to concur in amendment thereto, or to adopt the report of a conference committee. All bills must be signed by the presiding officer in open session, and read at length, and the mayor has ten days after passage by both houses in which to give his approval or disapproval. He also may object to items of appropriations, and may approve portions only of a bill. A bill returned without his approval passes if it receive the vote of two thirds of the members-elect in the house to which it is returned, and the majority of the votes of the members of the other house; the votes in both cases being taken by ayes and nays.

The Assembly has the sole power and authority to give to persons or corporations the right to construct railways, and to control the fares, hours, and frequency of the trips; and it may sell the franchise, and impose a *per capita* tax or a tax on the gross receipts. It also enacts general plans for the construction of streets, and all subdivisions of property thereafter made, and all improvements of the same must be in conformity thereto. It cannot compromise any claim or dispute except by an aye and nay vote of two thirds of the members of both houses.

In the State of California, the constitution provides that all legislation must be general in its scope; though, so far as this applies to cities, it is easy to make an act special by the division into classes according to their populations, so that only one of them — San Francisco, — shall be in the first class. The Municipal Corporation Bill of the year 1883 makes the council of San Francisco consist of two bodies, each twelve in number, called aldermen and assistant aldermen, and provides to the last detail for the organization of the several departments, the number and duties of the subordinates, and the salaries both of themselves and of their superiors. It carries these restrictions still further in the provision that neither the council nor any officer can exercise any other power or authority than is expressly named in the act, and submits all disputes between officers as to their respective duties to the final decision of the city attorney. No general appropriation bill can be passed, but each one must be for a specific purpose and a specific sum. Members of the council are ineligible to any other office, and they cannot reduce the compensation of any employee whose salary is within their power to determine during his term of office. The Supreme Court of the State has held that while in Great Britain municipal corporations exist for the most part by prescription, and while in New England the towns preceded the organization of the States, and may have some powers and privileges which cannot be taken away without their consent, in California all charters depend absolutely upon the legislature, and may be changed or revoked at its sole will and pleasure. The political code of the State contains provisions, under which cities may be organized, which are logical and harmonious in their general terms, though in the details they frequently depart from the restrictions made at first. For instance, each city is to have legislative, executive, and judicial powers, with the first vested in a common council, the last in a police court, and the executive in

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the mayor and his subordinate officers. Nevertheless, the mayor is president of the council, which must consent to all of his appointments. An excellent restriction is found in one of the provisions, — that in granting authority to any gas or water company to lay pipes in the city, it shall reserve the right to grant similar privileges to other like companies. The improvement of streets is entered upon in general under the provision, which is found so usually in the Western States, that a petition must be presented therefor by more than half of the owners of property fronting upon the street, and that the whole cost of the improvement shall be levied upon the abutting owners.

New Orleans, the largest of the Southern cities, is a good type of all of them; and when we take into account its situation, its varied history, and the nationalities of the population, we are surprised to find in its form of organization so little differing from that with which we are familiar elsewhere. There are the wards, the common council, the mayor, and the several departments, under like names and with like duties as in Puritan New England. The charter of New Orleans is a model of clear, concise, and logical statement, and in comparatively few paragraphs enumerates the powers, privileges, and restrictions which so often, in Northern and Western States, are expanded into as many pages. The council is a single body, with the mayor as its presiding officer, having a right to take part in its business, but with no vote except in the case of a tie. He can veto a resolution, or an ordinance, or any item of an appropriation, which then can be passed only by a two-thirds vote. He can suspend any municipal officer, reporting his reasons therefor to the council, which body can, by its approval, remove such officer, or, by its disapproval, restore him to his office. His term is four years, as is also that of the treasurer, comptroller, and commissioner of public works, who, like himself, are elected by the people. All ordinances and resolutions must lie over one week after presentation, and the ayes and nays must be recorded on their final passage. No member of the council can hold any other office, or be interested, either directly or indirectly, in any business coming before it. It must make up the budget of revenue and expenses in detail, with separate and distinct items for each part. It can impeach the mayor or any other elected officer, and, if it shall find him guilty, remove him from office. It also may remove any officer elected by it, and is given full and complete authority to organize all departments, and regulate the number, duties, and salaries of the clerks employed therein. The appointments and removals, however, to and from clerkships are by the chiefs of the respective departments.

It is not unusual to find, in the constitutions of States and in the charters of cities, the provision that the legislative body shall not decrease the salary of certain specified officers during their term of office; but here we find the opposite provision, namely, that the council cannot increase any salary during the term of the incumbent's office. Another unusual provision, though common enough in the Old World, is the farming out annually of the collection of delinquent taxes. Neither the council nor any municipal officer can make a contract or purchase unless the same has been authorized previously by ordinance, and runs to the lowest bidder. Estimates for work are submitted to the council, which modifies them at its discretion, and then the contract for doing it must be given by the comptroller to the lowest bidder. The hiring of any of the city property is open to public competition, and must be given to the highest bidder, as must also all street railroad franchises. Neither can the council nor any municipal officer make a contract unless there is at the time actual money in

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the treasury to meet it. The first attack upon the control of its departments by the city was made relative to the police, — a favorite subject of transfer, during the past twenty years, from municipal to state control. In 1888 a police board was organized, to consist of six commissioners, with the mayor as presiding officer and having the casting vote. They serve, however, without salary, are elected by the council, and may be removed by the mayor for misconduct. The whole control of the police department is given to the board, including the appointment of all officers and the promulgation of rules and regulations, and the council cannot reduce the estimates of the board below the sum of $150,000 a year. Some excellent provisions of the act are those which require all applicants for appointments to pass a civil service examination, that vacancies shall be filled by promotion only, and that the tenure of office shall be during good behavior.

Last year the legislature passed an act which is both novel and characteristic, namely: "Officers and members of the city government are commanded to attend personally to the duties of their offices, and are prohibited from absenting themselves from New Orleans except by permission from the council."

The changes which have taken place and are happening in American town and municipal governments find their culmination in the city of Washington; and no more remarkable anomaly is recorded in history than this, — that the capital of a republic should have its own government vested in an absolute despotism; for an administration is none the less a despotism, while it continues, because there is a limitation to the period of the existence of its particular members, and because this existence depends upon the will of another; upon which will, however, the people of Washington have no legal influence of any kind. The residents of this city cannot vote for members of Congress, which enacted the form of its government, nor for the President, who appoints the three commissioners controlling it. These commissioners are authorized to apportion the receipts as they please, for the support of schools, for the fire and police departments, and for all the other business of the District of Columbia; to spend contingent funds at their discretion; to make police regulations; to condemn land; to appoint school-teachers, dental examiners, policemen, firemen, and other officers, agents, and employees; to borrow money in anticipation of taxes; to consolidate offices, reduce the number of employees, remove them from office; to levy and assess taxes, collect the same, make sales of property for non-payment of taxes, make all contracts for public works, give permits for street railway companies, electric lines, gas and water pipes; and generally to do all those things which ordinarily are done by a mayor and council; and the people and taxpayers of the city of Washington and of the District of Columbia have not the least voice in determining how much they shall pay for their government, or who shall constitute the same. It is true, this method has given to our capital an excellent and economical administration; but this is the plea of every despotism, that security and efficiency are better provided thereby. It is true also that we are much more likely to get an efficient and vigorous administration of affairs, whether public or private, by giving it wholly into the charge of a competent and energetic man, with the largest powers, and especially with the sole right to select his own assistants; and there is very little danger to the security of life or property therefrom when so much publicity is given to official actions as newspapers now furnish. Undoubtedly, by such means we can obtain an excellent, economical, secure, and efficient administration of a municipality, of a commonwealth, or of a nation; but these

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things are not the whole purpose of popular institutions nor of representative government, and they are not even the highest purpose. The administration of affairs by the centralized government of Russia is perhaps more vigorous and efficient than that by the representative Parliament of Great Britain; nevertheless, no one now will contend that the former is better for the people and for humanity than the latter. If so, our fathers, in their contention for political freedom, made a most serious blunder.

In marked contrast with these tendencies in our republic is the method followed in monarchical and aristocratic Great Britain, where the mayor has no appointive power or special executive duties, but simply is a member of the common council, and its presiding officer. Our idea of a mayor outside the council, as a sort of rival power, would appear in England incomprehensibly absurd. We seek the impossible government by a council and a mayor at the same time, giving arbitrarily greater power sometimes to one, and sometimes to the other, and not infrequently distrusting both, and conferring administrative power upon special boards and commissions. Unquestionably, a central organization is necessary for the good government of every municipality; and while in the United States we seek to obtain it by choosing from time to time an absolute dictator under the title of "mayor," a method highly unrepublican, in Great Britain it is obtained by the choice of a central elective council, controlling the government of the city throughout all of its departments, a method highly republican.

Harvey N. Shepard.

TO-MORROWS AND TO-MORROWS.

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch a gray
Unbroken line of shore; but as the sea
Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
And swept far out into eternity,
Some morn, some noon, some night, — we may not say
Just how, or when, or where! And then, — what then?
O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
This only may we know, — how far and wide
That precious dust be carried by the tide,
No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
Close-gathered in our Father's loving Hand,
And made to build again — somehow, somewhere —
Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

Stuart Sterne.

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COLERIDGE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LAKE DISTRICT.

THERE is a very characteristic letter of Coleridge's, written from Keswick the day after his arrival, with his family, July 24, 1800, at Greta Hall, from Nether Stowey, Somerset County.

This removal was the result of his coming to know Wordsworth, whom he had first met three years earlier, when Coleridge was twenty-five and Wordsworth twenty-seven years of age, — the beginning of one of the most notable friendships in literary annals; the importance of which to those men personally, as well as in its influence in the field of literature, is not easily estimated. They kindled instantaneously; and in each the effect was characteristic. Coleridge's being burst into unwonted radiance and splendor, — not, alas, to endure, so far as poetical achievement was concerned. A lambent flame suffused the spirit of Wordsworth. Self-centred as he was, and preëminently sufficient unto himself, he entered upon an intercourse with Coleridge which, in those plastic years, was of profound significance. Their meeting was brought about through Wordsworth's little venture in publication, Descriptive Sketches. It fell under Coleridge's eye during his last year at Cambridge, and awoke at once his enthusiasm. He did not hesitate to proclaim the rising of a new star above the poetical horizon. Such welcome as he gave was appreciation enough, it would seem, to bear even a less doughty soul than that of Wordsworth over the wide blank of neglect he was to traverse; and we all feel a glow of gratitude for the ringing cheer of young Coleridge at the very beginning of the race.

The baseless fabric of the vision of Pantisocracy had just faded, and left not a rack behind; but it had beamed with glorious iridescent hues for a time, in the early Bristol days, upon Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell, poets all, who had married three Graces, the Fricker sisters, the first converts of the new revelation, — a parallel to Mahomet's experience. There was at least one other convert, George Burnet, who, emboldened by so promising an augury, proposed to a fourth sister, but was promptly rejected! The local habitation of the communistic experiment was to be in America, of course, — the home in succeeding years of innumerable spiritual brotherhoods, — and where else but in the primitive wilds upon the banks of the Susquehanna? It might have been as well in Xanadu. where Alph, the sacred river, ran. Joseph Cottle, the generous friend of the young Pantisocrats, shrewdly saw that they knew almost nothing of the conditions of life in that particular locality, but had fixed upon it mainly from the liquid musical flow of the Indian name!

There were very practical ideas to be entertained by Coleridge of a certain little community of three, when Hartley, his eldest child, was born. He removed to Nether Stowey, near the residence of his stanch friend Thomas Poole; and Wordsworth and his sister took a house at Alfoxden, near by.

Together the poets roamed over the breezy hill country looking out upon the Bristol Channel. The fount of poetry was unintermittent; and ever near them was that rare spirit of appreciation, Dorothy Wordsworth. No poet ever had attendant genius more helpful. With poetical enthusiasm, and original power, too, of no mean order, she was all her life content — transcendently happy, rather — to merge every thought in her brother's work. There was much revolutionary plotting in the poetical field; how revolutionary, we, with our canons so largely the result of the cogita-

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tions of those two obscure young men wandering, in 1797, over the Quantock Hills, cannot readily appreciate. This, as we know, was "the blossoming time of Coleridge's life," as his fellow-poet was afterwards wont to say; and during this period nearly all his important poems were written. The humble stone cottage is still standing where The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, the first part of Christabel, Kubla Khan, and much else were composed, so far as this was done under other roof than the blue canopy.

The little copartnership volume, Lyrical Ballads, destined to a long future, — bearing, even, the seeds of a new poetical literature, — was printed. The public was totally ignorant of its existence. Cottle, its publisher, soon afterwards retiring from business, sold out to a London house, and the copyright of this volume was given back to him as absolutely valueless. To-day a specimen of that first edition will bring nearly its weight in gold.

In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge made his first trip to the north of England, and on a pedestrian excursion with Wordsworth and his sailor brother John, who were among their native hills, penetrated the wild beauties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. This was soon after the memorable winter sojourn of the poets in Germany.

The halcyon days of Stowey and "seaward Quantock's heathy hills" were at an end; and Coleridge came with his wife and the precocious Hartley (he had buried a promising child, Berkeley, in Nether Stowey) to Keswick. Wordsworth and his sister were just settled in their cottage at Grasmere; and the twelve miles' distance now between the friends, it was anticipated, would be only temporary.

Greta Hall is a large, rambling house, with no picturesqueness of structure, but occupying a fine situation upon a little eminence in the outskirts of the village. "The room in which I write commands six different landscapes," Coleridge says in one of his letters: "the two lakes, the vale, the river and the mountains, and mists, and clouds, and sunshine make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were forever talking to each other." The place was owned by a retired wagoner, a man of unique character, who, "by hard labor, and pennies and pennies," as Coleridge said, had earned a modest estate, had educated himself, and had collected a good library, — a special tidbit, we may be sure, for his new tenant in that back country. Lamb, who visited the Coleridges with his sister in the summer of 1801, — a trip which he enjoyed hugely, inveterate cockney that he was, — describes the study at Greta Hall, with its great blazing fire: "a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church; shelves of scattered folios; an Æolian harp; and an old sofa, half bed."

There seemed to be dawning now the happiest years of Coleridge's life. A rainbow of promise spanned the far heavens, and perpetually lured him to dreams of the unattainable. How near then was the dark shadow creeping toward his pathway!

The happy flow of the early days in Keswick is very evident in his letters of the period. There have been few more charming letter-writers than Coleridge. In their free spontaneity, his letters range over wide fields, from rollicking humor to depths of philosophical insight; but after all, their peculiar charm is the genial human quality of the writer which pervades them, his affectionateness and unreflecting generosity. He was always the improvisator. With his pen in hand, the familiar friend's figure in his mind's eye — not that vague, stony, composite portrait, the general public, which always seemed to benumb his fingers and scatter his forces — was an inspiration second only to the fireside companion, or one of those small groups, such as he

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had always entranced, from the time of "the inspired charity boy of Christ's Hospital" to the mellow days of his old age. In whatever company, learned or unlearned, Coleridge seems always to have made an instant impression of genius. In his early manhood, the host of the Salutation and Cat, with a shrewd eye to increase of custom, offered him free entertainment "only to come and talk"!

Many writers of fame appear loath to waste their sweetness on the desert air outside of copyright inclosures. Coleridge was lavish of his wealth. He scattered his gold and jewels on every side. The unpublished letter to which I have alluded, here given, shows something of his joyful and ebullient spirits in writing to his friends. It is addressed, "Mr. Tobin, Junr., Berkeley Square, Bristol."

"Friday, July 25, 1800. From the leads on the housetop of Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland, at the present time in the occupancy and usufruct-possession of S. T. Coleridge, Esq., Gentleman-poet and Philosopher in a mist.

"Yes, my dear Tobin, here I am, with Skiddaw behind my baek; the Lake of Bassenthwaite, with its simple and majestic *case* of mountains, on my right hand; on my left, and stretching far away into the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale, the Lake of Derwentwater; straight before me a whole camp of giants' tents, — or is it an ocean rushing in, in billows that, even in the serene sky, reach halfway to heaven? When I look at the feathery top of this scoundrel pen, with which I am making desperate attempts to write, I see (in that slant direction) the sun almost setting, — in ten minutes it will touch the top of the crag; the vale of Keswick lies between us. So much for the topography of the letter; as to the chronology, it is half past seven in the evening.

"I left Wordsworth yesterday; he was tolerably well, and meditates more than his side permits him even to attempt. He has a bed for you; but I absolutely stipulate that you shall be half the time at Keswick. We have house-room enough, and I am sure I need say nothing of anything else. What should prevent you from coming and spending the next brace of months here? I will suppose you to set off in the second week of August, and Davy will be here in the first week of September at the farthest; and then, my dear fellow, for physiopathy and philelentherism — sympathy lemonaded with a little argument — punning and green peas with bacon, or *very ham;* rowing and sailing on the lake (there is a nice boat obsequious to my purposes). Then, as to chemistry, there will be Davy with us. We shall be as rich with reflected light as yon cloud which the sun has taken to his very bosom!

"When you come, I pray you do not forget to bring Bartram's Travels with you. Where is John Pinny? He talked of accompanying you. Wordsworth builds on his coming down this autumn; if I knew his present address, I would write to him. Wordsworth remains at Grasmere till next summer (perhaps longer). His cottage is indeed in every respect so delightful a residence, the walks so dry after the longest rains, the heath and a silky kind of fern so luxurious a bedding on every hilltop, and the whole vicinity so tossed about on those little hills at the feet of the majestic mountains, that he moves in an eddy; he cannot get out of it.

"In the way of books, we are extraordinarily well off for a country place. My landlord has a respectable library, full of dictionaries and useful modern things; *ex. gr.*, the Scotch Encyclopædia, the authors of which may the devil scotch, for toothless serpents that poison with dribble! But there is at some distance Sir Wilfred Lawson's magnificent library, and Sir Wilfred talks of calling upon me, and of course I keep the man in good humor with me, and gain the use of his books.

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"Hartley retains his love to you; he talks often about you. I hear his voice at this moment distinctly; he is below in the garden, shouting to some foxgloves and fern, which he has transplanted, and telling them what he will do for them if they grow like good boys! This afternoon I sent him naked into a shallow of the river Greta; he trembled with the novelty, yet you cannot conceive his raptures.

"God bless you!

"I remain, with affectionate esteem,

Yours sincerely,

S. T. Coleridge.

"I open the letter, and make a new fold, to tell you that I have bit the wafer into the very shape of the young moon that is just above the opposite hill."

The superscription of this letter, with its sportive red crescent still adhering to the time-stained sheet, is ambiguous. It may have been to James W. Tobin, Esq., a prosperous citizen well known to the coterie of young aspirants in literature and science in Bristol. But another of that name, John Tobin, was near Coleridge's age, and both he and Coleridge were stirred by the wave of scientific enthusiasm set in motion by Dr. Beddoes' lectures; and it was through them that they made the acquaintance of a certain obscure young man by the name of Humphry Davy, whom the doctor had engaged to assist in his chemical experiments, and especially in the Pneumatic Institute, a project founded in the sanguine expectation that a great panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to would be found in the inhaling of the new wonder, nitrous oxide gas. This was doomed to failure; but Davy's experiments and discoveries won him immediate fame. He was venturesome to hardihood, and it was John Tobin who was with him in one nearly fatal experiment with carbureted hydrogen.

In the meeting of Coleridge and Davy each seems to have made a very vivid impression upon the other. One effect was highly characteristic. "I attended Davy's lectures," Coleridge said afterwards, "to increase my stock of metaphors!"

Whether or no the letter I have given was to John Tobin, it was probably he — while ostensibly practicing law in Lincoln's Inn, but devoting himself with intense ambition to dramatic composition — of whom Coleridge, in later life, gave some droll reminiscences. "I used to be much amused with Tobin and Godwin," he said. "Tobin would pester me with stories of Godwin's dullness; and upon his departure, Godwin would drop in just to say that Tobin was more dull than ever!" Dullness was not wont to be alleged against the oracular William Godwin by his admiring circle, nor is the aspersion to be taken seriously in regard to the young lawyer of literary aspirations. But in Coleridge's friendships it was not always the intellectual interchange that was prominent. Only that his affections were engaged, or a spark of good-fellowship kindled, — that was enough to unlock the costliest apartment in this "spacious intellect." Witness the body of profoundly interesting letters to Joseph Allsop, — a man of noble instincts and great heart, but a soul so childlike in its simplicity that he could take in sober earnest such tomfoolery as Lamb's, when he once told Allsop that he had advised Coleridge to make the lines near the opening of Christabel inoffensive to fastidious readers in this wise: —

"Sir Leoline, the baron round,
Hath a toothless mastiff hound;"

but that Coleridge showed no alacrity in altering![1]

John Tobin's life was a pathetic instance of the irony of fate in the matter of literary deserts. One play after another which he offered was rejected; and at last, his health failing, he embarked for

[1] Mr. Hall Caine is mistaken in attributing, in his excellent Life of Coleridge, this brilliant "emendation" to Allsop.

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the West Indies; but he died when scarcely out of sight of his native shore. He had left the manuscript of The Honeymoon; it was brought out in the Drury Lane Theatre, and won instant success. It is a singular fact that this, the only work by which the author is remembered, has kept its hold upon the stage until the present day.

One untoward circumstance of Coleridge's situation was his isolation from intellectual companionship. There are hints of this in one or two of his letters. Of books, too, for this Goliath of readers, there was a paucity. It was only during the last year or two of his stay in the Lake District, and while he was publishing, in his funny way, The Friend, that he had access to De Quincey's rich collection. Coleridge would sometimes have at the Wordsworths', with whom he was staying, as many as five hundred volumes which De Quincey avers he had borrowed of him! He "could not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios," he told Stewart, who, just before his coming to Keswick, had held out a liberal offer of copartnership on the Morning Post, — no, not for many times the sum named.

Sir Wilfred Lawson had "a magnificent library;" but this was eighteen miles away, and, moreover, consisted chiefly of works on natural history. Sir Wilfred's hobby was the collection of wild animals. On one occasion, the master of the beasts at the Exeter 'Change sent him a bear, with a letter of minute directions as to its care and treatment, and, after signing himself, added this postscript. "Permit me, Sir Wilfred, to send you a buffalo and a rhinoceros." "As neat a postscript as I ever heard," remarks Coleridge; "the tradesman-like coolness with which those pretty little animals occurred to him just at the finishing of his letter."

There was little for Coleridge in the way of books or society among the gentry or other of his neighbors; but no lack of the kind was very deeply felt at first, amidst the charms of the scenery on every side of his home. He was under a constant exhilaration. The fascination of the mountains grew upon him. "They put on their immortal interest first," he says, "when we have resided among them, and learned to understand their language, their written characters and intelligible sounds, and all their eloquence, so various, so unwearied." There was a spell which drew him forth in all conditions of weather. "In simple earnestness, I never find myself alone within the embracement of rocks and hills," he writes to Josiah Wedgwood, "but my spirit careers, drives, and eddies, like a leaf in autumn; a wild activity of thoughts, imaginations, feelings, and impulses of motion rises up from within me."

There may be noted many varying impressions of this scenery upon the minds of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In Coleridge it awoke a mental adumbration all his own. It touched a secret spring that unlocked what treasures, what reminiscences of other worlds than that before his eyes! He showed often a close and discriminating observation, but he did not linger studiously with outward nature. His gaze was intensely introspective. A beautiful scene served to set in motion a vast concourse of images, and aroused that marvelous dream-power, that mystic depth of intuition, which made him a poet who in magic of subtile spiritual intimations is surpassed by no other.

The most interesting fact to us of Coleridge's coming to the Lake District is that he immediately undertook the completion of Christabel. For a while all efforts to woo his spirit into the old mood were unsuccessful. The depression of his recent intemperate labors on Wallenstein was upon him. He had brought the voluminous manuscript of Schiller's drama with him from Germany, and, shutting himself in London lodgings, had completed that remarkable poetic translation within six weeks.

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"The wind from Skiddaw and Borrowdale was often as loud as wind need be," — this was his highly characteristic preparation, — "and many a walk in the clouds and mountains did I take; but all would not do." He had found the *natale solum* of Christabel among these clouds and mountains, — the poem conceived, and partly written, before he had seen with bodily eyes this dreamland of natural beauty! Here stood the castle of Sir Leoline; and somewhere,

"From Bratha Head to Wyndermere,"

Christabel, in the dim forest, met the stately demon-lady, Geraldine, "most beautiful to see." Where else but among the Langdale Pikes, in

"Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,"

and in the shadowy depths of Borrowdale, could have been the scene of the weird story? And,

"With ropes of rock and bells of air,"

were not the echoes still sounding over the mystic vales?

Within a few weeks Coleridge managed to shake off his lethargy, and he composed the second part of the poem. An alien spirit at his side reached over and wrote, in invisible ink, at the foot of the manuscript, "Finis."

Coleridge, in after life, was wont to detail his complete conception of the poem; but a spell was always upon him, and the golden day never dawned when he could again take up the task. It became famous in manuscript form; and fortunate were those who were privileged to listen to the wondrously interpretative recitation of the poem from the lips of the author. It was not published until 1816. Even then — strangely enough, after its wide appreciation in literary circles — it met with little but contempt and depreciation ("a notable piece of impertinence" was Hazlitt's verdict in the Edinburgh Review), and its author with abuse.

The removal of Coleridge to the Lake District marked a climax; with everything apparently propitious in the change, it led directly to the supreme tragedy of his life. This turned upon the loss of his health. It is possible that the climate did not agree with him; but early in his residence he seems to have brought upon himself, by careless exposure in inclement weather, — he would even take long rambles in the mountains in the midst of wild storms, — a condition of acute rheumatism and gout which was marked by excruciating inflammation of the eyes, swelling of joints and muscles, with all duly attendant neuralgic tortures. The antidote which he was duped into using became, alas, his tyrant; and for a term of years he was under its mastery. At last, however, the inherent nobleness of his character asserted itself.

We all know the beautiful picture of Coleridge in the last eighteen years of his life, surrounded by the best men of his time, including particularly the aspiring spirits of the younger generation, who drank in those inspired monologues the account of which has always piqued the interest of those who have only the reverberations of their fame. The Coleridge of those days — a man of the same ardent affections, still the same genial companion, and with all those intellectual qualities which affected with a sense of wonder, almost of the miraculous, every one who saw him — was separated by a great gulf from the Coleridge who came to the Lake District in 1800. His poetical production ceased abruptly after the breaking down of his health. The magnificent ode Dejection, written in 1802, marks a sad boundary. The grand organ strains of this pathetic poem are weighted with a depth of tragic import. It was a momentous personal experience which found expression at the very beginning of a period extending through years of great depression and general disaster in his life. The poem emphasizes, too, the turning-point of his liter-

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ary career. Thenceforth he was absorbed in the evolution of his profound philosophical ideas. He had, even in his boyhood, as he says, bewildered himself in metaphysics. "Still, there was a long and blessed interval," he reflects, "during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves; my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds." Something of this happy interregnum lingered for the first year or two of the Keswick life.

Within a few weeks after Coleridge's family were settled in Greta Hall, his third son, Derwent, was born, and named, patriarchal fashion (Genesis xxx. 11), from the beautiful lake spreading before his opening eyes. He was to become a clergyman, learned, wonderful in linguistic acquirements, and the revered head of St. Mark's College, — a straiter Churchman by far than his father ever was. He died in 1883. Sara, two years younger, was the only daughter; she was the editor of her father's works, and displayed remarkable talents, — an estimable, hard-headed lady, with no heritage of genius.

Southey came with his family in 1803 to occupy the large house in partnership with his brother-in-law; and thenceforward, through his long, industrious life as a literary worker, the place was identified with his name. But no distinction pertains to Greta Hall equaling the circumstance that under its roof Christabel and Dejection were written. The next year Coleridge went to Malta, in a vain pursuit of health. After his return, three years later, his stay in the Lake District was irregular, and about 1810 came to an end.

Coleridge left little impress of his personality in a legendary way. But his residence in Keswick and Grasmere was long enough to include him in the so-called Lake School of poets, — a popular delusion generated by the rancorous stupidity of the writers of the Edinburgh Review. That there was no such "school" was sufficiently apparent, alone, from Southey's being named with Wordsworth as one of its leaders, — Southey, whose poetry, such as it is, would seem far enough remote from the other's to preclude that classification by the dullest critic. But there was a very real and practical effect of the abuse which had periodical vent under this nickname. Even now, no generous spirit can avoid a twinge of indignation in recurring to the detraction which seriously injured for many years the prosperity of the lives of such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge. In lesser ways, even, the influence of the great literary magnate was potent; it penetrated the bucolic shades of those mountain valleys where the poets had made their home, and actually served to diminish the respect held for them by their neighbors, whether gentry or yeomen! The situation was certainly not without its humorous aspect.

Hartley — "the strange, strange boy, exquisitely wild," as his father writes of him, "who moves in a circle of light of his own making" — was the Coleridge who was to become identified with the Lake District. He was four years old when brought there; and for the half-century, nearly, of life which remained to him it was his home. He inherited too large a dower of his father's weaknesses; but along with that came no meagre portion of his genius, as his desultory literary remains, especially the wonderful beauty of his sonnets, testify. For those who are curious in matters of heredity there is a singular story of a coincidence in the lives of this father and son. I have referred to the experience of the former at the Salutation and Cat, where his eloquence was found so valuable a help to the landlord's till. When Hartley came to manhood, far in the north of England, an innkeeper in the Lake District made to him precisely the same offer which had been made to his father, — free entertainment, if only he would

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come and talk! Hartley had his father's geniality and good-comradeship. He came far closer to the lives and hearts of the dalesmen among whom he lived than even Wordsworth, their poet-spokesman did. The remark of an old Westmoreland dame to the Rev. Derwent Coleridge and his pupil, our fellow-countryman, the late Augustus Swift, on occasion of a pedestrian tour together, when the venerable clergyman visited the scenes of his youth, was not very valuable in the way of higher criticism in the poetic line; but it attests to the impression left by Hartley upon his rustic neighbors.

"Hartla Cauldridge," she said to them, "wrut better pomes na Muster Wardswuth!"

Myron B. Benton.

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER: MDCCCXCI.

A PALMER'S kiss upon thy mossy marge,
My oriel city, whence the soul hath sight
Of passional yesterdays, all gold and large,
Arising to enrich our narrow night!
Though others bless thee, who so blest before
Hath pastured from the violent time apart,
And laved in supersensual light the heart
Alone with thy magnificent No More?

Sweet court of roses now, sweet camp of bees!
The hills that lean to thy white bed at dawn
Hear, for the clash of raging dynasties,
Laughter of boys about a branchy lawn.
Hast thou a stain? Let ivy cover all;
Nor seem of greatness disinhabited,
While spirits in their wonted beauty tread
By Itchen ford, by Wolvesey's idle wall.

Unwearied may thy lucid water leap,
And nigh thy towers the nesting wood-dove dwell;
Be lenient winter, and long moons, and sleep
Upon thee; but on me the sharp Farewell.
Happy art thou, O clad and crowned with rest!
Happy the shepherd (would that I were he!),
Whose early way is step for step with thee,
Whose old cheek lies on thine immortal breast.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

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IN THE DOZY HOURS.

"MONTAIGNE and Howell's Letters," says Thackeray, "are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. *I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them.*"

In the frank veracity of this last confession there lies a pleasant truth which it is wholesome to hear from such excellent and undisputed authority. Many people have told us about the advantage of remembering what we read, and have imparted severe counsels as to ways and means. Thackeray and Charles Lamb alone have ventured to hint at the equal delight of forgetting, and of returning to some well-loved volume with recollections softened into an agreeable haze. Lamb, indeed, with characteristic impatience, sighed for the waters of Lethe that he might have more than his due; that he might grasp a double portion of those serene pleasures of which his was no niggardly share. "I feel as if I had read all the books I want to read," he wrote disconsolately to Bernard Barton. "Oh! to forget Fielding, Steele, etc., and read 'em new!"

This is a wistful fancy in which many of us have had our share. There come moments of doubt and discontent when even a fresh novel fills us with shivery apprehensions. We pick it up reluctantly, and look at it askance, as though it were a dose of wholesome medicine. We linger sadly for a moment on the brink; and then, warm in our hearts, comes the memory of happier hours when we first read Guy Mannering, or The Scarlet Letter, or Persuasion; when we first forgot the world in David Copperfield, or raced at headlong speed, with tingling veins and bated breath, through the marvelous Woman in White. Alas! why were we so ravenous in our youth? Like the Prodigal Son, we consumed all our fortune in a few short years, and now the husks, though very excellent husks indeed, and highly recommended for their nourishing and stimulating qualities by the critic doctors of the day, seem to our jaded tastes a trifle dry and savorless. If only we could forget the old, beloved books, and "read 'em new"! With many this is not possible, for the impression which they make is too vivid to be obliterated, or even softened, by time. We may re-read them, if we choose. We do re-read them often, for the sake of lingering repeatedly over each familiar page, but we can never "read 'em new." The thrill of anticipation, the joyous pursuit, the sustained interest, the final satisfaction, — all these sensations of delight belong to our earliest acquaintance with literature. They are part of the sunshine which gilds the halcyon days of youth.

But other books there be, — and it is well for us that this is so, — whose tranquil mission is to soothe our grayer years. These faithful comrades are the "bedside" friends whom Thackeray loved, to whom he returned night after night in the dozy hours, and in whose generous companionship he found respite from the fretful cares of day. These are the volumes which should stand on a sacred shelf apart, and over them a bust of Hermes, god of good dreams and quiet slumbers, whom the wise ancients honored soberly, as having the best of all guerdons in his keeping. As for the company on that shelf, there is room and to spare for poets, and novelists, and letter-writers; room for those "large, still books" so dear to Tennyson's soul, and for essays, and gossipy memoirs, and gentle, old-time manuals of devotion, and ghost lore, untainted by

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modern research, and for the "lying, readable histories," which grow every year rarer and more beloved. There is no room for self-conscious realism picking its little steps along; nor for socialistic dramas, hot with sin; nor ethical problems, disguised as stories; nor "heroes of complex, psychological interest," whatever they may mean; nor inarticulate verse; nor angry, anarchical reformers; nor dismal records of vice and disease parading in the covers of a novel. These things are all admirable in their way, but they are not the books which the calm Hermes takes under his benign protection. Dull, even, they may be, and provocative of slumber; but the road to fair dreams lies now, as in the days of the heroes, through the shining portals of ivory.

Montaigne and James Howell, then, were Thackeray's bedside favorites,—"the Perigourdin gentleman, and the priggish little clerk of King Charles's Council;" and with these two "dear old friends" he whiled away many a midnight hour. The charm of both lay, perhaps, not merely in their diverting gossip, nor in their wide acquaintance with men and life, but in their serene and enviable uncontentiousness. Both knew how to follow the sagacious counsel of Marcus Aurelius, and save themselves a world of trouble by having no opinions on a great variety of subjects. "I seldom consult others," writes Montaigne placidly, "and am seldom attended to; and I know no concern, either public or private, which has been mended or betteréd by my advice." Ah! what a man was there! What a friend to have and to hold! What a courtier, and what a country gentleman! It is pleasant to think that this embodiment of genial tolerance was a contemporary of John Calvin's; that this fine scholar, to whom a few books were as good as many, lived unfretted by the angry turbulence of men all bent on pulling the world in their own narrow paths. What wonder that Thackeray forgave him many sins for the sake of his leisurely charm and wise philosophy! In fact, James Howell, the "priggish little clerk," was not withheld by his priggishness from relating a host of things which are hardly fit to hear. Those were not reticent days, and men wrote freely about matters which it is perhaps as healthy and as agreeable to let alone. But Howell was nevertheless a sincere Churchman as well as a sincere Royalist. He was sound throughout; and if he lacked the genius and the philosophy of Montaigne, he was his equal in worldly knowledge and in tolerant good temper. He heard, enjoyed, and repeated all the gossip of foreign courts, all the "severe jests" which passed from lip to lip. He loved the beauty of Italy, the wit of France, the spirit of the Netherlands, and the valor of Spain. The first handsome woman that earth ever saw, he tells us, was made of Venice glass, as beautiful and as brittle as are her descendants to-day. Moreover, "Eve spake Italian, when Adam was seduced;" for in that beguiling tongue, in those soft, persuasive accents, she felt herself to be most irresistible.

There is really, as Thackeray well knew, a great deal of pleasing information to be gathered from the Familiar Letters, and no pedagogic pride, no spirit of carping criticism, mars their delightful flavor. The more wonderful the tale, the more serene the composure with which it is narrated. Howell sees in Holland a church monument "where an earl and a lady are engraven, with three hundred and sixty-five children about them, which were all delivered at one birth." Nay, more, he sees "the two basins in which they were christened, and the bishop's name who did it, not yet two hundred years ago;" so what reasonable room is left for doubt? He tells us the well-authenticated story of the bird with a white breast which visited every member of the Oxenham fam-

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ily immediately before death; and also the "choice history" of Captain Coucy, who, dying in Hungary, sent his heart back to France, as a gift to his own true love. She, however, had been forced by her father into a reluctant and unhappy marriage; and her husband, intercepting the token, had it cooked into a "well-relished dish," which he persuaded his wife to eat. When she had obeyed, he told her, in cruel sport, the ghastly nature of the food; but she, "in a sudden exaltation of joy, and with a far-fetch'd sigh, cried, 'This is a precious cordial indeed,' and so lick'd the dish, saying, 'It is so precious that 't is pity to put ever any meat upon it.' So she went to her chamber, and in the morning she was found stone dead." Did ever rueful tale have such triumphant ending?

Of other letter-writers, Charles Lamb and Madame de Sévigné are perhaps best suited for our dozy hours, because they are sure to put us into a good and amiable frame of mind, fit for fair slumber and the ivory gates. Moreover, the bulk of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence is so great that, unless we have been very faithful and constant readers, we are likely to open into something which is new to us; and as for Lamb, those who love him at all love him so well that it matters little which of his letters they read, or how often they have read them before. Only it is best to select those written in the meridian of his life. The earlier ones are too painful, the later ones too sad. Let us take him at his happiest, and be happy with him for an hour; for, unless we go cheerfully to bed, the portals of horn open for us with sullen murmur, and fretful dreams, more disquieting than even the troubled thoughts of day, flit batlike round our melancholy pillows.

Miss Austen is likewise the best of midnight friends. There stand her novels, few in number and shabby with much handling, and the god Hermes smiles upon them kindly. We have known them well for years. There is no fresh nook to be explored, no forgotten page to be revisited. But we will take one down, and re-read for the fiftieth time the history of the theatricals at Mansfield Park; and see Mr. Yates ranting by himself in the dining-room, and the indefatigable lovers rehearsing amorously on the stage, and poor Mr. Rushworth stumbling through his two-and-forty speeches, and Fanny Price, in the chilly little schoolroom, listening disconsolately as her cousin Edmund and Mary Crawford go through their parts with more spirit and animation than the occasion seems to demand. When Sir Thomas returns, most inopportunely, from Antigua, we lay down the book with a sigh of gentle satisfaction, knowing that we shall find all these people in the morning just where they belong, and not, after the fashion of some modern novels, spirited overnight to the antipodes, with a breakneck gap of months or years to be spanned by our drooping imaginations. Sir Walter Scott tells us, with tacit approbation, of an old lady who always had Sir Charles Grandison read to her when she felt drowsy; because, should she fall asleep and waken up again, she would lose nothing of the story, but would find the characters just where she had left them, "conversing in the cedar-parlour." It would be possible to take a refreshing nap — did our sympathy allow us such an alleviation — while Clarissa Harlowe is writing, on some tiny scraps of hidden paper, letters which fill a dozen printed pages.

Lovers of George Borrow are wont to claim that he is one of the choicest of bedside comrades. Mr. Birrell, indeed, stoutly maintains that slumber, healthy and calm, follows the reading of his books just as it follows a brisk walk or rattling drive. "A single chapter of Borrow is air and exercise." Neither need we be very wide awake when we skim over his pages. He can be read

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with half-closed eyes, and we feel his stir and animation pleasantly from without, just as we feel the motion of a carriage when we are heavy with sleep. Peacock is too clever, and his cleverness has too much meaning and emphasis for this lazy delight. Yet, nevertheless, The Misfortunes of Elphin is an engaging book to re-read — if one knows it well already — in moments of drowsy satisfaction. Then will the convivial humor of Seithenyn ap Seithyn awake a sympathetic echo in our hearts, shorn for the nonce of all moral responsibility. Then will the roar of the ocean surging through the rotten dikes make the warm chimney corner doubly grateful. Then is the reader pleased to follow the fortunes of the uncrowned prince among a people who, having "no pamphleteering societies to demonstrate that reading and writing are better than meat and drink," lived without political science, and lost themselves contentedly "in the grossness of beef and ale." Peacock, moreover, in spite of his keenness and virility, is easily forgotten. We can "read him new," and double our enjoyment. His characters seldom have any substantiality. We remember the talk, but not the talkers, and so go blithely back to those scenes of glad good-fellowship, to that admirable conservatism and that caustic wit.

Let us, then, instead of striving so strenuously to remember all we read, be grateful that we can occasionally forget. Mr. Samuel Pepys, who knew how to extract a fair share of pleasure out of life, frankly admits that he delighted in seeing an old play over again, because he was wise enough to commit none of it to memory; and Mr. Lang, who gives *his* vote to Pepys's Diary as the very prince of bedside books, the one "which may send a man happily to sleep with a smile on his lips," declares it owes its fitness for this post to the ease with which it can be forgotten. "Your deeds and misdeeds," he writes, "your dinners and kisses, glide from our recollections, and being read again, surprise and amuse us afresh. Compared with you, Montaigne is dry, Boswell is too full of matter; but one can take you up anywhere, and anywhere lay you down, certain of being diverted by the picture of that companion with whom you made your journey through life. . . . You are perpetually the most amusing of gossips, and, of all who have gossiped about themselves, the only one who tells the truth."

And the poets allied with Hermes and happy slumber, — who are they? Mr. Browning is surely not one of the kindly group. I would as lief read Mr. George Meredith's prose as Mr. Browning's verse in that hour of effortless enjoyment. But Wordsworth holds some placid moments in his keeping, and we may wander on simple errands by his side, taking good care never to listen to philosophy, but only looking at all he shows us, until our hearts are surfeited with pleasure, and the golden daffodils dance drowsily before our closing eyes. Keats belongs to dreamier moods, when, as we read, the music of his words, the keen creative magic of his style, lure us away from earth. We leave the darkness of night, and the grayness of morning. We cease thinking, and are content to feel. It is an elfin storm we hear beating against the casement; it is the foam of fairy seas that washes on the shore.

"Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,"

wrapped in soft, slumberous satisfaction, we are but vaguely conscious of the enchanted air we breathe, or of our own unutterable well-being. There is no English poem, save only Christabel, which can lead us like The Eve of St. Agnes straight to the ivory gates, and waft us gently from waking dreams to the mistier visions of sleep. But there are many English poets — Herrick, and Marvell, and Gray, and Cowper, and Tennyson — who have bedside verses for us all. Herrick, indeed, though breathing the freshness of morning, is a de-

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lightful companion for night. He calls us so distinctly and seductively to leave, as he did, the grievous cares of life; to close our ears to the penetrating voice of duty; to turn away our eyes from the black scaffold of King Charles; and to watch, with him, the blossoms shaken in the April wind, and the whitethorn of May time blooming on the hills, and the sheen of Julia's robe, as she goes by with laughter. This is not a voice to sway us at broad noon, when we are striving painfully to do our little share of work; but Hesperus should bring some respite even to the dutiful, and in our dozy hours it is sweet to lay aside all labor, and keenness, and altruism. Adonis, says the old myth, fled from the amorous arms of Aphrodite to the cold Queen of Shadows who could promise him nothing but repose. Worn with passion, wearied of delight, he lay at the feet of Persephone, and bartered away youth, strength, and love for the waters of oblivion and the coveted blessing of sleep.

Agnes Repplier.

MONETARY REFORM IN SANTO DOMINGO.

THE recent action of the government of Santo Domingo in establishing an entirely new coinage system has an interest not only as being that of the first of the Spanish-American countries to create a single gold standard, but also as bearing on the solution of the problem which has long confronted India, and now confronts many other silver-using countries. The action of the Dominican government on this question is of an importance out of all proportion to its area and population.[1] Instead of seeing its income, paid in silver, diminish in purchasing power with the steady fall in the value of silver, followed by inevitable loss of public credit and domestic bankruptcy, this courageous government has intelligently grappled with the difficulty, and made for itself a stable currency, and a stable basis of exchange with Europe and the United States. Having had a share in devising the system, it seemed to me well to put on record an account of the reform.

The problem of this reform presented many difficulties; only that scheme would be acceptable which was adapted to the situation as it existed. An ideal scheme was not looked for. Not only must a means of profit be furnished to the government as a reason for its adoption, but it must commend itself to the public as a means of prosperity and as a liberation from existing evils. When also taking into account the resistance of unthinking minds to accepting a new kind of money, it must be confessed that the solution of the problem was far from easy. Nor was it easy to suit correct monetary principles to practical conditions, when the latter were inflexible. The persistence of monetary habits must not be overlooked. The old money of account was the Mexican dollar; while the exchanges with gold-using countries of Europe and the United States were bewilderingly unstable, and must be reduced to the stability of gold. That is, silver must, for many reasons, remain the money most in use, while at the same time it must have an absolutely fixed relation to gold, or foreign exchange would again fluctuate so as to make business only a matter of betting.

When the special steamer carrying our party arrived at Puerto Plata, the

[1] Its area is about 17,000 square miles, and its population about 400,000. It occupies the eastern two thirds of the island, the western third of which is Haiti.

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situation had culminated in a state of great excitement. In the previous twenty days the silver prices of goods had advanced about thirty per cent. Here was a curious monetary phenomenon. The advocates of silver have confidently declared that silver has not fallen as regards goods, but that gold has risen as regards both silver and goods.[1] On this point the experience of Santo Domingo is worth examining. To Americans it is of practical interest; for the Dominicans purchase very largely of American goods, pork, flour, macaroni, soap, and the like. Bought at prices in the United States based on gold, these articles had been sold to retail dealers in Santo Domingo on credit often as long as nine months, and at prices payable in Mexican silver dollars. The experiment, moreover, was not interrupted by any accidents or extraneous influences. It was the silver standard in its simplest form. The Mexican dollar was not the coin of Santo Domingo, and so it circulated only according to its intrinsic value as silver. It was given no fictitious value; no connection with gold or with any other kind of currency enhanced its desirability, or created any discrimination against it. It was receivable at the custom-houses, and for all payments; there was no other circulating medium. What was the outcome? The result was to have been expected. The Mexican silver dollar was worth only the value of the 377.4 grains of pure silver contained in it. When silver fell in the bullion market, so fell the value of silver in the Mexican dollar; and prices consequently rose. That prices did not rise earlier, or adapt themselves more flexibly to the changes in the value of silver relatively to gold in the outside world, is easily accounted for by the friction existing in the methods of doing business in a country removed from rapid communication with other countries, and by the torpid habits of mind among large classes of people. A few men dominated the trade of the country; and these fatuously believed that silver must rise again. At last, however, the fall convinced the most conservative, and it was followed by a *sauve qui peut*, in which the wealthy looked out for themselves, and the ignorant lost,[2]—that which generally happens in fluctuations originating in an unstable currency.

The annoyances and losses arising from a fluctuating rate of exchange with gold-using countries formed a large element in the situation. Indeed, this matter is one which is regarded by bimetallists as sufficiently grave to be used as an argument for their theory. The experiment of Santo Domingo, therefore, deserves watching as a means of correcting this difficulty, especially as no resort was made to bimetallism in the system adopted. The fluctuations in silver had produced the fluctuations in exchange; and business calculations even for the near future were made hopelessly uncertain.

Exchange on New York is quoted in the number of Mexican dollars necessary to buy 100 gold dollars. When exchange was quoted at 185 or 208, it meant that 185 or 208 Mexican dollars were regarded as the equivalent of 100 gold dollars.[3] It can be easily under-

[1] E. Benj. Andrews, Quarterly Journal of Economics, June, 1894, page 323.

[2] A Chinaman in Puerto Plata, ignorant of the rise of prices decided upon by the larger merchants, found, to his amazement and delight, that his stock of rice and other goods was selling remarkably well; indeed, his sales for the day had exceeded any previous record. Leaving his empty shelves, he went to an importer to replenish his stock. He then discovered that he could not buy new goods for anything like the price at which he had already sold. By this inductive method he learned to hate silver.

[3] Consequently, Dominican exchange on New York fluctuated with the price of Mexican dollars in the New York market. During my stay in Santo Domingo city, Mexican dollars were quoted at 48 cents in New York; and the exchange being obtained by dividing 100 by 48, this would give about 208.

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stood, therefore, how business suffered. A sugar-planter, marketing his raw sugar in New York, would draw against the shipment a bill, and sell that in Santo Domingo for the Mexican silver with which to pay his laborers. If, as happened, in a period of two months Mexican dollars fell from 56 to 48 cents in New York, he might find himself with a less number of Mexican dollars in return for his sugar than he would have had, had he waited. On the other hand, since he pays his laborers in silver, by a fall in silver he gets more dollars in silver in exchange for his bill, and thus pays for his labor a less part of the product. In such a case the laborer loses. But producers who export their products generally gain, because they sell in gold-using countries, and pay their expenses in silver. The growers of coffee, cacao, tobacco, and sugar, consequently, were in the main unfavorably affected, under the old silver régime, only by the uncertainty as to the future.

The classes, however, who suffered most were the laborers, and the dealers in imported goods of general consumption. Merchants, for example, importing cotton goods from gold-using countries, on credit, were under obligations to pay in gold, on settling accounts at the end of the period of credit. In Santo Domingo the importers sell to small dealers, who distribute goods directly to consumers. These small dealers sell on credit, often for as long as nine months, and they pay the importers in silver. Clearly, when silver was paid in nine months after purchase of goods, the loss from the lessened value of silver fell upon the merchants who were obliged to settle accounts in gold. Many articles are imported, and as the class of those engaged in distributing goods is very large, compared with producers, the distress was widespread; and in the minds of all it was clearly associated with its real cause, the fall in silver. The goods did not change in prices relatively to gold; silver changed relatively to the goods as well as to gold, as every one knew.

As before said, the laborer generally suffered most. He it was who, being less familiar with monetary operations, could not foresee trouble and ward it off; and he also, being the recipient of wages customarily fixed at sixty or seventy-five cents in Mexican coin, was the victim of the rise of prices. His wages did not go as far as before. The fall of silver, in short, lowered his real wages. Hence it was no wonder that the agitation for reform secured a strong support among the natives of the country, who were mainly to be found in the working and trading classes. And it was equally natural that the sugar-planters and exporting classes, who were largely foreigners, should be inclined to look unfavorably upon monetary reform. The latter, moreover, were also affected in other ways; not only did they suffer by a rise of wages, but the establishment of a gold standard brought with it an increase of duties.

The Dominican revenue is obtained almost entirely from customs, which are collected, under a contract with the government, by an American company known as the San Domingo Improvement Company. These duties, having been in the past payable in Mexican dollars, were a diminishing source of revenue, and a diminishing means of paying gold interest on bonds held in Europe and America. So that the government found itself interested in any plan which would increase the revenues, and would prevent the steady decline in the income at its disposal. A stable standard of payment, instead of a steadily shrinking one, would enable the budget to be planned with some certainty as to its future outcome. The same reasons which led the government to favor a reform of the monetary system led the sugar-planters, who paid an export duty and some minor fees connected therewith, to look

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upon the reform as equivalent to an increase of taxation. And so it was: on all imports, also, the duties finally agreed upon in gold, although a less percentage in gold than they had been in silver, were not lowered in percentage to the extent to which they were raised by the change from silver to gold. It will be seen by this explanation of the existing status that the monetary reform was mixed up with the profits of the dealers in exchange (who gained by higher charges needed to cover fluctuations), with the rate of duties on imports and exports, and with the financial condition of merchants and laborers. The settlement of the money question, therefore, was involved in the settlement of many other large financial questions.

Such being the situation, the practical problem was to devise a monetary scheme which, while based upon correct principles, should yet fit the existing facts. It must furnish a stable par of exchange; it must not violate the monetary habits of the people; it must provide silver as the money in general use; it must protect the silver money from all fluctuations of the metal; and yet it must provide a profit for the government. The scheme which was proposed to meet all these requirements was enacted in March, 1894, with the provision that the law should go into effect June 1. The law embodying the system is brief and compact.

The characteristic part of this scheme was a frank recognition of the fluctuating and unstable character of silver as a money metal, and a determination to treat all silver coins purely as subsidiary coinage. The silver dollar piece, of 380 grains of pure silver, was treated exactly as the halves, quarters, or other subsidiary coins. It was clear they could not circulate at a value higher than the intrinsic value of the silver in them, any more than irredeemable paper, unless a provision for redemption were enacted that would give a fixed value to silver, like that given to any redeemable paper. Just as a simple piece of paper, of no value in itself, can be made to circulate at par in gold, provided it can be exchanged at any time on demand for gold, so it was held that 380 grains of silver, costing only fifty cents in gold, could be made to circulate at par for one hundred cents in gold, provided this amount of silver could be exchanged on demand for gold. This was the pivotal part of the whole scheme; and with the provisions for redemption went the necessary restrictions as to the quantity of silver in circulation. By this means, silver was provided for general use; and yet it was given stability by a system of prompt redemption.

The monetary unit adopted agreed with the prepossessions of the people. The *peso*, or dollar, had long been their customary coin; and for this reason, among others, a French plan to introduce the five-franc piece had previously miscarried. The people had the friendliest confidence in the American republic, and had lost all fears of "annexation." Hence the proposal to adopt coins of the same size and weight as those of the United States met with general approval; so that in this way the legal and monetary unit came to be the same as the American gold dollar.[1] But only twenty-dollar, ten-dollar, and five-dollar gold pieces were to be coined, leaving to the silver coins the field for all denominations below five dollars. In this way, the ordinary money in circulation, among a people not dealing in large sums, must necessarily be silver. Although the gold coins are of exactly the

[1] Chap. I. Art. 3: "The legal and monetary unit of the republic shall be the gold 'dollar.' The legal weight of the gold dollar shall be 25.8 grains Troy, of which 23.22 grains shall be pure gold; of the silver dollar, 422$\frac{2}{9}$ grains Troy, of which 380 grains shall be pure silver in each dollar."

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same weight, fineness, and diameter as those of the United States, the silver coins are made heavier than ours. For many reasons of policy, it was decided to make the new Dominican silver dollar heavier than any current silver dollar, as may be seen by the following comparison of their pure silver contents:

United States dollar . .	371.25	grains.
Japanese yen	374.4	"
Mexican dollar	377.4	"
Old trade dollar (U. S.) .	378	"
New Dominican dollar .	380	"

In its intrinsic value, therefore, the Dominican silver dollar must always be worth more than its brother dollars; but in the new system this advantage is more nominal than real. If the intrinsic value of the silver in the dollar was fifty cents, and that in the American coin was only forty-seven cents, and yet both were maintained at one hundred cents by a system of redemption, the difference in actual weight was of no importance. A system of redemption can give circulation at par to a dollar, no matter whether its intrinsic value is fifty cents or twenty cents. In this lay the interest in the whole scheme. It provided for all the silver needed by the country in exchanges, — at least where transactions were below five dollars, and even for larger amounts; and yet it provided that this silver should not fluctuate relatively to gold. The silver borrowed, by the possibility of instant redemption, from gold a value sufficient always to augment its own value to a level with the value of gold. The merit of the scheme is to be found here. This method did not rely on the "divine right" of silver to be used equally with gold, at any chance ratio which might be adopted by this or that country; and yet it secured all the silver needed for trade, while at the same time it prevented all possible fluctuations, either in the currency or in foreign exchanges, due to changes in the value of silver. The government did not set for its aim to "keep up the value of silver," but, with given facts regarding gold, silver, trade, foreign exchange, and revenue, it aimed to establish the best and most stable medium of exchange possible.

The silver coins are all of the same proportional weight as the silver dollar, thus treating the dollar, as well as the quarter dollar or ten-cent piece, on the principles of subsidiary coinage, and all alike.[1]

The provisions by which redemption of silver by gold was secured may be quoted: —

"Art. 14. In view of the lack of a mint, or mints, by the government of the republic, it is authorized to create a Fiscal Agency for the minting, issuance, and redemption of its coin, and for the maintenance at par in gold of the silver and other coins of the national coinage. For which purpose this Agency shall have its principal office in the capital city of Santo Domingo, and agencies in Puerto Plata, Sanchez, and Santiago."

"Art. 16. The dollar and the other silver coins and minor coins, provided they have the weight and fineness which is indicated in Chapter First of this monetary law, shall be exchangeable at their face value for Dominican gold coins in sums of not less than five dollars, on presentation at the offices of the Fiscal Agency or of the 'Banco Nacional.'

"If, by reason of any extraordinary or unexpected demand for the redemption of silver coins by gold, the stock of gold in reserve in the treasury of the Fiscal Agency or of the Bank, or of any of their branches, should become

[1] There was no reason for following the example of the United States in 1853, in reducing the weight of a dollar of subsidiary coins from 371.25 grains (the weight of the dollar) to 345.6 grains (the weight of two halves, four quarters, etc.), which is our present law. The conditions of 1853 are no longer in existence; nor do the same reasons hold to-day. The standard of all Dominican coins was made .9 fine.

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exhausted, said Agency, or establishment, or branch may tender as payment in said redemption a draft on a financial institution in New York which shall have been approved by the government, payable in the gold coin of the United States of America, and of equal value to the sum exchangeable, at sixty days after sight, together with interest at the rate of six per centum per annum."

It is to be observed that the self-interest of the government is here enlisted in maintaining a strict redemption of silver, and a circulation of the silver coins at par with gold. The two general principles under which subsidiary coinage is regulated are, (1) redemption, and (2) limitation of quantity. For Santo Domingo, of course, there could not be a free coinage of silver, and also a redemption in gold. The amount of gold and silver coinage is, therefore, limited by the discretion of the government. But the requirement for redemption in reality fixes the amount of silver coins which can be kept in circulation; for if any attempt be made to put out an excessive quantity, the excess will be presented for redemption, being thus automatically adjusted. In this way the plan provides against an undue extension of the silver circulation. As to the supply, it might be asked how the silver coins will be furnished in a quantity sufficient for the demands of the community. The supply of coins is provided by direct outlay of the government; but the gain of the government from the seigniorage is such as to stimulate it to put out all that will circulate. The more put in circulation, the more profit from seigniorage to the government; and the government will not be slow to use this opportunity. Every dollar of silver, costing to coin, at the present price of silver, about fifty cents, is paid out by the government at its face value for one hundred cents in gold. This profit of one half on the whole of its silver coinage, however, is dependent entirely on the maintenance of redemption in gold. If silver coins are not kept at par in gold, then their value falls, and the profit on seigniorage *pro tanto* vanishes. This explains why it is for the interest of the government to keep the redemption system intact. On every million dollars of silver coins issued it gains a profit of half a million dollars. The only deduction from this gain is the interest on the reserve fund of gold required to be kept on hand for redemption purposes; but this reserve need never be large, unless there is an attempt to issue silver beyond the amounts needed for circulation. At the very beginning, of course, tests of the ability to redeem may be more or less frequent, until confidence is firmly established in the new system of coinage.

It is to the interest of the government, also, to exclude all foreign silver coins, and to push its own silver circulation into all the channels of business. Hence the familiar Mexican dollar, on which the business habits have so long been based, must be driven from use; and yet monetary habits are very persistent. The coinage law, therefore, did not rely on sentiment, but created a plan by which it became more profitable to use the Mexican dollar in other countries than in Santo Domingo: —

"Art. 12. . . . As soon as the Executive Power shall have advised the public that the new national coinage is ready for circulation, then the Mexican silver dollar shall be receivable for payment of fiscal duties, only at a value of five cents below its intrinsic value in the markets." The result is that, as the cost of shipping Mexican dollars to New York is about three cents, there is a profit of at least two cents on sending them out of the country.

The process of passing from a régime of Mexican silver to one of gold is largely of a practical nature, and does not present considerations of a kind to enter into a coinage law. But several provisions were introduced to touch this point: —

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"ART. 12. All debts, both public and private, which have been created before the expiration of the first thirty days that follow the promulgation of the present law, shall be payable in the same money in which they may have been contracted. The debts that are contracted after the thirty days from the promulgation of this law shall be payable in the new coins, as follows: —

"The gold coins shall be a legal instrument for the payment of any sums whatever. It is established, nevertheless, that until the coins created by the present law are coined and ready for circulation, the public and private debts, including fiscal and municipal taxes, may be payable in current silver money, which shall be received at a rate of fifty-five cents of the gold dollar for each Mexican silver dollar or current silver in actual circulation.

"This rate of fifty-five cents is established so long as the Mexican dollar is quoted in the market of New York at forty-eight cents, as at present; but in case there is a fall, or other fluctuation, the Contaduria General of Finance shall fix daily the rate of exchange for the payment of fiscal duties."

Another class of difficulties arising from a change of prices to a gold basis can be worked out only by individuals for themselves. The laborer, for instance, now gets sixty or seventy-five cents a day in Mexican silver. How much should he get of the new money, which will buy twice as much? It is evident that the laborer starts out with the initial advantage. The presumption is that he will ask for the same number of cents for his daily wages, and it will hardly be likely that the daily stipend can be cut down to thirty or forty cents in gold, — although that would buy as much as the old wages. It is not easy to obtain labor; hence workingmen can demand and secure most of the advance. This makes clear why the masses of people generally favored a gold standard. And it makes clear, also, why sugar-planters and large employers of labor would naturally oppose the reform. These classes, moreover, had to pay an export duty of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds; if this remained, and gold payments were established, it doubled the duties. And here there was a good deal of friction, resulting in a compromise, by which duties in general were reduced in percentage, until the actual level was about that established before the serious fall in silver. Importers and exporters had been gaining in recent years, as silver fell, by the lessened burden of duties, while the revenues of the state had been in that proportion diminishing. The modifications in the new tariff rates were, therefore, in the nature of a restoration of the original status.

It might be asked, finally, How are the means to be found to furnish the new coinage? The first burden must fall, of course, on the revenues; but, as must have been seen, the sums taken from the revenues to pay for the coinage would be only in the nature of an advance. Since the new coinage system provided a profit to the government, it could not be in any sense a burden upon the revenues. Not only did the country get relief from what was crushing trade, not only was exchange prevented from fluctuation, not only was the credit of the country and the value of its bonds increased, but the government gained a large profit on the seigniorage, while the country was enabled to go on quietly using silver in its retail transactions. The scheme is simple and compact. Its merits, whatever they are, arise from following correct monetary principles.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

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BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS.

BEFORE me lies a large black-edged German *faire part*, which reads as follows: —

It has pleased Almighty God to call to himself our beloved grandmother, great-grandmother, mother-in-law, aunt, and grandaunt,

JEMIMA BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS,
Born Montgomery,
Widow of Royal Chamberlain and Ministerial Counsellor,

Who this night, at half past one o'clock, after long suffering, was called away from this earthly life in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

Munich, Modena, Naples, Dublin, Landshut, November 12, 1893.

RICHARD BARON TAUTPHŒUS,
K. B. Kämmerer and Oberst Lieutenant.
In the name of the mourners.

The body will be taken to Unterwassen bei Marquardstein, and there, on the 15th of November, interred in the family vault.

Long before I had the honor and pleasure of the personal acquaintance of the Baroness Tautphœus, I knew, through mutual friends, a great deal about her, — about her method of work, her tastes, her daily life in those Bavarian Alps which she loved so well, and has so well described. I knew even the arrangement of the morning-room in which she usually wrote, when at Schloss Marquardstein, and which, situated in one of the towers of the castle, and overhanging a grim precipice and wild mountain valley, was a *véritable nid d'aigle*, so my informant said.

When, some years ago, I went to Munich to spend the winter, I counted upon seeing Madame de Tautphœus as a matter of course, so that it was a great disappointment to me to hear that she had withdrawn absolutely from society, had given up her old apartment, and had taken another in one of the new suburbs of Munich, in order to be at a distance from the court and the court circle, and to be free to indulge her grief (she was then a widow) in solitude. Her oldest friends did not see her in those days, or saw her but very rarely, and her seclusion was deeply regretted. One of these friends, Fräulein von P——, a retired maid of honor, who had had many interesting experiences in her long life (she was then eighty), was full of anecdote and reminiscence, and had much to tell of Madame de Tautphœus, of the beauty and grace for which she had been remarkable in her youth, of the immense admiration she had excited at court and in the court circle during the two winters preceding her marriage, and of the strenuous opposition made to that marriage by her English relatives. This opposition had its origin, as Fräulein von P—— said, not in any objection to Baron Tautphœus himself, who was a good and honorable man, as well as a nobleman and a gentleman, but rather in the feeling that a woman endowed with so many advantages — birth, beauty, accomplishments, and rare gifts — ought to have made a more brilliant alliance. The marriage, however, proved a very happy one, and for forty-eight years she lived such a peaceful life as falls to the lot of few; then sorrow came upon her as an armed man, and in one fortnight she lost her husband and her son.

This son (the only child she ever had) was for years ambassador from Bavaria to the Vatican. He married an Italian lady (the Baroness Sonnino), by whom he had two daughters, who were very young girls at the time of their father's death, and all that remained to their grandmother of the shipwreck of her earthly hopes.

When I was in Munich, a year and a half had passed since these deep sorrows. The younger Madame de Tautphœus had married again, but the elder still lived in retirement, and barred her

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door to the outer world. The Fates, however, were kind to me, kind to my lifelong love of her, and some weeks later she sent for me to come and see her. She lived then in an apartment in the Weissenburger Strasse, a remote and very uninteresting quarter of the town. Within, her apartment was pretty and elegant, arranged with much taste, and kept with the most scrupulous neatness. She usually sat on a sofa near a western window, and close by, on the wall at right angles to the sofa, hung a portrait of her in her beautiful youth. It represented her in a ball dress of white satin, her dark chestnut hair falling in rich ringlets on each side of her lovely face. Not every woman of seventy-eight could bear such proximity, but Madame de Tautphœus had no reason to fear it; she was still delightful of aspect, and in looking at her one only felt that the beauty of her old age differed in kind, but not in degree, from that of her youth. It may not be amiss to quote here her own unflattering portrait of herself in the Initials: "A. Z. was a pale, dark-haired person, neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, neither handsome nor ugly."

Now, at seventy-eight, she was slight and graceful, and she looked *petite*, but I do not think she was below the middle height. She always dressed in black, black silk usually, with a lace cap, and all the appointments of her toilet were delicate and dainty, but with nothing salient that I can now recall. Her voice was soft and pleasant, her smile sweet, her manner singularly graceful and gentle, and both in looks and bearing she seemed much younger than her real age. All her childhood and early youth had been passed among clever and brilliant people, and she spoke with peculiar pleasure of her visits to her relatives the Edgeworths, and said that "cousin Maria was one of the most interesting people that it was possible to know."

More than once, as she talked of the past; of all she had seen, heard, read; of her delight in intellectual society, in art, in music, in the splendor of the great world, and of her equally great, if not greater delight in her mountain solitude, and in the society of those peasants she so well described, — more than once, as her eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, and she looked almost like a young woman, I wondered if she had not (all unconsciously, of course, for she was the least self-conscious of women) described herself in describing Nora, that most fascinating of her heroines.

The Initials was written some time after her marriage, and the incident described in the first chapter, the delivery to the wrong person of the note prudently written "in general terms," and with equal prudence signed only with initials, was literally true. I think she said that Hamilton was one of Lord Bloomfield's sons. But only the situations were true. Hamilton, indeed, was her own creation, and so was Hildegarde, and the Mr. Bloomfield in question, though he lodged with a *bourgeois* German family, and frequently amused Madame de Tautphœus with their doings, did not marry one of the daughters. She implied that Hildegarde was one of her favorite creations, and I told her that I had often heard it said, both in Austria and Bavaria, that Hildegarde, though a possible character, was not possible amid such surroundings; in fact, that the *bourgeoisie* could not have produced her. Madame de Tautphœus laughed at this, and said that it was an old objection to Hildegarde, and that she herself must confess to having no close personal acquaintance with the Munich bourgeoisie, but that *c'était plus fort qu'elle.* "The truth is," she added, "Hildegarde was real to me, and real in just such a home. I *had* to place her there."

The Initials was begun, and a great part of it written, during a winter she and her husband spent in the Bavarian highlands. She used to read each chap-

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ter aloud to her husband as she finished it, and he admired "with all his heart." When she had written five or six chapters, she decided to "try to publish it," and as soon as the book was done she sent it to London. It was immediately accepted by the publisher to whom it was submitted; and it is fortunate that she hit upon so competent a judge, because she said very emphatically that her character was peculiar in some respects, and that, had the book been refused, she would never again have tried to publish it, and in all probability would never have written anything else. Happily, the publisher she had chosen was endowed not only with excellent taste, but with much promptitude in action. The Initials appeared very speedily, and the immense admiration which it excited was a source of great pleasure to her husband and herself, and, with a little smile of satisfaction, "to my people in England as well."

She said that when she began Cyrilla, she had not intended to make the story so tragic, but that the minor key deepened with her own interest in her work, and she then decided to give it "a deeper motive" than that of the Initials; even when half through the book, the manner of Rupert's death was not clear to her, or whether he or Cyrilla should die first. A famous trial for murder, however, which at that time profoundly interested the German public, supplied her with the "situation" she lacked, and the fate of the innocent victim approved itself to her mind as that appointed for Rupert. From that time the end of the story lay spread out before her, "inexorable as destiny;" she could not hold her hand. Apropos of this, I told her that, a few months before, I had read an account of the trial to which she alluded, in a book which contained a collection of famous criminal trials, and that the compiler mentioned that when the volume went to press (thirty-five years after the trial had taken place) the original of Zorndorff was still alive and still in the fortress of Spandau, to which he had been condemned for life; and after a little calculation we found that he might even then be living, and working out a punishment than which none was ever more deserved.

The day we talked so long about Cyrilla, I happened to say that I thought Rupert von Adlerkron at once the most heroic and most lovable of modern imaginary heroes. "But," I added, laughing, "you have much to answer for in putting forth such an impossibly delightful ideal. How many girls must have fallen hopelessly in love with Rupert; and you know that your conscience must make you say, with Iago, 'There is no such man!'" She smiled and shook her head, and answered that she had known "one man, at least, who was as good as Rupert." I saw her glance at a miniature which hung on the wall, above the sofa on which we were sitting, and a moment afterward she took it down and put it into my hand. It was an oval picture, and represented an officer in Bavarian uniform, with brown hair and mustache, and beautiful dark blue eyes. I knew it was her husband's portrait, and ventured to say that I had always imagined he must have been something like Rupert.

"Well," she answered, with a sad smile, "in his courage, and the equability and brightness of his temperament, he was like Rupert. In the forty-eight years we lived together, I never had an angry word from him." Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "If he had lived, this would have been the golden wedding day," she said, in the lowest possible voice.

Later in the afternoon (we were still discussing Cyrilla), she told me what I had never heard before, — that her publisher, after the first two editions were exhausted, had urged her to prepare another and a different Cyrilla by remodeling the last chapters and giving the story a happy ending. His reason

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for this was that he had been besieged with letters protesting against the tragic fate of the lovers, and entreating that they might be married and live happy ever after. "Rather unwillingly," Madame de Tautphœus made the desired changes; but I think she said that the Cyrilla with the happy ending ran through only one edition. I have never been able to procure a copy of this edition.

Once, when we were talking about Quits, I told her that I had spent part of the preceding October in Partenkirchen with my two little girls; that we went to all Nora's haunts; that we sat beside the spring where Torp proposed to her; and were so imbued with the spirit of the place that, in writing to my son, who was then at school in England, I found myself saying, "We went to Nora's lodging to-day," etc.

Madame de Tautphœus listened to this rhapsody in silence, and when I had quite finished, said calmly, "But it is not there at all, you know."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, in deep disappointment. "Do you mean to say that Partenkirchen is *not* the scene of Quits?"

"Not at all the scene," she answered, smiling. "I know that the general public has decided that it *is*, but I do not know why."

"But at least," I urged, "at least, Arthur Nixon was buried in the churchyard in Partenkirchen? It corresponds in every respect to your description!"

"Not more than half a dozen other graveyards which I know equally well," she rejoined. "I know the Bavarian Alps and the Tyrol well, and I had many places in my mind when I wrote Quits."

"But surely," I persisted, being, absurdly enough, unwilling entirely to give up Partenkirchen, "surely you must admit that Partenkirchen looks as if it were the village in which Nora lodged? Really, nothing is wanting."

"Where, then, is the lake?" she asked, with a little laugh.

And I was forced to confess myself beaten, and to describe our fruitless search for the lake, much to her amusement.

We afterward talked long about Quits, and she told me that the character of Torp was a favorite bit of work; that she had taken great pains with it, as she wished to produce a typical Englishman of the best class, with all his fine qualities, and the defects inseparable from these qualities; and the most charming arch smile lit up her face as she said, "I must think that I succeeded with Torp, for after Quits was published I had several very angry letters from some English cousins of mine, any one of whom might have sat (with some slight changes) for the portrait of Torp, and every one of them reproached me in no measured terms for 'putting a fellow into a book.' So you see they fitted the cap upon themselves."

She also spoke with deep feeling of the intelligent appreciation accorded her work by Americans, and of the pleasure and encouragement which it had afforded her to have such a vast and sympathetic audience; and she added that in former years, while at her summer residence (Schloss Marquardstein, near Salzburg), she used to have frequent visits from Americans, who were all so thoroughly up in her books that it was impossible not to feel "encouraged as well as flattered." Her husband greatly enjoyed these visits. He had evidently been very proud as well as fond of his brilliant and famous wife, and she laughed as she spoke of one visit in particular, of which he had done the honors in an original fashion.

One morning, not many years after the publication of Quits, two very pretty American girls, accompanied by their governess, presented themselves at Schloss Marquardstein. If I recollect aright, they were not furnished with letters of introduction, but they were so charming that they carried the entrance

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by storm, in a pleasant girlish fashion, and they were received, and kept, I think, to an early dinner or afternoon tea, perhaps both. The point of the story, however, lies in the way in which Baron Tautphœus entertained them. Madame de Tautphœus was not very well, and was quite unable to bear the fatigue of a long day with either strangers or friends, so her husband proposed "to drive them to some points of interest in the neighborhood." They were gone for hours, and at last, quite late in the afternoon, they returned. The three Americans were flushed and radiant, and after profuse thanks they bade farewell and departed; but all through the evening Baron Tautphœus kept bursting into peals of laughter, without any ostensible cause. At last his wife implored him to share the joke.

"Oh," he said, with a fresh laugh, "it has been indeed a delightful day! I do like Americans. Those girls were so pretty, and so enthusiastic. Their governess, too, such a clever woman, and they all knew your books so well; Quits, for example, by heart! Well, my dear, you have never been willing to say exactly where the scene of Quits was laid, so I have done so. The pretty girls have enjoyed themselves extremely. I took them to the house where Nora lodged, and to the house where Torp lodged. We went to the graveyard where Arthur lies buried, to Florian's shop, to Frau Cramer's, to the lake, to the mill. I even pointed out the spring where Torp surrendered, and made his famous proposal!"

"It was very naughty of him, but he so enjoyed a joke," concluded Madame Tautphœus, with that sweet smile of hers, arch and sad at once.

She has told the story of At Odds in the preface, where she speaks of the interest with which she listened to the reminiscences of the troublous times in which she has laid the scene of the book. She never considered At Odds equal to her other books. She was in very delicate health all the time she was writing it, and the narrative proceeded but slowly, with frequent halts, as she was obliged to lay it aside sometimes for weeks, and even months. During this time (two or three years, if I remember correctly) she was a great deal in Meran, where she went for the grape cure; and the local coloring, always so admirable in her books, is so here, as is also the historical part of the story, which was carefully studied on the spot. Her delicate health, which lasted some years after At Odds was finished, was a reason for not writing again. Her husband was extremely anxious about her, and as the physicians had strenuously advised her to live in the open air, he enforced their injunction rigidly. For ten years she lived "idle and continually out of doors," until her health was reëstablished; but even then her husband vigorously opposed her writing much, he was so afraid that the stooping over the desk would bring on the delicacy of chest which had so much alarmed him. I once asked why, when more years had passed, and her health was restored, she had not written; and she answered that when she wrote her four books she was really "impelled," as it were, to do so, because they haunted her imagination; that she had then obeyed a certain imperious necessity for expression; but that afterward, if she had written, it must have been urged either by pressing necessity or ambition, or by a desire to escape from herself. "I had," she said, "none of those reasons to spur me. My life was very happy, very full of interest in every way. I had always liked reading and studying better than writing. Perhaps I was also a little lazy," she wound up, with a smile.

I have now mentioned all she said to me about her books, except one thing, — that her gain from them had been very small, and that for many years she had received nothing. When the furor for

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them was at its height, on a snowy day in the depth of winter, a London publisher made his appearance at her country place, and presented a paper already prepared for her signature. In this paper she made over all her rights in her books to him, in consideration of a sum which then seemed a large one, but which she had lived to discover miserably insufficient. She evidently regretted this transaction, but observed that neither she nor her husband knew anything of commercial affairs, and could not suspect that the one in question would involve so heavy a loss.

I have said that her son was for years ambassador from Bavaria to the Vatican. It is strange that she should never have gone to Italy. Of that loveliest of lands she knew practically nothing, although she was learned — even very learned — in Italian literature, and had an almost if not quite perfect command of the language. She had "always intended to go to Italy;" but now that her son was dead, and she was close upon seventy-nine years of age, she spoke of the long-projected Italian journey as of a past and lost possibility, admitting that the time for it was among the things that were. She lived much in the past, I think, and the varied and precious memories which crowded her thoughts may perhaps have done something to alleviate the sombre solitude in which she lived, — a solitude which at that time was shared only by her old servants, who were evidently devotedly attached to her. I saw her for the last time on a bleak, bitter day in January, 1888. The suburb in which she had elected to live, the new Weissenburger Strasse, was as *banal* and dreary as it was possible to be. The snow fell silently outside, and from her drawing-room window the prospect — over timber yards, and new, commonplace, boxlike houses, all covered with snow — was unutterably depressing, just one remove from squalor, and only not vulgar because so dreary. Madame de Tautphœus said that she had once spent a summer, the first after her bereavement, in this detestable spot. (The adjective is mine, not hers.) Some of her own relations were with her, "and the days passed; for when in deep trouble, the more disagreeable the surroundings, the better."

Just before I took my leave, she jumped up, with the peculiarly quick, graceful motion which was so characteristic of her, and more like a young girl than a woman long past seventy, and saying, "I want to show you something," went to her writing-table and took out two photographs. One was of Schloss Marquardstein, the other of a church, — "A sad place to me, for under the altar of that church lies our family vault."

Here, on the 15th of November, 1893, her long pilgrimage over, the worn frame, which in life had held such a treasure of all womanly virtues as well as high and rare intelligence, was laid to rest beside the dust of her husband and her son.

M. L. Thompson.

MODEST EXCELLENCE.

Two volumes of miscellaneous verse, issued in the last days of the last year, suggest thoughts to the ambitious and impatient. They represent, in some sort, the mental diversions of two highly distinguished yet not very widely known writers, curiously unlike each other, but having this in common: that their lives — one now, and the other long ago mature — have been singly devoted to that

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sort of inconspicuous yet sound and priceless work which does so much to preserve intact, amid a faithless and perverse generation, the high tradition of English letters.

Of all the inquiring American students who are under endless obligation to the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, for help, encouragement, and illumination of their special subjects, not many, we suppose, are apt to think of him as a poet. They were the scrapbooks of the sixties which absorbed the exquisite but anonymous Ballad of the Boat, and those are consequently elderly hearts in which

"The stream was smooth as glass, we said:
'Arise and let 's away,'"

is bound to awaken sentimental memories. The younger men know Dr. Richard Garnett chiefly as a generous compendium of all manner of humane lore; some have haply experienced his rather formidable powers of literary criticism — and witticism; a few may have grasped the fact that he is not only about the best of living biographers, but one of the most brilliant of living story-tellers; hardly one, and for good reason, ever gives a thought to the solid, learned, and yet splendid character of the world of self-effacing work which he has done for the British Encyclopædia and the Dictionary of National Biography. Now he has made a collection[1] from the poems of some forty years, about a third of which — including the beautiful Ballad aforesaid — first appeared in a tiny volume published in 1858, without the author's name, and entitled Primula.

It is interesting to compare these two editions, divided by a full generation of time. There is hardly a trace of revision in the later, and none was needed. The first and the last thought of one who turns over the new volume, ever so idly, must needs be, "How exceedingly *classic*, in structure and effect, English verse can be made; and what a mysterious and enduring charm there is, after all, about that absolute symmetry of poetic form which is sometimes derided as *academic!*" The moral is, that though classic, these verses are not cold, any more than Horace is cold; and they are often as gay, though certainly never as gross, as those of the Augustan poet. There is a jet of inspiration in many of them, and a pungency of meaning not invariably present in the lawless liltings of our younger impressionist bards. In fact, there could hardly be a better description of the best of Dr. Garnett's lyrics than that which he himself has unconsciously given in the elegiac couplet entitled The Lyrical Poem: —

"Passion the fathomless spring, and words the precipitate waters,
Rhythm the bank that binds these to their musical bed."

This, it will be observed, is an almost faultless elegiac; not, for the rest, the most difficult of classic metres to transfer to a modern tongue. But it is a notable fact, and goes, I think, indirectly to show how perfectly natural to himself the seemingly studied manner of the poet really is, that when he purposely adopts a measure from the antique, he is by no means always as successful as in the finished lines just quoted. The sapphics in which he laments the last poems of Sappho herself are not particularly good even for English sapphics; while, on the other hand, his translations into the simplest of English metres, out of the Greek Anthology, — first published in 1869, and not included in the present volume, — are in one respect, at least, that of never blunting the delicate and nimble wit of the original, about the most satisfying ever made. Here is a consummate paraphrase of the familiar farewell of Laïs to her mirror: —

"Venus, from Laïs, once as fair as thou,
Receive this mirror, — useless to me now;

[1] *Poems.* By Richard Garnett. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day. 1893.

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For what despoiling Time has made of me
I will not, what he marred I cannot, see."

A little farther on in the same book, we find among the acknowledged imitations, which are simply signed R. G., this, which is almost more Greek than the versions themselves: —

"Heaven only knows, false fair, which of us both
Most frequent mocks it, with a fragile oath:
Thou, swearing thou wilt never more deceive;
Or I, that I will never more believe."

This has all the playfulness of the Hellenic spirit at its brightest. Here, on the other hand, from the later volume, though still among the reprints from the earliest of all, is a noble specimen of Dr. Garnett's graver manner:

AGE.

I will not rail, or grieve when torpid eld
Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see
The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
The fitful ravage of December wild
Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,
Seeing the common doom, that all compelled.
No kindred we to her belovèd broods,
If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;
But one path travel all her multitudes,
And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:
"Sun, to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;
Stream, to thy sea; and man, unto thy death!"

It is also interesting to observe, by the way, how early the singer of so many years had mastered the main difficulties of the sonnet form. Since then, he has carried this exercise to a pitch of extraordinary refinement; and the latest work of his with which the present writer is acquainted — certain translations of Spanish and Italian sonnets, and especially of some of the more subtle and evasive of Petrarch's — does all that it seems possible ever to do in the way of naturalizing their exotic beauties.

In the racy prose volume of satiric fables, published in 1888 under the title of The Twilight of the Gods, and Other Tales, Dr. Garnett compels some of the more precious foibles of the present day to masquerade under classic names, and with the scenery and decoration of a bygone world. Others have attempted the same feat before him, but who has ever achieved it in a manner at once so erudite and so mirth-provoking as his? It is marvelous to us that this delightful book should have had so slight a vogue, and that so few, comparatively, among our jaded and worried contemporaries should ever have realized what a *gran divertimento* it offers them. Can it be that these demure narratives are really too witty for their time and place; that their keen merriment is too Aristophanic, or Lucianic, or what not, for a period in which Oxford dons have been known to shake their sides over Rudder Grange and The Innocents Abroad?

But whatever *amende* may really be due from a dull generation to this polished jester, it is always we Americans who owe him most; for we have, as a nation, in all living England, no truer and more discriminating friend than he. Far from him, at all times, the cheap and hackneyed sneer at our "crudity," the captious disparagement of our best and most serious effort, which, for some utterly mysterious reason, is more than ever the mode, just now, among British critics of things American. Dr. Garnett has recorded his manly protest against the pettiness of all this, beside offering the most superb of apologies for our own palpable shortcomings, in the sonnet

TO AMERICA

AFTER READING SOME UNGENEROUS CRITICISM.

What though thy Muse the singer's art essay
With lip now over-loud, now over-low?
'T is but the augury that makes her so
Of the high things she hath in charge to say.
How shall the giantess of gold and clay,
Girt with two oceans, crowned with Arctic snow,

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Sandaled with shining seas of Mexico,
Be pared to trim proportion, in a day?
Thou art too great! Thy million-billowed surge
Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea
Confounds the ranging eye, from verge to verge,
With mazy strife, or smooth immensity.
Not soon, or easily, shall thence emerge
A Homer or a Shakespeare worthy thee.

Even more fully and forcibly, he has written in the same sense in his preface to the edition of Lowell's Essays included in the Camelot Classics; though here it seems to us that he almost overstates the case in our favor, when he pronounces the well-equipped American critic even better placed for the full estimate of an English masterpiece — because he stands a little further from his subject — than the Englishman himself. Dr. Garnett goes far, however, toward proving the converse of his proposition in his own charming Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1889), a signal achievement in its highly sympathetic appreciation of certain American qualities and conditions which appear to bewilder the ordinary Englishman more than any other foreigner. How one who never saw it should so exactly have divined that unique and ingenuous Concord *milieu*, at once the creation of Emerson's genius and its necessary complement, is indeed a mystery. Dr. Garnett reproduces it as perfectly, moves in it as freely and happily, as if his home had been on Monument Street, and his family vault in Sleepy Hollow. Certain of its aspects tickle his sense of humor; and how should they not? Have they not ministered to the private glee of all of us, — though tears of grateful affection were never far from our eyes when we laughed? To our thinking, this is not only the best of Dr. Garnett's long series of admirable biographies, but it has, in its perfect symmetry and noble candor, a distinction which it does not lose when placed beside the thorough and grave life by Cabot, the clean-cut, quick study by Holmes, and ranking as a piece of clear and speaking portraiture with the graceful filial reminiscences of Dr. Edward Emerson himself.

We have touched, almost at random, upon a few only of the more salient aspects of a many-sided and vigorous talent; not attempting anything like a comprehensive estimate, or even a complete catalogue, of Dr. Garnett's works. Let us turn now to his younger contemporary, very much more a child of the age than he ever was, and anything rather than an apologist for America, which he professes warmly to hate, but whose name, for reasons that will appear, associates itself naturally enough with that of Dr. Garnett.

Of all the virile and brilliant work which Mr. William Henley has given to the world, there is very little which he himself seems to have cared to preserve in a permanent form. Three of the extremely striking plays which he wrote in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson — first issued separately, and in that form much sought after by the bibliophile — were reprinted in one volume about a year ago. There is another small volume of critical essays, mostly brief, trenchant but not unkindly, highly suggestive; as good as the best contemporary French work, and much resembling it in the rather uncommon qualities of penetration and lucidity. There are two tiny books of verse, and that is all. This is extraordinary reserve, — a reserve which some of our popular writers would do very well to imitate, but in which we sincerely hope that Mr. Henley will not persevere.

The Views and Reviews are dedicated to "The Men of the Scots Observer," with which, and with its reincarnation, the National Observer, Mr. Henley's name has always been identified, and where the majority of these papers first appeared. The idea of reprinting them in their present form did not originate with their author, nor was the selection made by him. But he consented to re-

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vise them, and they seem to us, in their present form, abundantly to fulfill his modest hope that they "will be found to have that unity which comes of method and an honest regard for letters." Their thoroughness is unobtrusive, their charm is unfailing, and they are absolutely sane. We have noted, in the whole book, only one little lapse of memory, and that is in the very impressive summing-up of Tolstóy: "If he chose, he could be as keen a satirist and as indefatigable a student of the meannesses and the minor miseries of life — the toothaches and the pimples of existence — as Thackeray. But he does not choose." Surely Mr. Henley had forgotten his Anna Karénine when he wrote this, — the protuberant veins on her husband's dry and soulless hands, the maddening cracking of his finger-joints! And did not the lover of that unhappy lady have a toothache — precisely a toothache — at a very inopportune moment, so that the undignified malady had a distinct influence on her doom?

It is not that we can always agree with Mr. Henley's estimates or accept his judgments without an appeal. We love him for his love of Scott and Dumas *père*, but his Thackeray is not ours, nor can we quite admit either his Meredith or his Disraeli. But he never fails to refresh and stimulate. One goes back to him with a sense of relaxation, from much of the irrelevant stuff which is proffered us in the way of literary criticism, and he may always be re-read with profit. Let us be frivolous, and try a *Sors Henliana*, culling a quotation from the page at which the small book may choose to open. Here it is, the last paragraph of the paper on Homer and Theocritus: —

"It is a relief to turn from the dust and din and clatter of modern life, with its growing trade in heroes and its poverty of men, its innumerable regrets and ambitions and desires, to this immense tranquillity, this candid and shining calm. They had no Irish question then, you can reflect, nor was theology invented. Men were not afraid of life nor ashamed of death, and you could be heroic without a dread of clever editors, and hospitable without fear of rogues, and dutiful for no hope of illuminated scrolls. Odysseus disguised as Irus is still Odysseus and august. How is it that Mr. Gladstone in rags and singing ballads would be only fit for a police station; that Lord Salisbury hawking cocoanuts would instantly suggest the purlieus of Petticoat Lane? Is the fault in ourselves? Can it be that we have deteriorated so much as that? Nerves, nerves, nerves. . . . These many centuries the world has had neuralgia, and what has come of it is that Robert Elsmere is an ideal, and the bleat of the sentimentalist might almost be mistaken for the voice of living England."

The Three Plays will also be found very good reading, though they were professedly written for the stage, and not the closet. Beau Austin and Deacon Brodie have been subjected to the test of representation, and have borne it better than the majority of modern English dramas. Admiral Guinea has never been seen. It is the most original of the three, but it contains two rôles as difficult as they are alluring. Pending the discovery of an ideal pair to play these two remarkable parts, Mr. Henley has resisted many overtures, and in fact has obstinately declined to have the piece acted at all. It is one more instance of that self-restraint which we began by noting, and which receives fresh illustration from his verse. In his poetry, if anywhere, a man is expected to let himself go, but Mr. Henley's anxiety always appears to be lest he should reveal himself too freely.

To the memorable series of poems In Hospital he has prefaced this motto from Balzac: "On ne saurait dire à quel point un homme, seul dans son lit et malade, devient personnel." The proud

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and touching apology was not needed. What strikes the reader most in these "mortal lullabies of pain," the résumé of an *in-patient's* tragic experience from entrance to discharge, is the inexhaustible sympathy for others, the perpetual effacement of self. There is nothing in all the fine series of hospital lyrics, so rich in compassion, so disdainful of complaint, which is quite as "personal" as the following, included among the supplementary pieces in the same volume:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

Take next, by way of contrast, a specimen of Mr. Henley in his merry mood. The title, Of the Frowardness of Woman, will prepare us to find him holding high Tory views on a certain importunate question: —

"All the idols are overthrowing,
Man the end of his reign descries.
Maids are clamoring, wives are crowing,
Widows thrill with a wild surmise.
Those one follows and those one flies,
The loth to be won, and the willing to woo,
Look at the world with longing eyes.
Nothing is left for the men to do.

"Pulpit and platform overflowing,
Ready the scheme of things to revise,
See them — eager, militant, knowing! —
Write, plead, wrangle, philosophize!
Answer papers, and vote supplies,
Wield a racquet, handle a cue,
Paint, fight, legislate, theorize.
Nothing is left for the men to do.

"Cora 's riding and Lilian 's rowing,
Celia's novels are books one buys;
Julia 's lecturing, Phillis is mowing,
Sue is a dealer in oils and dyes,
Flora and Dora poetize;
Jane 's a bore and Bee is a blue,
Sylvia lives to anatomize.
Nothing is left for the men to do."

The *envoy* is distinctly malicious, but it must not be suppressed: —

"Prince, our past on the dust-heap lies!
Saving to scrub, to bake, to brew,
Nurse, dress, prattle, and scandalize,
Nothing is left for the men to do."

It is always a little rash to change the title of a book. The public feels that its own rights are infringed. When Mr. Henley, a little more than a year ago, made a second collection of his poems, he named it from the fiery Song of the Sword. Now we have a new edition of the same book, much rearranged, somewhat enlarged, a little improved, and it is called London Voluntaries.[1] The latter is unquestionably the better title, since it emphasizes what is most original in the new volume. The Song of the Sword has been essayed by many, from King Olaf's favorite minstrel onward; but the Voluntaries describe with matchless fidelity some of the more impressive aspects of the monster town. It is with a sense of something like suffocation that one who knows his London reads the following:

"Out of the poisonous East,
Over a continent of blight,
Like a maleficent Influence released
From the most squalid cellarage of hell,
The Wind-Fiend, the abominable —
The hangman wind that tortures temper and light —
Comes slouching, sullen and obscene,
Hard on the skirts of the embittered night,
And, in a cloud unclean
Of excremental humors, roused to strife
By the operation of some ruinous change
Wherever his evil mandates run and range
Into a dire intensity of life,
A craftsman at his bench, he settles down
To the grim job of throttling London Town."

This movement of the Voluntaries is

[1] *London Voluntaries.* By W. E. Henley. London: David Nutt. 1893.

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appropriately prefaced by the direction *Largo e mesto.* But there is a London *scherzo* as well, from which we cull a picturesque passage: —

"For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square —
The fountains volleying golden glaze —
Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant Lions in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round."

But it is time to stay the hand in quotation, and we will even let the reader escape the literary moral half promised at the beginning of these desultory remarks. Who knows but it may have pointed itself in the course of them?

DEAN STANLEY.

Dean Stanley died in 1881, and a series of obstacles, narrated in the preface to his Life and Correspondence,[1] prevented till now the publication of any full record of his career. The reader has the advantage in a better perspective; a period of thirteen years is long enough to permit the softening of some outlines, the depression of some incidents which loomed up mightily at the time they occurred, but not too long to permit the fading of a strong character which rises out of the pages of this full memoir with a distinctness of personality almost as great as belonged to the man whose life Stanley made so contributory to English thought. Stanley's Arnold was a model biography in its full yet restrained portraiture; Prothero's Stanley has to do with a character no less marked than that of Arnold, but set in a much more complex frame of circumstance. Arnold, moreover, was but forty-seven when he died; Stanley, born ten years later than Arnold, was sixty-six when he died; and the most emphatic impression made by the book before us is of the abundance of a life led in the very centre of English thought and action. Mr. Prothero, with a candor not always to be found in a biographer, and with a fidelity which implies loyalty to truth, and not partisanship, has used a great many lines in drawing Stanley's portrait, — more, perhaps, than a greater artist would have required; but the result is worth the pains taken. We could have dispensed with some of the delightful letters of travel, if we could have had more details of Stanley's intercourse with men, — as, for example, in the Revision Committee; for when a man's writings are so considerable and so interpretative as Stanley's, the biographer's task is rather to draw upon material not thus accessible to readers; and in the great variety of Stanley's social intercourse lay the opportunity for a fresh illustration of his character. Mr. Prothero also devotes himself with perhaps too great assiduity to comment on Stanley's theological position. Yet, after all the minor criticism one may make, these two volumes constitute an honorable monument to the memory of a man who was conspicuous in his generation rather than eminent, who exercised a strong personal influence rather than left a great impress upon his time, but who, by virtue of his

[1] *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late Dean of Westminster.* By Rowland E. Prothero and G. G. Bradley. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

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strong sympathies, his generous nature, and the positions which he occupied, never can be left out of account in any assessment of the England of to-day.

The external incidents of his career follow in swift and mounting succession. Born of an ancient family, the son of a clergyman who became Bishop of Norwich, early satisfying his passion for travel, a boy at Rugby when Arnold was setting his stamp upon impressionable youth, a student at Oxford when the University was stirred by a great ecclesiastical revival, secretary to the commission which was long engaged in reforming the higher education of England, tutor of University College, canon of Canterbury, professor of ecclesiastical history in the University, canon of Christ Church, the chosen companion of the Prince of Wales in his journey to Egypt and Palestine, married to a lady high in the favor of the Queen, established at Westminster as dean, in a position practically independent of ecclesiastical control, — such a career stated in mere outline has power to arrest the attention; and when one considers further the wide range of Stanley's travel, the scope of his familiar acquaintance, and the deep security of his domestic life both before and after marriage, one sees the rich possibilities of a life so led.

It was because Stanley gave freely that he received freely. His achievements as a student, less in the formal academic way than in the eager essays at high literary expression, had already marked him among his fellows, at first in school, afterward in college. His Life of Arnold showed him a literary artist of no mean order, and his successive publications attested both the fecundity of his mind, and those qualities of appreciation, of vivid reproduction, which are acceptable in the field of nature, but far more keenly enjoyed when the material wrought upon is human history, and especially that history concerned with the ideas which underlie action. If Maurice, in the same day and generation, was the prophet who disclosed the thought of God in human history, Stanley was the poet who reconstructed that which had been treated as sacred history, so that its humanity was restored, and its sanctity made to be resident in it, not imposed upon it.

It was by his Sinai and Palestine and his Jewish Church that Stanley acquired the widest repute, and the constructive, imaginative art of these books is likely to keep them alive among the people when more exact scholarship demands a treatment severer and more critical. But these books, though the deposit of his observation and reflection in travel and study, hardly suffice to account for the popularity of Stanley, and for the great interest which attaches to his personality, — an interest which these two volumes of Mr. Prothero's labor clearly attest, and in a large degree explain. A single word may perhaps set this forth, but it is a large word. Stanley's patriotism was the rock upon which his fame was built. The patriotism of an intellectual man who was also a Churchman, who stood publicly for an order, yet never aggrandized that order, was something very fine in its quality and passionate in its lofty fervor. It did not expend itself in phrases, but was as deep-seated as life itself. It is possible to look at the term *noblesse oblige* until it becomes the synonym for a pharisaic complacency; but when a man whose familiar associations are with those who inherit rank and power strikes hands, by force of his nature, with those who are shut out from power or feel the weight of the classes above them, and does this without any sense of condescension, and with no consciousness of separation from his own order, we may justly say that he reckons himself under a common obligation. Stanley caught fire from Arnold's enthusiasm for a church and state which knew no dividing barrier. All the dialectics in the world could not serve either

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of these men to make their proposition logically whole; but Stanley, unlike Arnold, who shot pamphlets at the mark, expended a life of restless energy in demonstrating in his own person how a great idea may dominate the soul, and tinge every part of one's activity. The deanship of Westminster was a vantage ground for a man so possessed, but it was also the natural and just landing-place of one with Stanley's patriotic passion. That it was, so to speak, the only official post in England where a man with Stanley's ideas could put them into official expression may intimate that a general acceptance of these ideas was not practicable; but it would be truer to say that the sentiment which dominated the Dean of Westminster was one entirely possible to Englishmen, whatever might be their theories of church and state; that Stanley's sentiment was infinitely more precious than his theory; and that the conspicuous use which he made of his opportunities served in the public mind very much as the colors of a forlorn hope. When Stanley forbade the use of the abbey to the Pan-Anglican Synod because it was in plan and purpose sectarian, though catholic in name, and opened its pulpit to nonconformists and laymen because he desired it to be the meeting-house of the English nation, he involved himself in a network of casuistic discussion, but his singleness of mind was vindicated. There was much that was imaginative, but there was more of lofty, comprehensive conception of national being in the whole attitude which he took toward English historic life, and the life of contemporary England. His delight in pageant, his amplification of trivial coincidences, his quick sense of occult comparisons, were the exuberant manifestations of a nature which was profoundly loyal, and gave itself unceasingly to every effort which looked toward unity and solidarity. It was impossible, one might say, for a mind so instinctively unifying in all its operations, so highly associative in its constitution, to act otherwise; but the impelling power which drove all these mental forces in the direction of national well-being was not intellectual, it was emotional; the passion of patriotism was a steadily burning flame, and every activity was kindled by it.

It is hard for an ardent American, especially of the educated class, to read attentively such a book as this without a passing envy of the conditions under which a career like Stanley's was consummated. At first blush, there seems so much greater concentration of opportunity, so much closer connection between the man and the nation. Stanley seems almost to have given one hand to the Queen, the other to the workman, and to have held both firmly in his grasp. The personal element is noticeable, and the firmer texture of society makes every stroke of a man's work more evident. Instead of a vast area of manifold interests, isolated in great measure from each other, an island, with one controlling nervous centre; instead of a group of loosely organized religious bodies, an establishment, with its roots for better or worse in the very soil of the social and political world; instead of a multitudinous company of local magnates, a compact body of legislators, whose concern is both local and imperial. It is no wonder that, as one compares the two countries, the possibility of making one's personality tell upon national well-being in the United States seems inconsiderable beside that offered to ingenuous youth in England. Dissipation of energy appears to be the rule in one case, concentration of power in the other.

It would be a weak nature, however, which would be discouraged by such a superficial survey. Cathedrals, venerable universities, great estates, a highly organized society, — these have strong attractions, especially for those who look at them in the distance, from a fore-

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ground which is encumbered by the unordered materials of a new community. Stronger still is the power of attraction in a varied and immemorial history whose monuments are all about one, and whose institutions appeal to one's veneration. But there is another side to all this. The young American whose start in life may be regarded as somewhat parallel to that of Stanley, so far as social position and educational opportunity are concerned, has an outlook which may well stir him. The very breadth of his horizon carries with it a splendid summons. There is a conception of patriotism which, like Stanley's, draws its inspiration from deeper sources than party or order. No one, gifted like him with historic imagination and the power of generalization, need be at a loss for material from which to construct the real entity of the United States out of the discordant elements which so easily strike the casual observer; and seeing a nation in its highest destiny is to invest all one's own purposes of service with a noble quality. To be in with the making of a country gives more zest than to be a conserver; and in the application of his personal power to the accomplishment of great ends lies the true source of that constant spring which sets the young man in a large place. The pictorial circumstance of Stanley's career is as nothing to the deep spiritual conditions of his habit of mind; and the young American, inspired by his life, may hold lightly the circumstances of the very contemporaneous society in which he is set, when he considers how far freer are his motions, how much less dependent he is on place and station, and how liberal is the measure of his own opportunities of expression. After all, to be a person, and to be at the centre of things, demands freedom, and we suspect that this freedom in thought, in self-expression through words and action, is the birthright of the educated American in a sense in which it is denied the educated Englishman; for this very reason it calls for a higher type of patriotism, a loyalty to ideas even more than to persons and institutions.

FRENCH AID IN AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

ANY lingering idea that but for Lafayette, or the enthusiasm excited by him, the French government would not have assisted America, and that that government was actuated by generous sympathy for the oppressed, ought to be dispelled by an elaborate work which shows, from the archives of the Paris Foreign Office, why and how that assistance was rendered.[1] M. Doniol, as director of the Imprimerie Nationale, was anxious to send to the Paris Exhibition of 1889 a specimen of its productions, and he obtained the permission of his superiors to relate the diplomatic history of French aid to America. He has accordingly issued five bulky quartos, only three of which appeared in time for that exhibition; but the French Academy did not wait for the completion of the work, to award him, in 1890, its Gobert history prize. The typography is admirable, but the paper, strange to say, is of that indifferent quality which, in the opinion of connoisseurs, condemns nearly all the French books of our day to an existence shorter than the span of human life. In a minute and painstaking narrative,

[1] *Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique.* Par HENRI DONIOL. In five volumes. Paris: A. Picard. 1886–92.

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avowedly modeled on Mignet's Spanish Succession, and without any attempt at brilliancy, M. Doniol has utilized the works of his predecessors, including Bancroft's extracts from English and German archives. Indeed, while maintaining that Bancroft exaggerates the sympathy of Frederick the Great with America, and while resolutely controverting his view of the peace negotiations, M. Doniol acknowledges that the American historian is substantially accurate as regards French policy. The work will be a necessary auxiliary to future writers on the War of Independence, for it is rich in documents of unimpeachable authority; but its conclusions will not be universally accepted. It is not unlikely that a Spaniard, exploring his national records, would vindicate Grimaldi and Florida-Blanca from the many reproaches here cast on them, while an American would certainly challenge the judgment passed on Jay and Adams, and on the decisions of Congress.

The fact is that M. Doniol holds a brief on behalf of the Comte de Vergennes, who, the son of an obscure provincial judge, filled various foreign embassies from 1740 to 1768, and was at the head of the Foreign Office from 1774 till his death in 1787. Vergennes is the hero of the work; Maurepas, old and cautious after twenty-five years' disgrace for an epigram on Madame la Pompadour, and Louis XVI., pliable and inexperienced, being his nominal masters, but his usually docile associates. Vergennes is always right, whereas nearly everybody else is frequently or systematically wrong. We say "nearly everybody," for Washington is described as never forgetting his obligations to France, and Franklin is absolved, on the score of gout, from the bad faith imputed to his colleagues in 1783, though Talleyrand would probably have asked, as in an analogous case, "What motive has he for having the gout?" As for Spain, she has sometimes to be checked, more often to be urged on. She is bent on compensation for her intervention, and does not always inform her faithful ally of the enemy's secret overtures. But France is all along disinterested. She merely wants to rid herself of that humiliating clause of the treaty of 1763 which prescribed the demolition of the fortifications of Dunkirk, and entitled England to station a commissary there to watch against any reconstruction, — a commissary who caviled even at repairs to the quays. She is allowed the benefit of extenuating circumstances when, protesting to England her strict neutrality, she gives the colonists what Vergennes himself styles "clandestine" support; advancing a million francs for war supplies, and inducing Spain to do the same; employing the dramatist Beaumarchais to pose as shipping contractor, and meeting England's remonstrances against the departure of his vessels from Nantes by orders of detention carefully timed to arrive too late. Now, although Vergennes is certainly overrated by M. Doniol, he did show tenacity of purpose, and he achieved his aim of weakening England. International ethics do not condemn a nation for wreaking revenge on an arrogant rival, and Vergennes unquestionably did what seemed best for his country's interest. It is by no means clear, moreover, that the French Revolution, which he did not live to see, but which expatriated and ruined his sons, was hastened by American independence. It is true that French officers who had served in America returned home with ideas of liberty, but Lafayette's prominence in the Revolution was very transient. The cost of the war may have accelerated the financial deadlock which necessitated the summoning of the States-General in 1799, but if so it merely hastened an inevitable break-down.

Assuming, however, that the French monarchy was well advised in helping America, M. Doniol manifestly goes too far in maintaining that "a more honest, devoted, and noble attitude, from first to

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last, has rarely been offered to the judgment of history." He is positively incensed with American statesmen for being suspicious of French designs, and for signing the peace preliminaries before notifying Vergennes; thereby, as he contends, preventing Spain from recovering Gibraltar. Yet, by his own showing, France, like every other power, — like Spain coveting the left bank of the Mississippi, like Prussia piling Austrian schemes on the Bavarian succession, like the league of neutrals anxious to share in American trade, — was aiming at her own advantage. True, she did not seek the reacquisition of Canada, partly because she considered it impracticable; partly because she underrated its value, as she had done when leaving it almost undefended; mainly because she wished it to be, by continuing in English hands, a thorn in the side of the United States, rendering them dependent on her friendship; but she sought to get a share of American trade, to humble England, and to regain in Europe the prestige lost by the partition of Poland, in which she had been allowed no voice. Of sympathy with colonial emancipation there is not and could not be a syllable in Vergennes's dispatches. France had her West India colonies, which she wished to retain; and she was not apprehensive of any movement for independence, for at home as in the colonies there was "taxation without representation." So exclusively bent, indeed, was Vergennes on French interests that at the outset he wished the Americans to be put down; for he had adopted the opinion of Lord North, that the rising was incited or fomented by the parliamentary opposition in order to regain office, and he feared that Chatham, returning to power, would not merely pacify the colonists, but would attack France. He accordingly promised the strictest neutrality. Yet in 1775 he told Lord Stormont, the British ambassador at Paris, that on hearing, at his Constantinople embassy, in 1763, of the French cession of Canada, he predicted that the colonies, thus released from fear of French neighbors, would demand independence; and he must have known that Pontleroy, the spy sent by the French government across the Atlantic in 1764, had distinctly prophesied such independence. Vergennes, however, feared, or affected to fear, that the colonists, if successful, would covet the French and Spanish possessions, and he even foreboded that they would eventually allow no European power a foot of soil in the New World. This was certainly taking a long look ahead. He soon abandoned the desire for British success, his next sentiment being that England's troubles in America would prevent her from disturbing Europe, and he chuckled at the sight of England "tearing herself to pieces." Then, in August, 1775, he dispatched a secret envoy, bearing the very appropriate name of Bonvouloir, to hold out a promise of French aid, and he advised Louis XVI. to give clandestine assistance. Here are his Reflections in 1775: —

"By responding to the request of the colonies, and assuming the assistance given by us to be effective, the following advantages appear likely to result: (1.) The power of England will be diminished, and our own correspondingly increased. (2.) Her trade will suffer an irreparable loss, whereas ours will be the gainer. (3.) It is very probable that in the course of events we may recover a portion of the possessions in America which the English have taken from us, such as the Newfoundland fishery, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Cape Breton, etc. We do not speak of Canada."

Turgot, who, like the other ministers, had, in April, 1776, to give his opinion on this proposal, enunciated broad views on the uselessness of colonies in general, on the certainty in all cases of ultimate independence, and on the advantages of free trade; but we need quote, for our present purpose, only this short passage:

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"The most desirable event in the interest of the two crowns [France and Spain] would be that England should overcome the resistance of her colonies and force them to submit to her yoke; because if they were subjugated merely by the ruin of their resources, England would lose the advantages hitherto derived by her, whether during peace, from the increase of her trade, or whether during war, from the use she could make of their forces. If, on the other hand, the vanquished colonies should preserve their wealth and population, they would preserve the courage and desire of independence, and would oblige England to employ part of her forces in preventing them from another insurrection."

The policy of covert assistance was thus formally adopted twelve months before Lafayette's departure for America, which event thus falls into its true perspective as a simple episode, rather unpleasant than otherwise to Vergennes, because giving England a fresh ground of complaint. As it was, the Comte de Guines, at London, had amply to justify Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador as "a man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." He had to make protestations of neutrality, or even of unfriendliness to the insurgents, though Vergennes warned him against committing these to writing, lest they should be paraded before Parliament, and should discourage the Americans, who might take them seriously. He had also to affirm that Vergennes was utterly ignorant of the object of Franklin's arrival in France, although Vergennes ingenuously added that he did not expect this to be believed. Guines, accordingly, spoke contemptuously of Franklin as a mere scientist. England was not, however, deceived by these equivocations, for she had bought over Edward Bancroft, who wormed out his secrets from the unsuspecting Silas Deane.

In the summer of 1776 Vergennes was on the point of unsheathing the sword, and he urged these considerations on Spain: —

"The connection which the war would form between France and North America would not be one of those transient bonds occasioned by momentary exigencies, and then vanishing away. No interests could divide two peoples communicating with each other only by sea; the necessary commercial relations which would arise between them would form a tie, if not perpetual, at least of long duration, which, stimulating French industry, would bring to our ports those commodities, more necessary than precious, which America produces, which she formerly poured into English ports, and which, by feeding the industry of that nation, have done so much towards raising her to that astonishing degree of wealth to which we see her arrived. It is doubly an advantage when the increase of national industry tends to the reduction of that of the rival power."

But the battle of Long Island induced Vergennes to defer the declaration of war; for he inferred that the campaign would be long and chiefly naval, and he feared that the French fleet was as yet unequal to it. He consequently persuaded Spain to continue the policy of secret assistance, justifying this by the precedent of Queen Elizabeth's aid to the Dutch. "Let us," he wrote on the 5th of November, 1776, "insure, if possible, the separation of England's North American colonies. Her trade narrowed and reduced, and her finances more burdensome, her power will be correspondingly weakened, and she will be rendered less proud and restless. France and Spain could then congratulate themselves on having achieved more than the conquest of a rich province." By the summer of 1777, France, having completed her naval preparations, was anxious to forestall England in declaring war, but Spain, who had formerly been eager for it, now obstinately held back. Grimaldi had been succeeded by Florida-Blanca, who was

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apprehensive that England, abandoning the contest with the insurgents, would seek compensation by attacking Spanish America. He also urged that the United States might become formidable even to their benefactors. Vergennes, in combating this objection, acknowledged that they might one day become powerful, but maintained that thirteen self-governing States would be too much absorbed in their local concerns to be dangerous to outsiders. The English possession of Canada, moreover, would be a guarantee against their rupture with two powers which had gratuitously obliged them, — a rupture which would be repaying benefits by the blackest ingratitude. But Vergennes's representations were ineffectual; and though in February, 1778, he concluded a treaty with America, and as the first sign of hostilities sent the Dunkirk commissary about his business, Spain held back till April, 1780.

M. Doniol, in order to make his work complete, has thought it necessary to give an account of French military operations, thus decided upon "by a very commonplace king in the sick-room of an aged minister [Maurepas], whose frivolous qualities alone were perceived by his contemporaries, on the report of a minister [Vergennes] of almost obscure birth." But he might perhaps have dispensed with this, for on such matters he does not pretend to have anything new to tell us. He is not, apparently, quite conscious how conclusively he has shown that France studied solely her own interest, both in her clandestine and in her open aid to America. Just as, in 1745, she assisted the Pretender, wishing him to win the Scotch crown only that he should be a thorn in England's side, and a dependent on herself; just as, in 1798, she invaded Ireland, not to benefit the Irish, but to strike a blow at England; just as, in 1859, she sought to supplant Austrian ascendency in Italy; so, in 1778, her object was to weaken England. Even Lafayette, though in his memoirs the lapse of nearly half a century had thrown a halo over the past, acknowledges that he was anxious to see French humiliations avenged; and it is tolerably clear that enthusiasm for liberty did not impel him to his expedition, but was imbibed by him in America, and was brought back to France by him as by other French officers. England, in precisely the same way, assisted the Spaniards against Napoleon; she claiming no gratitude, and they feeling none. It is true that Vergennes, after the war was well over, spoke of having seized the moment for "assisting an oppressed nation, with a well-founded hope of effecting its deliverance;" but this was an afterthought. He then shared, or affected to share, in that popular sympathy for young America of which he had shown no trace during the war. He may have by that time been disappointed with the material results of the campaign, and may have felt the necessity of justifying by some brilliant result the expenditure of so much blood and treasure.

However this may be, M. Doniol's charges of breach of faith against the American negotiators for peace are, to say the least, exaggerated. They may have been unduly suspicious as to French disinterestedness. Knowing how France had equivocated with England during the period of secret aid, they were naturally on their guard against her in the settlement of accounts. They could not know as well as we know, from the dispatches now first published, that France had no thought of recovering Canada, and was little disposed to support Spanish claims to the monopoly of the Mississippi. America could not be expected to prolong the war for the sake of Gibraltar, which Vergennes — mistakenly, we believe — imagined that England would have given up. France was not left in the lurch, as M. Doniol alleges, for she had disavowed all idea of territorial aggrandizement, demanding only the restitution of Tobago, Pondicherry, and several other small de-

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pendencies, together with the annulling of the Dunkirk clause, as to which there could be no difficulty, for England was sensible of the folly of such a standing affront to national dignity. The war had therefore ceased to have any purpose. By way of moral, M. Doniol remarks, "The inspirations of selfishness in the relations of states seem to be dictated by an inevitable law which should be engraven on the frontispiece of every new nation." But this cuts both ways. Selfishness made France oppose the federal Constitution, for she desired to see America permanently weak, that it might be a satellite revolving round her; whereas it was England's interest that the new commonwealth should be strong enough to be independent of the support of her rival. Talleyrand may be deemed cynical, but he took the world as he found it when, writing from Philadelphia, in 1795, to Lord Lansdowne, who, as Lord Shelburne, had concluded the peace of 1783, he said, "The Americans do not deny, indeed, that but for France they would not have succeeded in becoming independent, but they know too much of politics to believe in the virtue called gratitude between nations. They know that disinterested services are alone entitled to that pure sentiment, and that there are no such services between states." Or, as Mr. Lecky said recently of wars for ideas, "I distrust greatly these explosions of military benevolence. . . . They usually end in ways which are not those of a disinterested philanthropy."

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Sources of the Constitution of the United States, considered in Relation to the Colonies and English History, by C. Ellis Stevens. (Macmillan.) Mr. Stevens is the first writer to devote a whole volume to the purpose of showing in a scholarly and yet untechnical way how the American Constitution is a direct outgrowth of English and colonial precedents. After two excellent introductory historical chapters, he takes each branch of the government in turn, — legislative, executive, and judicial, — tracing it from its beginnings in English history down to the American Revolution, and concludes with a chapter showing the intimate connection between the Bill of Rights and the first ten amendments to the Constitution. While preceded in this field by several writers, notably Mr. Hannis Taylor, Mr. Stevens aims at a far greater completeness, and his work will undoubtedly, as a result of its readable and at the same time comprehensive character, serve well as a university textbook. It is, however, in no sense an original contribution to constitutional history, for in every page Mr. Stevens shows his dependence upon the work of previous students; and it is to be regretted that since the work was to be so largely a compilation, the author did not go further, and by incorporating in his text some of the most important documents to which he refers — a step which would not by any means produce a bulky volume — render his work a more complete and useful handbook. — Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. II. (Scribners.) The second volume of these memoirs strengthens the impression produced by the first, — that the work is destined permanently to take a very high place among the really authoritative histories and biographies of the Napoleonic epoch. This volume is concerned with the downfall of the Empire, beginning as it does with the Russian campaign, and ending with the first evacuation of Paris by the allied armies. The state of feeling among the ministers — from whom the brief unfrequent bulletins, no matter how skillfully worded, could not long conceal or even much obscure the reality of disaster following disaster, while the terrible final conscriptions

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were bringing home to every family the horror, and not the glory of war — is very clearly indicated in M. Pasquier's rather unemotional narrative. His is usually the story of an especially calm, self-contained, keen-eyed observer and participator, though there are moments in his record of these fateful years when he becomes almost impassioned. To many readers, we think, the attraction of these memoirs will be the greater in that they are written from the standpoint of a highly placed civilian, for of military annalists of the time there has been no lack. — Sir William Phips devant Quebec, Histoire d'un Siège, par Ernest Myrand. (Demers & Frère, Quebec.) Mr. Myrand has collected the contemporaneous accounts of Phips's expedition, both French and English, and a large number of other documents which throw light upon the movement. Amongst other matters, he recounts the curious error by which one of Lavater's pictures did service as a portrait of Frontenac. — The Christian Recovery of Spain, being the Story of Spain from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada (711–1492 A. D.), by Henry Edward Watts. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) This volume will take a high place in the series to which it belongs, not only by reason of its excellent quality, but because it is the first attempt to tell in a connected form, for the general reader, the confused and often perplexing story of the kindred though constantly warring nations of the Peninsula, who at last were united "rather through the accidents of war and policy than by deliberate choice." It is, in short, an epitome of the history of the formation of the Spanish nation. Mr. Watts has brought judgment and skill as well as abundant knowledge to the performance of his difficult task, and he readily distinguishes between the more and less important, and can severely condense without failing to be lucid and readable. Among other things, the reader will gain from the book a clear comprehension of the reasons why the Moors were able to hold some of the fairest portions of the country for nearly eight centuries; and it should help him to recognize how the long contest with the Moslem was destined to leave a permanent and in some ways ominous impress on the national character. — The Story of Japan, by David Murray, Ph. D., LL. D. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) The writer gives an outline of the history of Japan from its mythical period to the downfall of feudalism and the establishment of constitutional government. As authorities in preparing the book, he acknowledges special obligations to the invaluable aid afforded by the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, and he has also used the works of Chamberlain and other favorably known writers. His sometime residence in Japan and knowledge of the character of its people enable him to handle his material intelligently, and he has produced a well-proportioned and thoroughly readable book. The illustrations to the volume are unusually interesting.

Fiction. In Direst Peril, by David Christie Murray. (Harpers.) The hero of this melodramatic tale is a soldier of fortune, whose sword is always at the service of oppressed peoples; so that, naturally, after falling in love with the half-English daughter of an Italian patriot, he rescues that unfortunate gentleman from an Austrian dungeon, and becomes an ardent champion of The Cause. There is a liberal measure of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, as the story goes on, and the principal actor tells his tale with considerable spirit, and in a straightforward and generally readable fashion. — The Building of the City Beautiful, by Joaquin Miller. (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.) A strange man and a stranger woman chance to meet by the "Needle's Eye" in the walls of Jerusalem. They love each other, and decide that the world must be rebuilt upon the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. The man's attempt at city-building outside San Francisco dismally fails, and the woman's, in a desert near no city, marvelously succeeds, since at every turn she chooses the wiser way. The story is nothing beyond a framework on which to array many beliefs regarding the general miserableness of present conditions and theories for their betterment. The spirit of it all is earnest, if visionary, and the poems at the beginnings of the chapters are characteristic, — crude in many lines, but often distinctly telling. — John Ingerfield, and Other Stories, by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) Taught by painful experience, Mr. Jerome, in his preface, warns his readers and critics that three of the five tales contained in this little volume are serious. Two of the three so de-

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signated show that the author, as a short-story writer, can do good work quite apart from that of the professional humorist. John Ingerfield, the tale of a politely indifferent husband and wife, to whom love and death come as they labor together in a fever-stricken district in eighteenth-century London, is told naturally, sympathetically, and with artistic reserve, while The Woman of the Sœter, in which the hero, in a series of letters, shows the gradual approach of madness, an element of supernaturalism being skillfully blended therewith, is, after its kind, clever and effective. — Dr. Latimer, a Story of Casco Bay, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton.) The attractiveness of this book is not so much in the story, which has few concealments, as in the bright, playful narrative of details. The author is refined, has good taste, and wishes to make her characters happy. She succeeds not only in this, but in drawing the reader on, and making him share in the pleasure of her company. — Dream Life and Real Life, a Little African Story, by Olive Schreiner. (Roberts.) This small book contains two short stories besides the one that gives it its title; nor are they, like the first, tales for children. The second, The Woman's Rose, is a capital antidote for the belief that women have small trust in one another; and the third, in its few strokes, draws with no little force the effect the love of one man had upon the lives of two women. — The Sticket Minister and Some Common Men, by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.) To Robert Louis Stevenson the author dedicates "these stories of that gray Galloway land, where, about the graves of the Martyrs, the whaups are crying;" and so racy of the soil are the sketches that one would probably need to be a fellow-Galwegian to give them the fullest appreciation. But that will not, we think, prevent a general and cordial recognition of their good qualities. The work of the minister of a rural parish, the kirk and its preachers, naturally play an important part in these tales, but not more so than would needs be the case in any Scottish studies so lifelike as these. The book is marked by keen, but at the same time sympathetic insight, a graphic touch, humorous perception, and simple, unaffected pathos. The last is especially noteworthy in the brief but admirable sketch The Heather Lintie, the story of the life and death of a very humble verse-maker. — The Story of Margrédel, being the Fireside History of a Fifeshire Family, by David Storrar Meldrum. (Putnams.) A tale of the first quarter of this century, giving the closing annals of a well-to-do burgher family of Kirkcaldy, a town chiefly known to American readers as having been the home of Marjorie Fleming. The writer's undoubted cleverness is best shown in his realistic pictures of life in the old Fifeshire seaport, the somewhat melodramatic story of the doom of the Oliphants — though at times not without a certain effectiveness — being loosely and rather artlessly constructed, and distinctly labored in movement. — The Prisoner of Zenda, by Anthony Hope. (Holt.) The incidents of this story are scarcely more probable than those of the tales of former days, beginning, "Once upon a time." But, viewed in this light, the ingenious plot, the liveliness and spirit of the narrative, and its readable style will undoubtedly cause the history of three mysterious months in the life of Rudolf Rassendyll — an English gentleman who for that space of time personates the King of Ruritania, and wins the heart of that monarch's beautiful cousin — to win favor with the summer reader. — For Honor and Life, by William Westall. (Harpers.) The story of a very youthful gentleman of the heroic and ever-faithful Swiss Guard. A survivor from the ruthless slaughter of his companions-in-arms, he seeks one place of concealment after another, performs many valiant deeds, and has various hairbreadth escapes, one of the last and most thrilling being from the Conciergerie itself. It is a tale of adventure pure and simple, and as such is fairly well constructed and told, moves rapidly, and is never dull. As it will prove most attractive to young readers, whether it be specially intended for them or no, it may be added that it is wholesome in tone and reasonably accurate historically. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, recent numbers are Cord and Creese, by James De Mille, published twenty-five years ago, when the author of the Dodge Club had a good reputation for amusing people, and C. D. Warner's A Little Journey in the World, which has a lively cover, whereon two of the travelers are setting forth.

Religion and Philosophy. *Nobiscum Deus,*

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the Gospel of the Incarnation, by William Frederic Faber. (Randolph.) A series of studies in the essentials of Christian faith, with a view to reducing all to the lowest possible terms; that is, to find the heart of the creeds in the following of Jesus Christ, and the basis for Christianity in personal allegiance. Still, granting all that Mr. Faber says, there remains the great problem of social Christianity which does present the question, How is this simple faith to be translated into a life lived with other men? — Scripture Testimony concerning the Other World, in Seven Discourses, by the Rev. James Reed. (American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) A little book of short sermons, giving the Swedenborgian interpretation of Bible texts relating to heaven and hell and future happiness. — Messrs. Randolph & Co. are the American publishers of a series of little manuals issued, with the sanction of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, for the use of Guilds and Bible Classes. The series is edited by the Right Rev. A. H. Charteris and the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, and the first four volumes published are: The Church of Scotland, a Sketch of its History, by the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir; Handbook of Christian Evidences, by Alexander Stewart, D. D.; The New Testament and its Writers, by the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, B. D.; and Life and Conduct, by the Very Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D. D., LL. D. The names of the editors and authors sufficiently attest the excellent quality of these handbooks, which are well adapted for their proposed use, being systematic in arrangement, and lucid, concise, and readable in style. They are noticeably undogmatic in tone, and show the catholicity of spirit characteristic of so many of the leaders of the Scottish Established Church. — I, Myself, by James Logan Gordon. (Little-Book Publishing Co., Boston.) The author is strangely charmed by sound. He delights to point out such likenesses and differences as those existing between an idle brain and a brainless idol, hard-thinking and "hair-shrinking," education and "headucation," a tinker and a thinker. His little book is a series of talks on individuality. — Consolation, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles. (American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Mr. Giles was a minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem, and the tenets of that church have affected him in his habits of thought; but this little book is not, except in a very mild degree, based on those tenets; it is the ripe wisdom of a man of warm nature and experience. As such it is mellow and helpful, touched with divine feeling, but human and full of a sane, robust thought.

Nature and Travel. Letters to Marco, by George D. Leslie, R. A. (Macmillan.) These are *bona fide* letters, extending over a period of eight years, addressed by the writer to his friend and fellow-Academician, Mr. H. Stacy Marks, to whom gratitude is due for suggesting their publication. Mr. Leslie modestly disclaims any attempt to do "something after — however long after — Gilbert White," or the possession of scientific knowledge, but he loves nature for its own sake, and has the trained eye of an artist. In the most natural and agreeable manner, the reader comes to know his pleasant garden on the Thames, at Wallingford, with its old-fashioned flowers; the birds that live in it, unmolested in summer, and thoughtfully cared for in times of winter scarcity; the fish in the river flowing by; — even the insect life is not unchronicled, nor, of course, the humors and accomplishments of various domestic pets. While the letters are mostly concerned with the writer's own domain, there are occasional sketches of excursions farther afield, and many country interests have passing notice. The volume is fittingly illustrated with reproductions of the pen-and-ink drawings which were inserted in the letters. — The annual reports of the Missouri Botanical Garden, published at St. Louis by the Trustees, have more than local interest, and are something besides the customary statistical summaries. The fifth, just issued, contains reports for 1893, the fourth annual Flower Sermon, this time by Bishop Dudley, Proceedings at the Fourth Annual Banquet of the Trustees, and a group of Scientific Papers by Mr. Trelease, the Director of the Garden, and his associates. It is pleasant to see Mr. Shaw's great gift taking hold of the affections of the people, and making itself also a centre of scientific energy. — Studies of Travel, by Edward A. Freeman. I. Greece. II. Italy. (Putnams.) These attractive little volumes are made up of papers first published in the Saturday Re-

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view, the Guardian, and the Pall Mall Gazette, which have been collected and edited by the writer's daughter. It need not be said that they differ widely from the ordinary, or indeed the extraordinary travel sketch. While in certain respects, especially those in which most travelers are egotistic, they are curiously impersonal, they exhibit the author's mental characteristics and methods as a student and writer with great distinctness. Everything is seen with the eye of an historian and archæologist; everywhere there is evidence of knowledge both wide and profound, nor is there wanting the occasional familiar allusion to, or illustration drawn from, matters probably darkly obscure to many even of his *clientèle*. These brief studies often seem like notes for more elaborate work, and they will prove abundantly suggestive to scholarly readers. — The Memoirs and Travels of Mauritius Augustus, Count de Benyowsky, in Siberia, Kamchatka, Japan, the Liukiu Islands, and Formosa. From the Translation of his Original Manuscript (1741–1771). By William Nicholson, F. R. S., 1790. Edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver. The Adventure Series. (T. Fisher Unwin, London; Macmillan, New York.) That Benyowsky was an adventurer in both senses of the word may be reason enough to place his memoirs in an Adventure Series, but we fail to find such excitement and interest in his romance founded upon fact as would make its publication seem a thing to be desired. Had he written a plain, unadorned tale of his remarkable experiences, it would doubtless have had, in a way, a permanent value; but his imagination was of an ordinary quality, and the account of his valor, of his all-fascinating and commanding personality, and of his greatness and magnanimity follows a very conventional pattern, and soon palls upon the reader. The editor, in his introduction, takes pains to sift the true from the false in the memoirs, and gives the titles of various books which the writer used in constructing the narrative of his voyage. He also sketches the known facts regarding Benyowsky's life. — Rambles in Historic Lands, by Peter J. Hamilton. (Putnams.) The writer gives a somewhat circumstantial account of a four months' wedding tour on the well-traveled roads of England and the Continent. A great deal of useful and instructive information is imparted about tolerably well-known matters, and the book throughout is monotonously commonplace. — Four Centuries After, or, How I Discovered Europe, by Ben Holt. A record of travel, wherein the writer, from the first page to the last, strenuously endeavors to prove himself an American Humorist of the newspaper variety.

Literature and Criticism. The Ethics of Literary Art, by Maurice Thompson. (Hartford Seminary Press, Hartford, Conn.) Mr. Thompson was asked to lecture before the Hartford Theological Seminary, and the matter of his three lectures he has published in this little volume. It is worth while to hear what a man of letters, who is poet, novelist, and critic, has to say on the fundamental principles of his art, and Mr. Thompson adds to his other qualifications that of frankness of speech. It would be possible to contravene some of his positions, but one is thankful for the vigorous sweep of his criticism. — The first part has been issued of Bibliographica, an ingenious quarterly, whose exact age is predicted from the outset. It is to be in twelve numbers, and yet there is no appearance from the contents of the first number that the editors design to make it more than the random collection of papers on subjects covered by the title. Mr. Charles I. Elton writes a most interesting account of Christina of Sweden and her Books, Mr. Andrew Lang throws off one of his bantering papers on Names and Notes in Books, and these are the removes. The heavier dishes are: A Copy of Celsus from the Library of Grolier, by W. Y. Fletcher; Thoinan's Les Relieurs Français, by S. T. Prideaux; La Bibliophilie Moderne, a French essay by Octave Uzanne; and two or three other specialized papers. Some interesting woodcuts and colored designs add to the attractiveness of this book-lover's luxurious quarterly. (Imported by Scribners.) — The fourth volume of the new edition of Pepys's Diary (George Bell & Sons, London; Macmillan, New York) extends from January 1, 1663–64, to June 30, 1665, eighteen not specially eventful months in the diarist's life, during which his ability and diligence in his office steadily increase his estate as well as the esteem in which he is held by those in authority. He of course has his seasons of

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living under vows, but the penitence in the intervals of laxity grows noticeably less as worldly conditions improve. But more serious days to come are foreshadowed in one of the closing entries: "This day, much against my will, I did see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord, have mercy upon us' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw." The unabridged diary constantly deepens our sense of what may almost be called the pitiless veracity of the most complete self-portraiture in all literature. — Two more numbers of The Temple Shakespeare (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) are, The Merry Wives of Windsor and Two Gentlemen of Verona. The Chandos portrait and a view of the interior of Stratford Church showing the bust are the frontispieces; very brief prefaces and scanty notes, with good glossaries, furnish the equipment of these attractive little volumes. We do not greatly admire the head-lines.

Poetry. Miss Christina Rossetti's charming fancy Goblin Market has been reissued, with designs by Laurence Housman. (Macmillan.) It is a genuine fairy tale in verse which conquers the tendency it creates to run into monosyllabic insipidity. Children may have it read to them without discovering it was not written for them, and without wearying the reader. There are few better examples of imagination strengthening fancy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Postscript to a Letter.

THE opening paper of the Contributors' Club for May was one which acted on me as did a rainbow in the sky on Wordsworth. It is a letter which every one must enjoy, save perhaps the one to whom it is addressed. The name of that one may be "legion," as the paper seems to imply, in which case the remedy made and provided of old can hardly be improved upon. With the general tenor and temper of the Letter to a Friend from the Far West no fault can be found. If it be severe, its severity is found to spring from its absolute justice.

At the same time, one or two of those who put on the *toga virilis, Consule Quincio Planco*, may remember, with the acute sensibilities of boyhood, when, in many forms and distressing frequency, a like epistle was constantly coming across the water to the shores of the New World. The letter bore the signature at one time of Mrs. Frances Trollope (*leonum arida nutrix*), of the Rev. Sydney Smith, of Captain Marryat R. N., and lastly of a pleasing writer of fiction who visited the "States," was welcomed with effusion, was dined, wined, and made free of the American sherry cobbler, but who did not obtain the international copyright for which his soul longed. Whereupon he uttered his protest in the name of one Martin Chuzzlewit, — a protest which does not read altogether unlike the letter of my brother Contributor. Therein it was more than hinted that the prevailing tone of American conversation addressed to the traveling Briton, and to which he was expected to listen, — even as the Contributor now listens, — was of the same sort as that indulged in by the far West. The style of Mr. Chuzzlewit differed from that of our letter-writer, much as the downright cut and thrust of a cutlass differs from the delicate and deadly flashing of a rapier in the hands of a master.

One can recall many more like examples of the yearning desire to expose and rebuke the same fault which was supposed to be inevitable in those who had learned the English tongue afar from the sound of the bells of Bow.

This fact, which is easily proved from history, leads up to a generalization here offered for the consideration of the Club. It is that the nations or races on the eastern side of a north and south boundary line have not understood nations or races on the western side. On the other hand, the progressed and progressive Westerner does understand his Eastern neighbor. The Italian does not comprehend the Frenchman as the Frenchman comprehends the Italian. The

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Frenchman does not comprehend the Englishman as the Englishman comprehends the Frenchman. An Englishman does not understand the Americans as an American does the English. This assertion can be tested. A Frenchman may go to live in Italy, and become wholly a man of Italy in all his ways, habits, and life. An Englishman who chooses to do so may live in France, and become in all respects more intensely Gallic than the French themselves. An American will become so Anglicized that he is detected only by his excess of minute and photographic copying. It was said of a packet-master who sailed to Liverpool in the palmy days of the old Black Ball and Dramatic lines, and who spent his retired leisure in study, that "he was an encyclopædia with the leaf turned down at the article England." But an Italian in France, a Frenchman in England, an Englishman in America, never loses the stamp of exile. He cannot lay aside the traces of his nationality. He could not if he would, he would not if he could.

What does this spring from? The want of comprehension is not due to intellectual incapacity. As a rule, when the civilization of a race is at its meridian line, that which lies beyond is in comparison imperfect, and remains so. The concentrated power of a race as it ripens reaches a splendid development which is not repeated. Other peoples may have a glory of their own, but that which follows in the old way is only an afterglow of reflection and imitation. The Italy of its prime brought forth men who, for far-reaching powers of many-sided achievement, have never been surpassed on the European stage. They were men whose works attest them, and whose renown is not due to the accident of being first in the field. When modern artists can build and paint and carve like Leonardo and Giotto, Brunelleschi and Angelo, and be at the same time statesmen, scholars, poets, orators, and warriors, one may begin to draw comparisons of intellectual superiority. So, too, the Frenchman's quickness of perception, his grasp of formative philosophy, his clear-cut and incisive expression, still stand in brilliant contrast to the Englishman's somewhat confused habit of thought and slowness in logical theorizing. Yet the Englishman's downright and sturdy thoroughness, his magnificent mastery of the needed facts of daily life, still shine in contrast to the shifty expediencies, and hasty, almost infantile clutching at results, unheeding the wise patience in the choice of methods which has marked so much of American progress. The law of life on this planet is that the younger must depend on the elder culture, and to gain any special and peculiar excellence must begin by importing from across its eastern frontier tools and skill. It has to go back to the original sources. "Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivos."

The difference is not intellectual, then, but moral. The Italy of Machiavelli, of Borgia, of the Venetian Councils, of the Papal Courts, of the ceaseless strifes of Bianchi and Neri, the Italy of the dagger and the poisoned chalice, could not comprehend the chivalrous sense of honor, the supreme thirst for glory, of the braver but ruder France. The Frenchman has never yet quite mastered the secret of the Englishman's devotion to duty and to law. And so, again, the Englishman is perplexed at the American's passion for freedom, with his instinctive acquiescence in the rule of majorities. The Englishman is the creature of precedent, the bond-slave of conventionality which rests on established authority. He resembles, in his moral constitution, the picture in Tennyson's Palace of Art: —

> "As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
> In doubt and great perplexity,
> A little before moon-rise hears the low
> Moan of an unknown sea;
>
> "And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
> Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
> Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have found
> A new land, but I die.'"

The American would change this last line, "A new land, and I live."

Writing in behalf of our friend of the far West, while admitting that the lecture administered to him is duly deserved, and should prove salutary, I venture to suggest that this very idea of the vastness and untrammeled resources of the West which he vaunts has, while intellectually it is most inadequately grasped and bunglingly expressed, a moral force which we of the East do not comprehend. It dominates him with a sense of requirement which goes beyond the precedents and rules of the past. His sense of bigness and vastness of numbers, which seeks its symbolism and expression in the very crude and even offensive way in which he puts it,

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is a stirring of a blind force within, trying to grow up to its surroundings without as yet knowing how that is to be done. He must import from the East, his East, all which it has gathered from the past, and learn its value. But to this he must apply his own occidentalism to test its worth, which worth, he feels, rests in its applicability to the needs of the masses; that is, to men dwelling in large spaces and in great numbers. As the chevaliers of France drew from Milan and Florence and Venice the armor, the weapons, and the engineering tactics wherewith to win battles and capture fenced cities, while the grave senates of the Italian republics were hiring *condottieri* and Swiss mercenaries to defend their gonfalons and man their walls; as England sought its scholars and teachers and literary themes from the Continent, that it might remould them to the purer and nobler conditions of English household life; so America has had to look back again and again to the elder world from which it emigrated, but has continually surprised and bewildered that world by applying what it obtained to the broader problem of self-government.

Yet again in his turn, the Eastern American has founded all his ideas and schemes of polity upon the Old-World tradition of the local community. The township is the central unit of authority, and all rule, county, state, national, has been simply the expansion of this into groups of townships. The Western American, with his experiences of frequent and ready removal, of vast spaces through which a population is thinly and unequally distributed, and of means of communication as complete on the large scale as they are imperfect on the small, is in training for a different moral attitude which must work out into new theories concerning the ordering of the body politic. The instincts of the Eastern American point to the local community as the focal centre of duty and responsibility; the instincts of the Western American stretch out along the parallels of latitude, with the equatorial belt as the base line of their development.

Guyot, in his Physical Geography, has brought out this idea by showing how the configuration of the Asian continent gave form to the primal institutions of clan and caste, which the European continent broke up into races and nationalities. These, again, poured into the new matrix of the American world, began to fuse once more into homogeneous and large communities. The American motto, "E Pluribus Unum," has a broader and deeper and higher meaning than the federation of the States. The Westerner's brag of the capacities and advantages of his section is distinctly different from the local vaunting on the other side of the water, — from the Pisan's sneer at Genoa, the Neapolitan's gibe at Palermo, the Florentine's taunt at Venice. The Old-World motive is local pride, — the pride of the citizen that the excellence he magnifies is his, belongs by tenancy in common to him. The Western motive is joy that he, as a Westerner, belongs to it.

Permit me now, my dear fellow-Contributor, to whom I wish to offer my thanks for the pleasure with which I have read and re-read your paper, to venture the adding of a postscript. I do this with the caveat that my sex is not to be inferred from the use of this feminine device, nor is this to be held as an assumption that the most important part of the letter is here. To our friend from the far West, I wish to say: "Try to enter into your true position. What moves you, whether you are aware of it or not (probably not), is your sense of membership of the human family. Strive to fit yourself for this responsibility. Do not fancy that you have already attained or are already perfect. Understand that all the past is yours, written for your learning. As you shall master that, you will be made ready for the wider application looked for at your hands. But remember, when you say that Jenks of Denver is the world's greatest painter, that Von Gansfeder of Sioux City is the supreme poet, and that Hicks of Seattle is the champion barber of the ages, you practically profess yourself a finished expert and critic in pictorial, literary, and tonsorial achievement. Make your claim good, and we shall humbly be ready to turn over to you the readjustment of the moral and sociological balance of the callings of the painter, the writer, and the hair-dresser."

An Election to the French Academy.

— A little of everything that makes French history enters into the election of new members to the French Academy. The first attempt to give a successor to Taine brought into the field all the intellectual forces

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which fight the battle of the new against the old. "New" and "old" are relative terms in the flow of French humanity, and there is much curving of currents and setting back of the tide.

Taine did not treat the French Revolution tenderly; not even the tradition which separates the reforms of 1789 from the bloody era beginning with 1792. The grayheads among the Immortals — men like Émile Ollivier, with his reputation as a Bonapartist minister at the time of the *débâcle*, and as the lay theologian of what was once liberal Catholicism — sucked in reverence for the essential work of the Revolution with their mothers' milk. To all these it was important that the views of the dead philosopher of history should not be given official sanction in the person of his successor.

Now this is what Madame Taine particularly desired. She even had in her mind's eye the proper disciple of her dead husband to fill his chair in the Academy. This was M. Albert Sorel, who has treated of Europe during the great Revolution in notable volumes not unworthy of the master. He is a laureate of the Academy's *grand prix Gobert*, given for the most eloquent *morceau* of French history published during the two years preceding the award; and he is already a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

Another than Madame Taine had a special reason for desiring to bring into the Academy a man of M. Sorel's stamp. This was the Vicomte de Vogüé, who is one of the youngest, but also one of the most influential Academicians. His opening of French minds to Russian literature and Neo-Catholicism has made him the completest representative of young France in the learned body. He was a reverent friend, rather than a close disciple, of Taine. But he had a bone of contention to pick with M. Ollivier. Two years ago, the Emperor's grand prix of the French Institute (the five Academies united) for 20,000 francs had to be conferred by the Academy proper. Vogüé, who was on the committee, and whose Neo-Catholicism is nothing if not catholic, pronounced in favor of Élisée Reclus, whose mammoth Géographie Universelle was already approaching completion. This was a worse spectre to raise before the Academy than Zola himself. The red flag of the Commune, after which the Reclus brothers had been sentenced to transportation (commuted by President Thiers at the request of Charles Darwin and other English men of science), had been made still more lurid by the black banner of the Anarchist movement, over which Élisée Reclus has presided ever since the death of Bakunin. M. Ollivier, in full academical session, delivered himself of a morsel of eloquence worthy of the days of an older and more pompous régime: "The Academy would dishonor itself by giving the great prize to this man whose hands are still stained with blood. It would be our first smile bestowed on the Commune." The Academy was won; and M. de Vogüé would not be displeased at a Christian revenge which should seat beside Émile Ollivier, author of Solutions Politiques et Sociales, M. Sorel, whose Neo-Republican appreciation of the Revolution knows no enthusiasm for the principles of 1789.

M. Sorel had not presented his name for this first election. The question was how to save the place for him by rendering the election null. Woman's wit, with the help of the many friends of Taine, found the way.

Four candidates had offered themselves: Henry Houssaye, who has written of the closing days of the Napoleonic epic; Émile Montégut, who has translated Shakespeare; Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who has expounded general views on such particular subjects of the day as Russia, the Semites, and the Pope; and last of all, that unruly disciple of Taine (as Paul Bourget is the orderly one), whom the dead Academician, during life, had done all in his power to make a perpetual candidate, — and nothing more, — Émile Zola. Zola, in conformity with the tactics he had hitherto adopted, also presented himself for the simultaneous election of a successor to Mazade, the *chroniqueur* of the Revue des Deux Mondes. For the chair of Taine he did not receive one vote, doubtless out of respect to the man who led the Academical stampede in favor of Pierre Loti when Zola's candidature first presented itself as a spectre full of possibilities. The claims of the other candidates so evenly balanced each other that the election had to be declared off. This postponement at least made M. Sorel's candidature possible, which was all that could be hoped for the time being.

Meanwhile, Zola's friends had concen-

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trated their forces on the election to the place of Mazade. The Academy, still true to the tradition left them by Taine, promptly elected to the vacant chair the poet De Heredia. But Zola, whose brutal blurting out of the legitimate consequences of Taine's philosophy has chiefly embittered the Academicians against him, received eleven votes as against two when he began the long and unequal fight. It was now said that M. Alexandre Dumas, who has been carrying on the campaign in favor of his friend, was adopting new tactics quite capable of circumventing finally the utmost wit of the opposing Academicians. Zola's candidature was to remain inevitable until he should be elected. But, as each election came, his friends were to spy out the land, and give their voices in the end to that candidate who would on future occasions vote for Zola. This, it was also said, had already been the case with Pierre Loti, thus defeating Taine's own plan in making the stampede which elected him ; and it was sure to be the same with De Heredia. At this rate, after a few more deaths of Academicians, the apostle of Naturalism was to grow by positive process into an Immortal's chair, in spite of Brunetière, whom the University students, in their Lenten brawls of 1894, have made to represent the opposition to Zola in the Academy just as he has been the relentless critic of Naturalism in his books.

It still remained to secure the proper succession to the chair of Taine. M. Houssaye had the most chances in his favor, and was supposed to be an especial friend of Madame Taine. But he now quietly presented his name for the chair of Voltaire, which Maxime Ducamp's death had meanwhile conveniently left vacant. He would not, like Arsène, the elder of his name (the name is really Housset), remain for forty years the "forty-first Academician." This transference of his candidature was also said to be the work of Madame Taine.

To face the situation thus created, Jules Claretie and François Coppée, who love not Émile Ollivier more, but Taine and Vogüé less, had the bright idea of nominating M. Spuller, Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship in the Casimir-Perier ministry. His literary baggage is of the slightest, scarcely more than a sober volume which he made up in studying Lamennais, the ill-known philosopher, who was an intellectual force in the second quarter of this century far more violent, and more potent even, than Taine has been at the century's end. No one could accuse M. Spuller, the friend of Gambetta, of being a reactionary. Yet he has appreciated respectfully the vital influence of Lamennais in the regeneration of French Catholicism (which the uneasy abbé left, however, to eat his heart away in the hopelessness of a socialist pantheism). His declaration of the "new spirit" of the government of the Republic in dealing with the Church was also thought to have made him a *persona grata* at the Vatican. Since Bishop Dupanloup forsook the Academy, in his indignation at the election of the positivist and atheist Littré (who ended contrariwise by dying a Catholic), the Church has not been supposed to count for much among the Forty Immortals. But here, as elsewhere, French Radicalism has been losing ground of late. Moreover, a single vote would be of some importance. Now, the new record of Minister Spuller would secure for him, besides M. Ollivier, the vote of Monseigneur Perraud, the only ecclesiastic in the Academy. (By a strange irony of fate he is Bishop of Autun, which was Talleyrand's see before he unfrocked himself.) But before all this could come to a head, the government had been surprised by the Radicals into the prosecution of the Archbishop of Lyons, which made the new spirit suddenly to be of scarce a penny-whistle's worth so far as the Academy may go.

Thus the situation again remained open to the best efforts of the friends of M. Sorel and Madame Taine. The whole story, in connection with so grave a body, takes one irresistibly back to the councils of the early Christian Church of Carthage, where it was said that every schism had its mother.

[As this page goes to press comes the news of the election of MM. Bourget and Sorel.]

Gifts. — There is a delightful story, which we owe to Charles Lever's splendid mendacity, of an old English lady who sent to Garibaldi, during that warrior's confinement at Varignano, a portly pincushion well stocked with British pins. Her enthusiastic countrywomen had already supplied their idol with woolen underwear, and fur-lined slippers, and intoxicating beverages, and other articles equally useful to an

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abstemious prisoner of war in a hot climate; but pins had been overlooked until this thoughtful votary of freedom offered her tribute at its shrine.

Absurd though the tale appears, it has its counterparts in more sober annals, and few men of any prominence have not bewailed at times their painful popularity. Sir Walter Scott, who was the recipient of many gifts, had his fair share of vexatious experiences, and laughs at them somewhat ruefully now and then in the pages of his journal. Eight large and very badly painted landscapes, "in great gilded frames," were given him by one "most amiable and accomplished old lady." She had ordered them from an impoverished amateur whom she desired to befriend, and then palmed them off on Sir Walter, who was too gentle and generous to protest. A more "whimsical subject of affliction" was the presentation of two emus by a Mr. Harmer, a settler in Botany Bay, to whom Scott had given some useful letters of introduction. "I wish his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially," writes Sir Walter in his journal. "I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrots, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure, if hung up in the hall among the armor. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high on his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them! They might eat up my collection of old arms, for what I know."

Finally, like the girl who was converted at a revival, and who gave her blue ribbons to her sister because she knew they were taking her to hell, Scott got himself out of the scrape by passing on the emus, as a sort of feudal offering, to the Duke of Buccleugh, and leaving that nobleman to solve as best he could the problem of their maintenance. The whole story is very much like the experience of Mr. James Payn's lawyer friend, to whom a "grateful orphan" sent from the far East a dromedary, with the pleasant assurance that its hump was considered extremely delicate eating. As this highly respected member of the London bar could not well have the dromedary butchered for the sake of its hump, — even if he had yearned over the dish, — and as he was equally incapable of riding the beast to his office every morning, he considered himself fortunate when the Zoölogical Gardens opened their hospitable gates, and the orphan's tribute disappeared therein, to be seen and heard of no more.

Charles Lamb, on the other hand, if we may trust the testimony of his letters, appears to have derived a keen and kindly pleasure from the more reasonable and modest presents of his friends. Perhaps, like Steele, he looked upon it as a point of morality to be obliged to those who endeavored to oblige him. Perhaps it was easy for one so lovable to detect the honest affection which inspired these varied gifts. It is certain we find him returning genial thanks, now to Hazlitt for a pig, now to Wordsworth for a "great armful" of poetry, and now to Thomas Allsop for some Stilton cheese, — "the delicatest, rainbow-hued, melting piece I ever flavored." He seems equally gratified with an engraving of Pope sent him by Mr. Procter, and with another pig, — "a dear pigmy," he calls it, — the gift of Mrs. Bruton. Nor is it only in these letters of acknowledgment — wherein courtesy dispenses occasionally with the companionship of truth — that Lamb shows himself a generous recipient of his friends' good will. He writes to Wordsworth, who has sent him nothing, and expresses his frank delight in some fruit which has been left early that morning at his door: —

"There is something inexpressibly pleasant to me in these presents, be it fruit, or fowl, or brawn, or what not. Books are a legitimate cause of acceptance. If presents be not the soul of friendship, they are undoubtedly the most spiritual part of the body of that intercourse. There is too much narrowness of thinking on this point. The punctilio of acceptance, methinks, is too confined and strait-laced. I could be content to receive money, or clothes, or a joint of meat from a friend. Why should he not send me a dinner as well as a dessert? I would taste him in all the beasts of the field, and through all creation. Therefore did the basket of fruit of the juvenile Talfourd not displease me."

It is hard not to envy Talfourd when one reads these lines. It is hard not to envy any one who had the happiness of giving fruit, or cheese, or pigs to Charles

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Lamb. How gladly would we all have brought our offerings to his door, and have gone away with bounding hearts, exulting in the thought that our pears would deck his table, our pictures his wall, our books his scanty shelves! "People seldom read a book which is given to them," observes Dr. Johnson, with his usual discouraging acumen; but Lamb found leisure, amid heavy toil, to peruse the numerous volumes which small poets as well as big ones thought fit to send him. He accepted his gifts with a charming munificence which suggests those far-off, fabulous days when presents were picturesque accessories of life; when hosts gave to their guests the golden cups from which they had been drinking; and sultans gave their visitors long trains of female slaves, all beautiful, and carrying jars of jewels upon their heads; and Merlin gave to Gwythno the famous hamper which multiplied its contents an hundredfold, and fed the starving hosts in storm-swept Caredigion. In those brave years, large-hearted men knew how to accept as well as how to give, and they did both with an easy grace for which our modern methods offer no adequate opportunity. Even in the veracious chronicles of hagiology, the old harmonious sentiment is preserved, and puts us to the blush. St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar at the gates of Tours was hardly what we delight in calling practical; yet not one shivering outcast only, but all mankind would have been poorer had that mantle been withheld. King Canute taking off his golden crown, and laying it humbly on St. Edmund's shrine, stirs our hearts a little even now; while Queen Victoria sending fifty pounds to a deserving charity excites in us no stronger sentiment than esteem. It was easier, perhaps, for a monarch to do a gracious and a princely deed when his crown and sceptre were his own property instead of belonging to the state; and picturesqueness, ignore it as we may, is a quality which, like distinction, "fixes the world's ideals."

These noble and beautiful benefactions, however, are not the only ones which linger pleasantly in our memories. Gifts there have been, of a humble and domestic kind, the mere recollection of which is a continual delight. I love to think of Jane Austen's young sailor brother, her "own particular little brother," Charles, spending his first prize money in gold chains and "topaze crosses" for his sisters. What prettier, warmer picture can be called to mind than this handsome, gallant, light-hearted lad — handsomer, Jane jealously insists, than all the rest of the family — bringing back to his quiet country home these innocent trophies of victory? Surely it was the pleasure Miss Austen felt in that "topaze" cross, that little golden chain, which found such eloquent expression in Fanny Price's mingled rapture and distress when *her* sailor brother brought her the amber cross from Sicily, and Edmund Bertram offered her, too late, the chain on which to hang it. It is a splendid reward that lies in wait for boyish generosity when the sister chances to be one of the immortals, and hands down to generations of readers the charming record of her gratitude and love.

By the side of this thoroughly English picture should be placed, in justice and in harmony, another which is as thoroughly German, — Rahel Varnhagen sending to her brother money to bring him to Berlin. The letter which accompanies this sisterly gift is one of the most touching in literature. The brilliant, big-hearted woman is yearning for her kinsman's face. She has saved the trifling sum required through many unnamed denials. She gives it as generously as if it cost her nothing. Yet with that wise thrift which goes hand in hand with liberality, she warns her brother that her husband knows nothing of the matter. Not that she mistrusts his nature for a moment. He is good and kind, but he is also a man, and has the customary short-sightedness of his sex. "He will think," she writes, "that I have endless resources, that I am a millionaire, and will forget to economize in the future."

Ah, painful frugality of the poor Fatherland! Here is nothing picturesque, nor lavish, nor light-hearted, to tempt our jocund fancies. Yet here, as elsewhere, the generous soul refuses to be stinted of its joy; and the golden crown of King Canute is not more charming to contemplate than are the few coins wrested from sordid needs, and given with a glad munificence which makes them splendid as the ransom of a prince.

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